AUGUST 1983

$2.00

THE Atlantic

FICTION BY BOBBIE ANN MASON / SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN ON CENTRAL AMERICA POLICY

AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY
AUG 1 1983

THE PARDON

NIXON, FORD, HAIG, AND THE TRANSFER OF POWER

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH

300316 LAB A0000099 H44B JAN85
AMBASSADOR CLG LIB 08*UY
300 W GREEN ST UC'
PASADENA CA 91123

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Packed With Flavor.

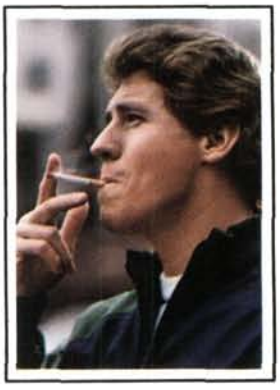
A good measure of tobacco flavor. You taste it the moment you light up.

You taste it with every puff you take.

That's what you get with MERIT.

Taste way out of proportion to tar.

If you smoke for flavor, you'll know.



8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American business is always looking toward the future.
Unfortunately, that means 3 months from now.

The next quarter. It towers over American business; a monument to short-term thinking.

Managers are blinded by a preoccupation with quarterly profits. Investors are frequently looking for faster earnings growth and ever-increasing dividends. And Wall Street has an ever-watchful eye.

No matter what the economics or politics of the moment, one thing is etched in stone. In business, the future is always less than 90 days away.

And so, to satisfy short-term goals, America has slowed down investment in tools and equipment. Slowed down spending in research and development.

This limited vision of America's future, however, isn't confined to America's boardrooms. It's evident in our schoolrooms as well, where we see a lack of emphasis on math and science. It's reflected in the lack of cooperation between some industry and university researchers. And it's clearly visible in the way government interacts with business. Or fails to.

Simply put, there is currently a flaw in the basic structure of American business and it needs to be corrected.

We're W.R.Grace & Co. We've been doing business in all parts of the world, in all kinds of economies for 130 years. We've had difficult periods, our share of corporate growing pains. But our growth has always been planned by people who dedicated themselves to the long-term point of view.

In the last 40 years, we've followed a strategy that has allowed us to diversify into growth industries. It's been a transition that took Grace from being primarily a Latin American trading and shipping concern to a company with worldwide interests in chemicals, natural resources and specialized consumer services. A company with more than $6 billion in sales.

At Grace, we're vitally committed to providing this changing world with many of the products and services that can help make a change for the better. And we firmly believe that the time it takes to do that is time well spent.

Right now, we believe that American business must restructure itself. If this country is to remain competitive with our international trading partners, we must make long-term commitments to invest in new products and new technologies, with an eye toward restoring our mature industries as well.

All of us in American management have the opportunity and the responsibility to direct these great changes. Not to merely be swept up by them. Ultimately, we must bring about a coalition of business, labor, government and educators to achieve our long-range goals.

America can no longer sacrifice its future on the altar of short-term thinking.

GRACE
One step ahead
of a changing world.

W. R. Grace & Co., 1114 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic

VOLUME 252 NO. 2
AUGUST 1983

Subscriptions: 1 Year $21.00, 2 Years $39.00, 3 Years $54.00 in the United States, its possessions, and Canada; $5.00 additional, per year, elsewhere. Address all subscription correspondence to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center, Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322 Tel: (800) 525-6261 In Colorado 1-447-9330

Advertising sales:
The Atlantic, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, New York 10017. Tel: (212) 687-2424
Washington, D.C. (212) 687-2424 Karl Spangenberg
Chicago (312) 664-7091 Linda Lucht
Detroit (313) 540-2060 Bruce Te Paske & Associates
San Francisco (415) 989-2025 Courtney Compton
Richardson, Texas (214) 680-0684 Marcus A. Loy & Associates
Wellesley, Mass. (617) 235-1401 John Nimmo

The Atlantic August 1983 Vol. 252 No. 2
Published monthly by The Atlantic Monthly Company 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116
Second class postage paid at Boston, Mass., Concord, N.H., and Boulder, Colo.
Postage paid at Montreal, port payé à Montréal.
Printed in the U.S.A.

Copyright © 1983, by The Atlantic Monthly Company

(ISSN 0276-9077)

All rights reserved.
Unsolicited manuscripts will be returned *only* if accompanied by a return envelope and adequate postage.

Postmaster:
Please send Form 3579 to The Atlantic, Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

Reports & Comment

10 WASHINGTON: REAL POLICY VS. APPLAUSE LINES **SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN**

24 ARMS CONTROL: NUMERICAL INSECURITY **ROBERT C. JOHANSEN**

---

31 EDUCATING BLACK ATHLETES **HARRY EDWARDS**
Many blacks have argued that a new NCAA rule sets unfairly high minimum academic standards for student athletes; a black educator argues that the standards aren't high enough

36 TOTAL ECLIPSE **MICHAEL J. ROSEN**
A poem

40 AIRWAVES **BOBBIE ANN MASON**
A short story

44 WELCOME TO HIROSHIMA **MARY JO SALTER**
A poem

51 PHOBIA **GUY BILLOUT**
A drawing

55 THE PARDON **SEYMOUR M. HERSH**
Nixon, Ford, Haig, and the transfer of power

80 THE MODEL **BERNARD MALAMUD**
A short story

82 THE SECRETS OF CANCER CELLS **ROBERT A. WEINBERG**
Scientists have identified the one gene out of thousands that causes a tumor to grow, but they have not yet learned how to interrupt its deadly activity

---

89 PUBLIC TELEVISION FORCED TO CUT BACK **LYNN CARAGANIS**
Dick Clark and Stephanie Powers go highbrow

90 RAGING PANTHER, GRINNING SAINT **ROBERT TOWERS**
Encounters with Nehru and Gandhi in the India of 1945

96 BOOKS/MARRIAGE AND MORALS **JAMES ATLAS**
Beautiful Women; Ugly Scenes *by C.D.B. Bryan*

98 BOOKS/THE TERRIBLE CENTURY **STEPHEN SPENDER**
Modern Times *by Paul Johnson*

100 SHORT REVIEWS **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

---

4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

104 THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER **EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON**

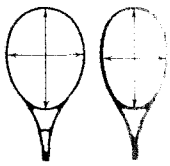
Cover illustration by Richard Mantel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Head presents the shape of over-sized performance.

In the beginning, the over-sized racquet was round. But Head's engineers knew that round was not the best shape for an over-sized racquet.

So while others were flocking to over-sized because it was bigger, we found the secret to making bigger better.



It's the Precision Oval. And for the aggressive serve and volley player, the oval-shaped Director delivers a level of performance unheard of in other racquets.

THE OVAL IS THE KEY TO OVER-SIZED PRECISION.

By changing the shape to oval, we increased racquet head control on serves and volleys. The oval gives greater consistency on ground strokes.

You'll find your shot placements gain a precision that's almost uncanny.

The oval even dramatically reduces the trampolining effect so common with round-shaped jumbo racquets.

SERIOUS PLAYERS PREFER THE OVAL DIRECTOR TO ROUND, OVER-SIZED RACQUETS.

In head-to-head independent play tests, hundreds of men and women overwhelmingly preferred the Director over Prince.

They said the Director gave more control on serves. Provided greater accuracy. Generated more power.

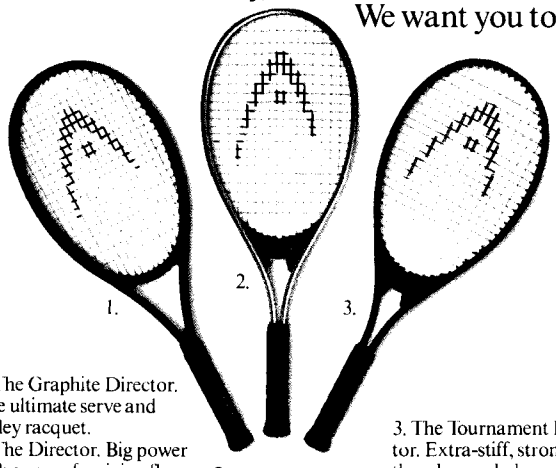
And most importantly, they said the Director would help win more matches.

With the Director, the serve and volley player finally has an over-sized racquet that can channel all that power into winning shots.

See how the state-of-the-art can change the shape of your game. Visit your Authorized Head Dealer for a demonstrator racquet, or write for more information to "Head Director," Dept. G, P.O. Box CN-5227, Princeton, New Jersey, 08540.

AMF HEAD

We want you to win.



1. The Graphite Director. The ultimate serve and volley racquet.
2. The Director. Big power with a more forgiving flex.
3. The Tournament Director. Extra-stiff, strong for the advanced player.

© 1983 AMF Incorporated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic

Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors
C. MICHAEL CURTIS, RICHARD TODD

Managing Editor
LOUISE DESAULNIERS

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN

National Correspondent
SEYMOUR M. HERSH

Associate Editors
JAMES ATLAS, PETER DAVISON (poetry), CORBY KUMMER, DEBORAH MCGILL, MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Writers
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, HOLLY BRUBACH, GREGG EASTERBROOK

Staff Editors
MAUREEN BROWN, ELIZABETH DUVALL, RHODA GUBERNICK, ALISON HUMES, HEIDI LANDECKER, SUE PARILLA

Assistants to the Editors
AVRIL CORNEL, MAUREEN FOLEY, LISA MCKENZIE

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT, JR., BENJAMIN DEMOTT, WARD JUST, TRACY KIDDER, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, THOMAS POWERS, ROSS TERRILL, SANFORD J. UNGAR, DAN WAKEFIELD, ANDREW WARD, DANIEL YERGIN

Editor Emeritus
EDWARD WEEKS

President and Publisher
DAVID AUCHINCLOSS

Advertising
CAROL DECKER, Vice President and Associate Publisher
COURTNEY COMPTON, LISA GREEN, LINDA LUCHT, SUSAN MULLER, SUSANNAH PASK, JAMES SHERIDAN, KARL SPANGENBERG, ANN WALLACE

Circulation
TOBY ROUX, Vice President and Associate Publisher
LINDA MCALEER, FRANCES SKENNION, RANDY WALSH

Administration
LAWRENCE MURPHY, Vice President and General Manager
ANTHONY CARUSO, JEANNETTE HICKEY, DEBORAH MOORE, SARA NOBLE, EILEEN WILLIAMS

Production
JOSEPH O'CONNELL, Production Manager
JAN MORRIS

Editorial and Business Office
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Advertising Office
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10170

Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SOVIET MILITARY MACHINE

It seems churlish to carp and cavil at such a generous review as that by Thomas Powers of my book *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine* (May *Atlantic*). However, I feel I must correct an apparent misquotation and a misunderstanding.

Powers quotes me directly as stating: "Apart from anything else, the Soviet economy could not stand the effects of mass mobilization for more than a limited period." He was clearly quoting from an early draft of the manuscript. The relevant passage in the published version is: "Apart from anything else, the Soviet economy of today would be far more disrupted by the effects of mass mobilization than the far more primitive Soviet economy of World War II." A different and, I think, a more valid point.

The misunderstanding is a more general one. Powers takes me to task for ignoring the fate of the Napoleonic and Hitlerian armies, which were ultimately beaten by the Russians despite the latter's initially disorganized and ill-equipped state. Throughout the book I make it clear that The Threat under discussion is the one employed by the Pentagon in the pursuit of its depredations on the public purse—that of a Soviet attack on the U.S. and its allies. A direct and unprovoked assault on Russia itself, as the French and the Germans discovered, is a very bad idea. Given that situation, I would certainly not seek to repeat Napoleon's mistake of underestimating the Russians.

Powers's scenario of a titanic and protracted land battle in central Europe, which would reawaken the spirit of Borodino and Stalingrad in the eternal Russian peasant, has at least the merit of novelty. However, the closest precedent for the kind of war he is talking about, begun without a direct assault on the motherland, was World War I. Considering that the Russian peasant ended that war by overthrowing his rulers in a violent revolution, I do not think that the present denizens of the Kremlin would be keen to repeat the experience.

ANDREW COCKBURN
New York, N.Y.

Thomas Powers argues that Andrew Cockburn successfully "punctures the myth of Russian military prowess." This myth, Cockburn argues, has been promoted by the Pentagon through "systematic exaggeration, on a shameless scale, of Soviet military programs," in order to justify increases in U.S. military spending. Powers infers from Cockburn's convincing "threat deflation" that the author believes the Russians would surely lose the next war. The evidence from Powers's review is not persuasive on this point, though this forms the basis for his criticism.

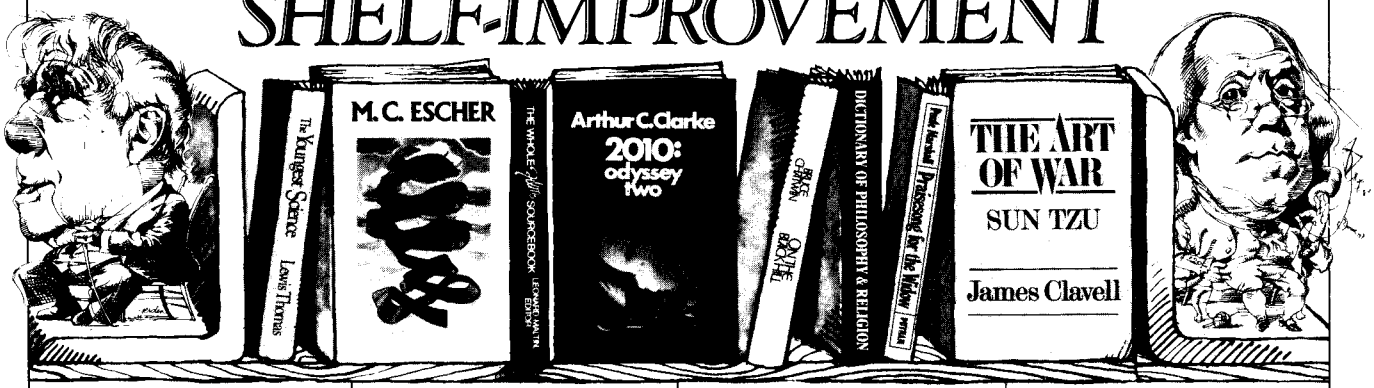
In order to dispute the claim that Cockburn purportedly makes about the likelihood of the Russians' losing, Powers cites and distorts the historical record: Napoleon's drive to Moscow, World War I, and World War II. The Russians *lost* World War I, and the fact—emphasized by Powers—that they held out for three years before doing so is dwarfed by the consequences—a major social revolution that destroyed the old tsarist regime. Both the Napoleonic War and World War II were called by the Russians the "Great Patriotic (or Fatherland) War." This should give Powers a hint as to what made the Russian people willing to endure such hardships in order to go on to victory—the fact that they were defending their home territory after being invaded and driven back as far as Moscow itself.

Compare Russian performance in offensive wars that they initiated—the war against Turkey in 1877, the nearly disastrous Winter War with Finland in 1939–1940, the invasion of Afghanistan, even the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. These wars had little popular support, and "the suffering immensity" of Russia had nothing to do with their outcome. The Pentagon uses the specter of a Soviet offensive war to justify its high military spending. It makes little sense, then, to use Russian responses to defensive wars to predict Soviet performance in a future war.

Powers also argues that a future war would in many ways resemble the wars of the past that he cites. It "would be a conventional war in the first instance, and nuclear war only in the last, desper-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QPB ENCOURAGES SHELF-IMPROVEMENT



Shelf-help is easy when you become a member of QPB. QPB gives you an exciting variety of books to choose from—important works of fiction and nonfiction, biographies and histories, cookbooks and how-to books.

QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts.

So join QPB, and feel good about your shelf.

103. Hammond's Road Atlas America QPB: $3.95

106. Franz Kafka: The Complete Stories & Parables. With a New Foreword by Joyce Carol Oates QPB Ed: $9.95

115. Becoming a Writer Dorothea Brande. QPB: $4.95

624. Alexander of Russia Napoleon's Conqueror. Henri Troyat. Translated by Joan Pinkham Hardcover: $17.95 QPB Ed: $8.95

175. Murder in Triplicate: The Black Tower/The Unnatural Causes/An Unsuitable Job for a Woman (1 Vol.) P. D. James Hardcover: $14.95 QPB: $9.95

151. The Lord of the Rings (3 Vols., Boxed) J. R. R. Tolkien Hardcover: $35.95 QPB: $9.95

193. The Road Goes on Forever Philip Norman QPB: $6.95

206. From Baker Street to Binary An Introduction to Computers and Computer Programming with Sherlock Holmes, Henry Ledgard, E. Patrick McQuaid and Andrew Singer QPB: $9.50

330. The Poetry of Robert Frost Edited by Edward Connery Lathem Hardcover: $17.50 QPB: $7.95

242. The Youngest Science Lewis Thomas Hardcover: $14.75 QPB Ed: $6.95

301. M. C. Escher: 29 Master Prints. Introduction by M. C. Escher. QPB: $12.50

209. The Whole Film Sourcebook Edited by Leonard Maltin QPB: $7.95

536. 2010: Odyssey Two Arthur C. Clarke Hardcover: $14.95 QPB Ed: $7.95

454. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable Centenary Edition, Revised. Edited by Ivor H. Evans Hardcover: $26.95 QPB Ed: $12.95

503. Jane Brody's Nutrition Book Hardcover: $17.95 QPB: $7.95

507. Megatrends. John Naisbitt Hardcover: $15.50 QPB Ed: $7.95

267. The Timetables of History Bernard Grun Hardcover: $29.95 QPB: $11.95

291. Distant Water: The Fate of the North Atlantic Fisherman. William W. Warner Hardcover: $18.50 QPB Ed: $8.95

293. Amazing 3-D Hal Morgan and Dan Symmes Hardcover: $24.95 QPB: $10.50

131. Shiloh and Other Stories Bobbie Ann Mason Hardcover: $12.95 QPB Ed: $6.95

133. The Web That Has No Weaver Understanding Chinese Medicine. Ted J. Kaptchuk, O.M.D. Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $8.95

167. Beard on Pasta and **Beard on Bread** (2 Vols., Boxed) James Beard Hardcover: $24.90 QPB Ed: $11.95

604. On the Black Hill Bruce Chatwin Hardcover: $14.75 QPB Ed: $7.50

444. Dictionary of Philosophy and Religion: Eastern and Western Thought. William L. Reese Hardcover: $27.95 QPB: $10.95

575. Praisesong for the Widow Paule Marshall Hardcover: $13.95 QPB Ed: $6.95

235. Ironweed. William Kennedy Hardcover: $14.75 QPB Ed: $6.95

326. Prize Stories 1983 The O. Henry Awards. Edited by William Abrahams Hardcover: $16.95 QPB Ed: $8.95

343. Freelance Forever. Marietta Whittlesey. QPB: $6.95

350. Alpha to Omega: The Life and Times of the Greek Alphabet. Alexander and Nicholas Humez Hardcover: $16.95 QPB: $6.95

379. Blue Guide New York Carol von Pressentin Wright Hardcover: $22.50 QPB: $9.95

382. Grant: A Biography. William S. McFeely Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $7.95

404. Listening to America Stuart Berg Flexner Hardcover: $24.95 QPB Ed: $11.95

450. The Life of Mahatma Gandhi Louis Fischer. QPB: $7.95

674. Acts and Letters of the Apostles. Newly Translated from the Greek by Richmond Lattimore Hardcover: $16.50 QPB Ed: $8.50

218. The Concise Columbia Encyclopedia Hardcover: $29.95 QPB: $10.95

224. The Random House Dictionary of New Information Technology Edited by A. J. Meadows, M. Gordon and A. Singleton. QPB: $6.95

127. The Art of War. Sun Tzu Edited and with a Foreword by James Clavell Hardcover: $8.95 QPB Ed: $4.95

263. Benjamin Franklin A Biography. Ronald W. Clark Hardcover: $22.95 QPB Ed: $10.95

700. The Voyage of the Armada David Howarth. QPB: $4.95

529. The Beatles' England (There Are Places I'll Remember). David Bacon and Norman Maslov Hardcover: $20 QPB: $9.95

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

How membership works.

1. You receive the **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Selection,** plus scores of Alternates.
2. If you want the **Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the **Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club®, Middletown, Pa. 17057. Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want. [ ] [ ] [ ]

Name _____ 3-16

(Please print clearly) QB8-8

Address _____ **Apt.** _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

QPB is a Division of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

Prices generally higher in Canada.

QPB®

The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ate instance, if at all." Here Powers ignores the presence of some 6,000 "tactical" nuclear weapons (on the NATO side alone) located in Western Europe. Many of these weapons are of relatively short range, and deployed so close to the East–West border that most experts feel a "use 'em or lose 'em" reaction would lead to their early use (with dangerous possibilities of escalation to a major nuclear war) in the event of war in Europe. Powers makes this point himself in another review, of Sam Cohen's book on the neutron bomb (*The New York Times Book Review*, May 1, 1983): one "objection to neutron bombs is that plans to use them mean any war in Europe will be a nuclear war. Just about everybody—Russians and Americans, civilians and military men—thinks this will be the case anyway. . . ." It is disturbing to see a reviewer contradict himself in this manner simply to find something negative to say about each book he reviews.

MATTHEW A. EVANGELISTA
Ithaca, N.Y.

I disagree with much of the contents and reasoning of Thomas Powers's review of Andrew Cockburn's book. I disagree with the assertion that our defense establishment has uniformly presented the Soviet Army as a sort of highly efficient superarmy whose soldiers are "ten feet tall." Rather, our military has presented in its publications a fair and balanced view of the strong as well as the weak points of the Soviet Army.

What about the American Army, filled with social outcasts (many of whom can barely read) who are poorly trained, unable to compete against soldiers from other NATO countries in test competitions? Are Powers and Cockburn oblivious of the many and frequent criticisms of the American Army and of the low ethical and moral standards of its officer corps? Such criticisms are interchangeable with those of the Soviet Army's officer corps mentioned in the book review.

JOSEPH FORBES
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MORE ON BREEDER REACTORS

"Dream Machine," by William Lanouette (April *Atlantic*), had many informative facts about the history of breeder reactors. It also explained the workings of a nuclear-power plant in terms that members of the public could understand. It is unfortunate that the writer, Mr. Lanouette, departed so drastically from the facts when he came to his conclusions. The breeder reactor is neither dangerous nor unworkable, as he claims.

Lanouette refers to reservations expressed by the AEC's Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards (ACRS) in about 1956 regarding the Fermi reactor. Perhaps you should tell your readers that on April 16, 1983, the ACRS voted 8 to 1 in favor of a construction permit for the Clinch River breeder. History of the 1950s is interesting, but current events should have more weight.

The anti-breeder statements attributed to Dr. Edward Teller are also out of date. Dr. Teller held a press conference in December of 1981 at which he stated: "I therefore recommend that we go ahead with the Clinch River breeder reactor." Dr. Teller gave several reasons for continuing with Clinch River. The Breeder Reactor Corporation prepared an audiovisual presentation, "Endless Energy," featuring Dr. Teller. "Endless Energy" tells the breeder-reactor story and shows the need for the Clinch River breeder reactor. Lanouette should update his Dr. Teller quotes.

CHARLES L. LARSON
Sunnyvale, Calif.

I wish to correct information on the EBR-1 partial core meltdown presented in "Dream Machine."

1. The reactor crew had *not* "tested the radioactive core's ability to run with less sodium coolant." They had *not* "discovered that it couldn't."

2. The supervisor had *not* "told the operator to 'scram' the reactor" when the chain reaction surged rapidly. (As part of the experiment, the scram signal was given when the power level reached about 60 percent of full power.)

3. The operator *did* hear, and immediately responded by pressing the *safety rod and plug scram button*. This scram rapidly dropped the outer uranium blanket cup from around the core and inner blanket. The power peaked and reduced to one percent in about three seconds.

4. Subsequent examination showed that *less* than half of the fuel melted (*not* "more than half").

5. No radioactive gas was "blown" out of the building. Slow diffusion of fission product gases through the argon blanket above the core resulted in low-level contamination of the building air. This led to very small amounts of thyroid activity for the people in the control room, a few feet above the reactor (myself included). None of the people present have suffered any ill effects to date (twenty-eight years later).

6. Zinn had *not* "opposed the core-heating tests of EBR-1" and was *not* overruled by his supervisors at the AEC.

R. O. BRITTAN
Senior Engineer (ret.),
Argonne National Laboratory
Plainfield, Ill.

Regarding "Dream Machine": The owners of the West Valley plant mentioned on page 47—Nuclear Fuel Services, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Getty Oil—did *not* close the plant as a result of safety and environmental problems. The plant was abandoned because at no time did it show a remote chance of ever turning a profit. This is a matter of public record. I know—I covered the Department of Energy hearings, and interviewed people involved with the plant.

To be sure, there were hundreds of safety and environmental problems. These include a 400 percent rise in the area's birth-abnormality rate within two years of the plant's operation; radioactive milk shipped to New York City; and an alarming cancer rate, as documented by Irvin Bross, chief statistician at Roswell Park Memorial Cancer Institute, in Buffalo, N.Y. Serious as these problems were, they did not appear to play a decisive role in the curtailing of operations at the plant.

In the rush to make theirs the first state with a commercial plutonium-reprocessing plant, state negotiators released Nuclear Fuel Services from any responsibility for cleaning up the toxic residue in the area once operations ceased. This leaves the taxpayers of New York State with a garbage bill most conservatively estimated at more than $8 billion, for a process of disposal that is still not agreed upon. (Glassification, the "safest" and most efficient method, was dismissed as being not cost-efficient.) For a brief time, some technicians were suggesting extraterrestrial shipments of plutonium—polluting the cosmos. Taxpayers are now given a choice between paying the entire amount themselves and accepting federal monies for becoming a national nuclear garbage dump.

Such is the nature of Dream Machines.

M. D. REGER
Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

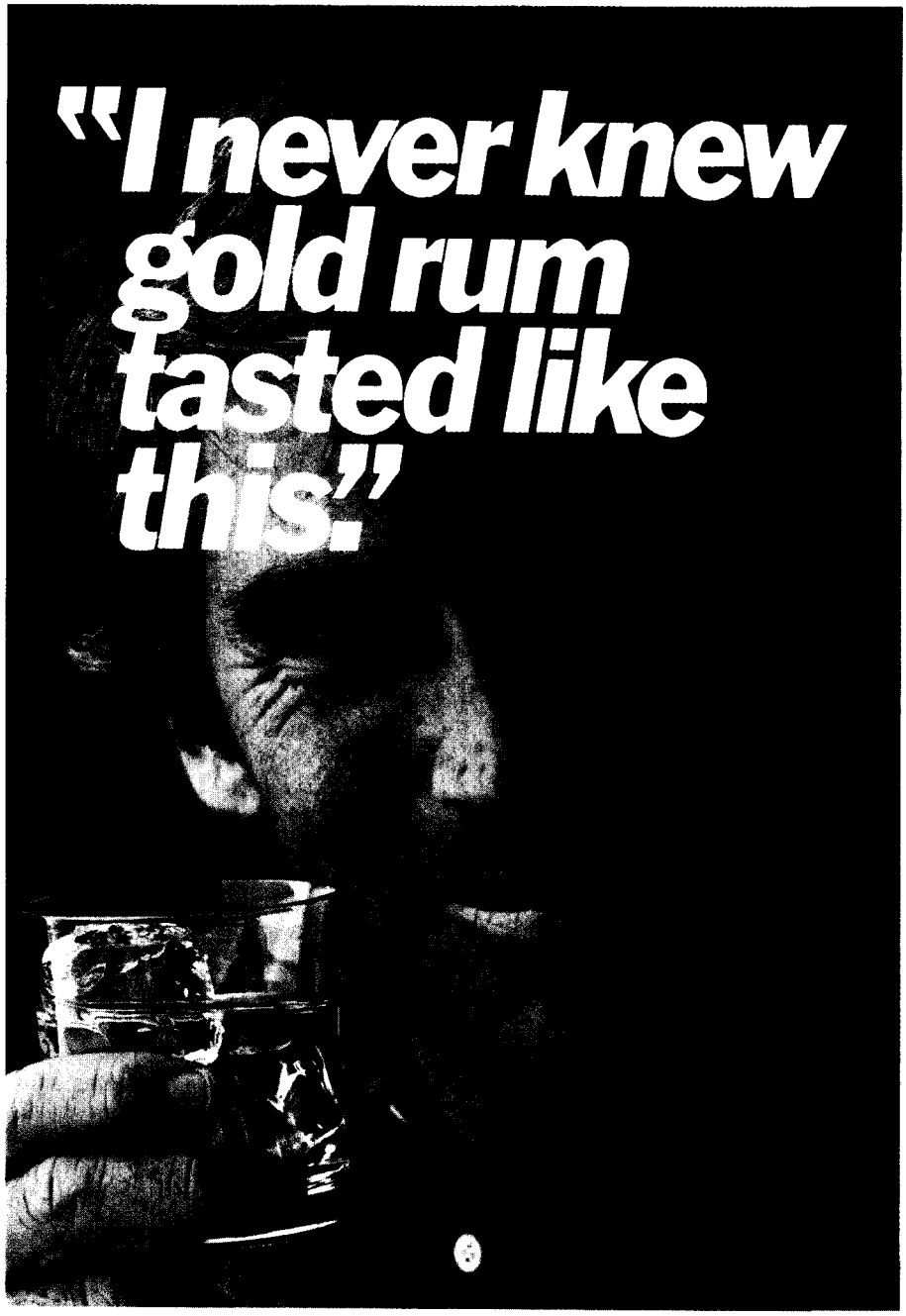
William Lanouette's article lucidly details the history, trials, and tribulations of the breeder reactor; however, it is impossible to make judgments about the ultimate need for commercial breeder reactors without knowing much more about our own future energy needs. The present uncertainty about future energy demand should be a driving force for breeder-reactor development, for with the technology fully available, its introduction could be timed to the greatest economic advantage. Furthermore, the breeder represents the most advanced of the inexhaustible energy sources. It would be foolish to discard the most assured source in the hope that unproven alternatives will be better.

In the cause of accuracy, it should be noted that plutonium is no more man-made than is electricity. Both exist in nature and always have. Indeed, natural reactors operated in the earth in the Gabon, in Africa, billions of years ago, producing plutonium just as our reactors do today.

THEODORE M. BESMANN
Oak Ridge National Laboratory
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

William Lanouette replies:

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission's Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards has been wary of breeders since their inception, and continues to be despite the vote in April—which was taken more than a month after the article was in print. Charles Larson fails to point out the many conditions that the committee attached to its approval. These include seismic studies to estimate the earthquake resistance of the plant's small pipes; a "probabilistic risk assessment" of such risks as earthquakes and hydrogen explosions; basic design and reliability studies of the air-cleaning system to be used to keep radioactive debris from reaching the atmosphere; a demonstration that "natural circulation" can be relied on to cool the radioactive core if pumps fail; a study of ways that "nonsafety" systems may impair the plant's safety systems; a study of sodium-water "interaction" in steam generators at breeders operating overseas. Finally, the committee warned the plant's builders that it had "not completely reviewed" proposed design criteria "and [was] not prepared to endorse them" without further study. As the dissenting committee member warned in April: "Many of the strongest propo-



Try gold rum—the smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians, even Scotch. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

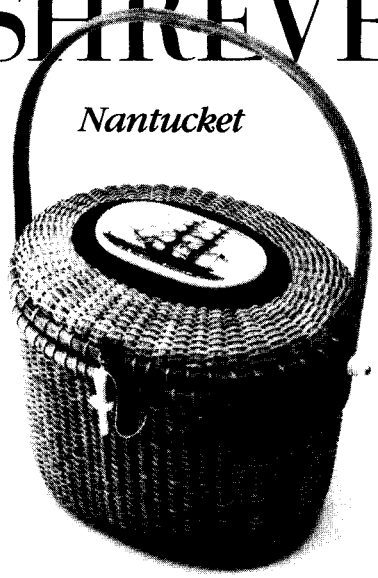
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. AC 1, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHREVE

Nantucket



Lightship-style summer handbag.
Exclusive Shreve's scrimshaw design, the "Governor Endicott" on polymer ivory. Blue calico lining, rawhide hinge. $110. Mass. Tax 5%; shipping $4. Major charges 800-225-7088.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW
JEWELERS SINCE 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100
THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL • SOUTH SHORE PLAZA

Better Than Jogging, Swimming or Cycling

NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body Cardiovascular Exerciser
Duplicates X-C Skiing For The Best Way To Fitness

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth rhythmic total body motion of XC Skiing. Recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness building exercise available. Uniformly exercises more muscles than jogging, swimming, cycling and rowing.

Does Not cause joint or back problems as in jogging. Highly effective for weight control and muscle toning.

Easily Adjustable for arm resistance, leg resistance and body height. Smooth, quiet action. Folds compactly to require only 15 by 17 inches of storage area. Lifetime quality.

Used In thousands of homes and many major health clubs, universities, and corporate fitness centers.

Call or Write for FREE BROCHURE
Toll Free 1-800-328-5888 MN 612-448-6987
PSI 124 R Columbia Crt., Chaska, Minn. 55318

nents agree that [the Clinch River breeder] is an archaic design for a technology that will not be needed until well into the 21st century. . . . Whatever the risks of [Clinch River] (and no one claims there are none), I find no rational basis for this project."

Furthermore, it is Charles Larson's 1981 quotes by Edward Teller that are "out of date." Teller's quotes in the article come from a personal interview, which lasted nearly two hours, in September of 1982.

R. O. Brittan states, without citing his sources, several contradictions to details in my account of the EBR-1 accident. After checking my sources, I agree with his fourth point but take exception to the others:

1. Walter Zinn, the plant's designer and chief executive, in a June, 1956, letter to Nucleonics *magazine, explained that to raise the fuel's temperature in order to test whether or not the chain reaction would slow down, "it was necessary to shut off the flow of the liquid-metal coolant." And Alexander Sesonske and John G. Yevick, in* Fast Reactor Technology, *write that the core "partially melted" during an experiment "designed to study its behavior . . . with reduced or zero coolant flow." They point out that "two of the normally operative safety mechanisms" were shut off, one of which "automatically shuts down the reactor if substantially full coolant flow is not maintained." They also note that "the coolant flow was stopped completely."*

2 and 3. My chief source for the description of events in the control room is Walter Zinn, the official who reported the accident to the Atomic Energy Commission.

4. R. O. Brittan is correct. Sources other than those I relied on concur that between 40 and 50 percent of the core melted, not "more than half," as I stated.

5. According to Zinn's 1956 letter, "after a period of 15 minutes, detectors for radioactivity installed . . . in the ventilation exhaust ducts of the building began to show readings higher than normal." And Sesonske and Yevick report that "a negligible amount of radioactive material reached the atmosphere. . . ."

6. During an interview last October, Zinn said: "These experiments weren't easy. They were tough. I didn't like to do them, and in my usual cautious way, I called the AEC manager. . . and I said, 'Look, you guys are asking me to do these experiments. And we'll do them. But I don't like them. I think we might have trouble.'" It was with this in mind that Zinn could say to the AEC, "I told you so" after the meltdown.

I agree with M. D. Reger that my brief mention of the West Valley plant is misleading. Faced with many "safety and environmental problems," the owners decided that the cost of making corrections and repairs to satisfy the federal government would be too high to justify the effort.

To say, as Theodore Besmann does, that "plutonium is no more man-made than is electricity" misses the point. Some plutonium has been found in trace amounts in nature, and electricity is abundant in lightning, but I know of no physicists who suggest that it is practical to mine natural plutonium or to depend on lightning as a power source. And, while there is evidence that some plutonium was produced naturally by fission in Gabon's uranium deposits, I fail to see how that single, distant event relates to our conscious production and use of plutonium in breeders today. However, he is right that judgments about the need for breeders are impossible now; but I see this as a "driving force" to reassess the program, not to develop it further in its present state.

Advice & Consent

In regards to "Guns in the Courts," in the May issue, I would like to bring to your attention certain errors: First, tort law is a system of justice meant not to deter unreasonable behavior as such but to allow damages for unreasonable behavior if injury is the result thereof; second, tort law does not allow "compensation for injury caused by dangerous behavior" but does allow compensation for injury caused by any behavior that is not accompanied by reasonable care for the safety of another or others.

Robert W. Cagle
Atlanta, Ga.

J. K. Galbraith's review of Lester Thurow's *Dangerous Currents* (June *Atlantic*) reminds me of the workingman's definitions of microeconomics (when your paycheck is so small you can't see it without a magnifying glass) and macroeconomics (when your budget is so tight you serve pasta three times a week).

Marjorie Seymour
Harrisburg, Pa.

PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT LAW
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once a year in Springtime, there occurs an event in Asia that sweater wearers the world over might celebrate: *the moulting of the Kashmir goat.*

This event provides the annual supply of cashmere, that rare and wondrous hair of the goat that is to the world of natural fibers what gold is to the supply of baser metals.

Cashmere—the downy undergrowth produced by the Kashmir goat—a material so rare it rewards a climb of the Himalayas. A material we take pains to travel around the world unchanged, except for a C instead of a K when it reaches the Scottish knitting mills which Lands' End haunts to process it. And to make some of the world's greatest sweaters.

More like wool than any fiber.

Natural cashmere is brownish in color. It yields itself to the spinning of luxurious, soft, wool-like yarns with a characteristic highly napped finish.

It is highly prized—not least by us at Lands' End and our customers—for its softness, and warmth. It is lighter in weight than wool, but not as durable. As they say, nobody is perfect—not even the Kashmir goat.

Our cashmeres are rare values.

Lands' End specifies that our cashmere sweaters be knitted from two-ply yarn, which is extremely fine and close and extremely soft. By the same token it is a costly material—there being a strict limitation on the total amount of cashmere hair available.

Still, we have managed to lay hold on an encouraging assortment of cashmere sweaters and we've priced them affordably.

(We don't haunt those Scottish mills for nothing.)

They include cashmere cable crew-necks with hand-looped collars, as well as Fair Isle styles for her, sleeveless V-necks for him, and long-sleeved V-necks for the two of them.

Seeing is believing and thrilling.

Obviously you should see our cashmeres on people and in our catalog—and what could be easier than to get a free catalog simply by dialing our toll-free number (800-356-4444) 24 hours a day. Or sending in the coupon below.

Remember, like everything else in the catalog—from shoes to soft luggage to summer wear and accessories—your cashmere sweater is backed by our short, sweet, two word guarantee:

GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

There is no fine print.

Call now. So next year when the Kashmir goat performs his miracle, you can celebrate in Lands' End style.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford button-down shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

☐ **Please send free catalog.**

Lands' End Dept. V-25
Dodgeville, WI 53533

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Or call Toll-free:

800-356-4444

(Except Alaska and Hawaii call 608-935-2788)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

REAL POLICY VS. APPLAUSE LINES

Neither Congress nor the White House wants to hear complex reasons why quick, simple approaches to Central America won't work

IN LATE SPRING, I went to Washington to witness the debate among the high and mighty about Central America, and at first got the idea that no one was talking about any place I had ever been. Then I told myself that these were people whose world views made a difference, so I stayed, and even went back to hear more. One day, for example, the Foreign Operations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee gave its attention to the war in El Salvador, specifically to a request by the Reagan Administration to transfer to the Salvadoran army $60 million in military aid that had been budgeted for countries in other parts of the world but was not being used. The process, called reprogramming, needed the approval only of the subcommittee, usually a routine event. But nothing about Central America is routine these days in Washington. Clarence Long, the chairman of the subcommittee, had returned the night before from a two-day trip to El Salvador, where he had been showered with media attention, wooed and impressed by President Alvaro Magaña, and confided in by the new military leadership. Long, a Democrat and usually a foe of military assistance, was proposing to approve $30 million—half the request—in return for a commitment from the Administration to appoint a special peace envoy to Central America.

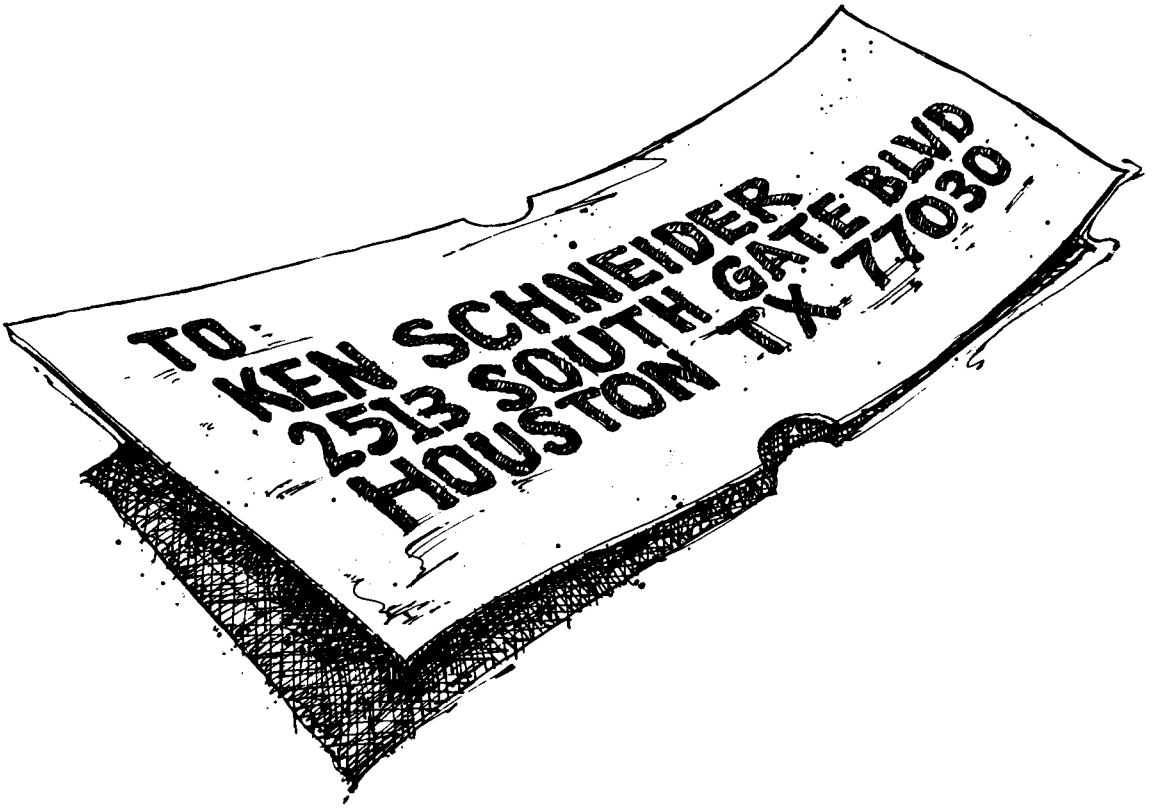
Another committee member, however, a Republican from New York, said that the full $60 million should be approved, and a Democrat from New York proposed that the decision be postponed for ninety days and reconsidered only if progress had been made on bringing about negotiations between the Salvadoran government and the guerrillas. Then the committee members proceeded with what passed for a discussion of the issues. A Democrat from Florida said that he supported the postponement on the grounds that sending more guns to the Salvadoran army was like sending more Indians to General Custer. A Democrat from Texas said that he was in favor of approving the full $60 million, because we had tried Bibles and love in Nicaragua and they had not worked, so we had to be tough in El Salvador. A Republican from Oklahoma said that he was voting for Bibles and love and human rights *and* El Salvador—which, he said, meant supporting the full $60 million. A Democrat from Wisconsin said that a subcommittee was no place from which to run foreign policy, but that he favored the postponement. In the end, Long's $30 million compromise squeaked through, even though nobody but Long thought it was a good idea.

With all the argument about how to deal with the individual and overlapping crises of the five Spanish-speaking countries of Central America—El Salvador,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL DAVID BROWN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Label yourself an Atlantic subscriber



and save over 25%.

Conservative. Liberal. Moderate. Democrat. Republican. Independent.

Labels. Sometimes valuable, sometimes not. But there's one label you'll be sure to value, the label that makes you an Atlantic subscriber.

Each month, *The Atlantic* brings you fresh insight into how your world really works. Through its unique mixture of reporting, commentary, fiction, poetry, and humor, *The Atlantic* explores the driving forces of our lives. From major public-affairs issues to new developments in the arts, to the timeless forces of human nature -- all are parts of the whole you'll find in every issue of *The Atlantic*.

Monthly, *The Atlantic* exposes you to writing of clarity, vision, and wit from such outstanding contemporary writers as Saul Bellow, George Kennan, James Fallows, Bobbie Ann Mason, Seymour Hersh, Roy Blount Jr., and Lynn Caraganis. Their works as well as reviews of books, movies, music, and dance, are complemented by the works of today's best illustrators. You'll also read letters from as engaged and engaging a group of readers as you'll find anywhere. Join us.

Sign on today. And we'll put your label on the very next issue of *The Atlantic*.

Order a full year for just $17.95, our special introductory rate (and a 25% saving off the newsstand cover price). For added convenience call in your credit card order by phone:

Call Toll Free 1-800-453-3220
(in Utah, call 1-800-662-2500)

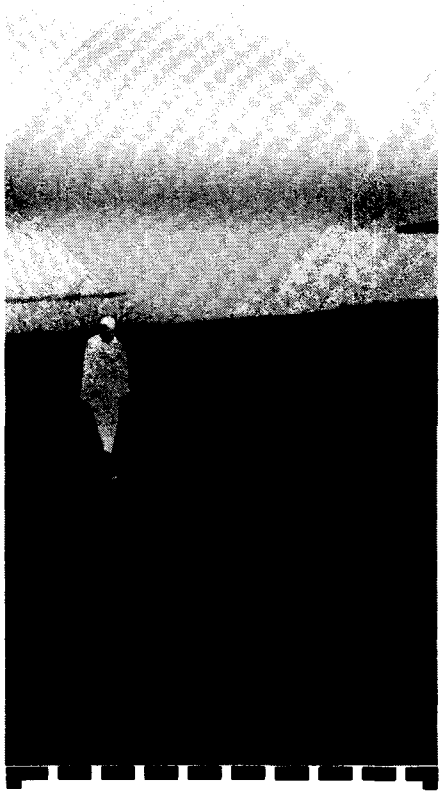
THE Atlantic

P.O. Box 2544 / Boulder, Colorado / 80321

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"LOVE IS THE SUBTLEST FORCE IN THE WORLD."
—MAHATMA GANDHI

Walk the paths that Gandhi walked in this land of history, serenity and infinite variety. In the east, in the west, in the north and in the south, India has so many things to please you and inspire you. And in India it is possible to do much more than see beautiful sights and stay in luxurious air-conditioned hotels. English is spoken widely here, so you can discover beautiful ideas too. Come to the excitement, the wonder, and the experience that is India and attain the peace that is in you.



Please send me information on the Journey to the World of Gandhi Tour.

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

My Travel Agent is: #ATL-8

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10112 (212) 586-4901;
3550 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA. 90010 (213) 380-8855
230 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, IL. 60601 (312) 236-6899;
POST BOX 342 T.D. CENTRE, TORONTO, CANADA (416) 362-3188;
MIAMI, FLA. (305) 944-7039; DALLAS, TEXAS (214) 234-2233;
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. (415) 386-8284

Nicaragua, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Honduras—it might appear that there has been widespread disagreement on substantive questions, such as whom we should support. In one form or another, members of Congress have tried to reduce or deny requests from the Administration for military aid to El Salvador, or to make aid conditional on such things as the specific number of land-reform titles being issued in El Salvador, the bringing to trial of people accused of killing Americans, and the efforts to force the military to talk to the guerrillas. Many congressmen have wanted to cut off covert U.S. assistance to a group of Nicaraguan guerrillas operating against the Sandinista government from bases in Honduras, saying that such operations are acceptable only if they are intended to interdict arms supplies moving from Nicaragua to the rebels in El Salvador, and that if the operations happen to be aimed at overthrowing the Sandinistas, they are illegal. Neither the CIA, which invented the charade of arms interdiction to justify to Congress the covert operations, nor Congress, which accepted the justification, seems to have given any thought to the illogic of expecting a Nicaraguan peasant to risk his life to make things easier for the Salvadoran military.

In trying to assess these things, innumerable congressmen and senators and their aides have traveled to Central America. They have trekked through refugee camps, inspected combat and killing sites, watched last year's Constituent Assembly election in El Salvador, looked for secret jail cells, shouted at Salvadoran generals, been berated by Nicaraguan *comandantes*, and tried to make contact with guerrillas. Eventually, the tourism became a little taxing to the region. The Salvadoran Constituent Assembly—sixty members from five parties who spend most of their time disagreeing—voted unanimously to tell outsiders to stop interfering.

Despite the complaining on the Hill, when the votes are counted, first in one subcommittee, then in another, then in the full committees, and finally on the floor of each house, Ronald Reagan's balance sheet adds up handsomely. In monetary terms, he gets most of what he wants, even for military purposes, by needling and not giving up. Even in terms of political goals, hardly anyone in Congress has ventured far afield from the President, at least if one judges each person's position according to what he says instead of what his opponent says he is saying or doing. Those who oppose the U.S. funding of action against the Sandinistas in Nicaragua have not gone so far as to suggest that they like the almost Marxist–Leninist government the Sandinistas have installed, or that they favor restoring economic aid to the Sandinista government—aid that was terminated by the Reagan Administration in 1981, on the grounds that the Sandinistas were stoking the flames in El Salvador. Congressional critics sat by meekly as the Administration reduced Nicaragua's sugar quota to almost nothing, despite the probable bad effects the decision would have on the democratic groups and on what remains of the private sector in Nicaragua. Virtually everyone in Washington says he does not want Marxism–Leninism to increase in this hemisphere, though a few opponents of Reagan say that they do not hold that position so strongly as to close their eyes forever to repression in El Salvador. But even the Administration's most outspoken opponents do not share the positions of the small bands of demonstrators that gather regularly outside the Capitol in behalf of the Salvadoran guerrillas and the Sandinistas.

This tacit consensus may reflect the general worry about how, and whether, the electorate will react. No one knows which positions will be more damaging at the polls. Will a vote for increased military aid look like a vote to support nun-killers? Will a vote against aid run the risk of "losing" El Salvador? Will the possible accusation of having created the potential for a new Bay of Pigs, this time in Nicaragua, be a result of having initiated covert action in the first place, or of having denied it sufficient support to succeed? There is seemingly no sure ground—if voters should happen to decide that Central America matters.

WHAT PRESIDENT REAGAN says his Administration is trying to do in Central America is to use military and economic aid to bring about some combination of reforms, moderation, negotiations, elections, and maybe, down the road, peace. The dual focus is on El Salvador and Nicaragua, with the problems in Honduras and Costa Rica, and, to a lesser extent, Guatemala, expected to resolve themselves as things are worked out in the first two. However, the policy that one hears debated in Washington of-

PRODUCED BY ARCHIVE ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten seems to bear no relationship to the one that the President has announced. Reagan's critics on Capitol Hill accuse him of sinister intentions, saying that he is really setting out on a saber-rattling military campaign that places unjustified emphasis on the Soviet threat. Reagan's White House staff and other close advisers contribute to this interpretation, with news leaks and public statements that stress the toughest parts of the policy. The conflicts—within Reagan's staff and between the White House and Capitol Hill—confuse and hamper the professional diplomats and military men, in Washington and in the field, who are charged with carrying out the policy.

A number of State Department career people, many of them involved in Latin American policy for years, feel that the policy has been misinterpreted by critics on the Hill and in the media as the result of the critics' being misinformed, naive, or ambitious. (Latin America has traditionally been a so-called State Department area, meaning a place with very few entrenched interests on the part of the Pentagon, defense contractors, and the CIA. This makes it a relatively safe place for junior members of Congress to wheel and deal without being told they are in over their heads.) The critics and opponents, according to this view, are confusing rhetoric with policy, and opposing the policy because they don't like the rhetoric. State Department people say that Reagan and his political appointees add little more than "rhetorical flourishes" to a policy that is not greatly different from that toward which the Carter Administration was moving in its last months.

The Reagan Administration set itself up for the criticism from Congress and the media when it came into office, by booming a 1980s version of gunboat diplomacy that gave encouragement to the extreme right in El Salvador and Guatemala, added to the fears of the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, and made the Cubans think that they were about to be invaded. Even before the Carter Administration was gone, Republicans saying they represented the incoming administration were traveling through the region, spreading confusion among governments and colonels and dismay in U.S. embassies. This damage from free-lance anti-Communists was added to by Alexander Haig's talk of "drawing the line" and "going to the source," and was then compounded by the delay of several months

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include an Atlantic label to insure prompt service when you write us about your subscription.

Mail to: Atlantic Subscription Processing Center, Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

ATTACH MAGAZINE ADDRESS LABEL HERE

Change of Address:
If you are moving please let us know eight weeks **before** changing your address. Attach label above and include new address below. If you have a question about your subscription attach this form to your letter.

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

To Subscribe: Mail this form with your payment and check:

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Subscription Rates:
1 year, $21.00; 2 years, $39.00; 3 years, $54.00 (U.S. and Canada only; all other countries 1 year, $26.00; 2 years, $49.00; 3 years, $69.00.) Mail to: The Atlantic, Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322 (for faster service, call 800-525-6261 in Colo. call 1-447-9330).

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

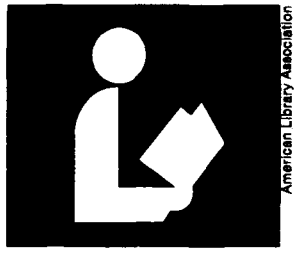
FREE Fall Catalog

Fully illustrated. Features quality apparel and footwear for men, women and children; camping, hunting, hiking and winter sports gear. For 71 years L. L. Bean has offered practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. Many items of our own manufacture; all guaranteed 100% satisfactory.

☐ SEND FREE FALL CATALOG

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
141 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



Looking for the library? Then follow this sign. It's the new national library symbol.

use your library

Men...Perfect Fit–by Mail! We guarantee it!

Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes

- Widths AAA to EEE, Sizes 6½ to 16.
- Comfort unsurpassed by any other footwear.
- Top quality standards maintained for 105 years.
- 45 handsome styles in men's footwear.
- Prompt delivery from factory stock of 30,000 pair.
- Guaranteed satisfaction or money back.

Executive Shoes, Dept. 1003, Box 488
Brockton, MA 02403
Send Free catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name_____
Address_____
City State Zip

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

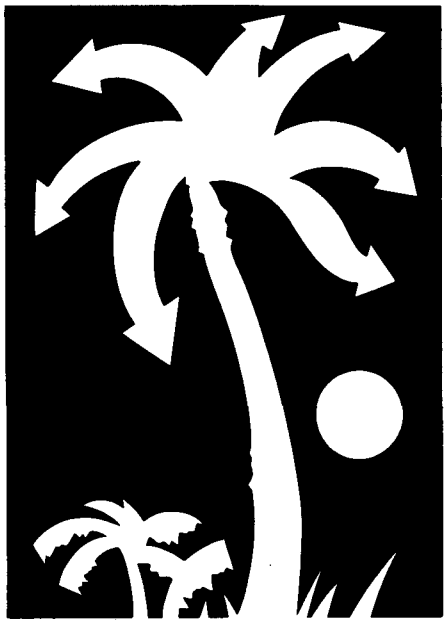
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in naming and confirming career diplomat Thomas O. Enders to succeed career diplomat William G. Bowdler, who was rudely fired from the crucial post of assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs on the first day of the Reagan Administration.

Once Enders was in place, according to State Department people both in Washington and in the field, the new administration's tone gradually became more moderate, with the management of policy, if not all decisions, firmly in State hands. After the departure of Haig, Reagan himself became more closely involved with the policy. In the process, according to a man who has worked with the past two administrations, he demonstrated that he has a stronger feeling that the two hemispheres of the New World share common interests than does the rest of the body politic. What seemingly evolved was a tacit agreement that the State Department could have its policy if the President could have his rhetoric and his applause lines.

All of this was costly, however, to Tom Enders, a man determined to run his own show and not given to bureaucratic acquiescence. On the Friday before Memorial Day, with Congress already in recess for the holiday, he was fired. Langhorne A. Motley, who won praise as ambassador to Brazil, a post to which he was appointed by Reagan, was to replace him. If one viewed Washington as a Third World country—which it often seems to be—it would be logical to conclude that Enders was done in by the interlocking conspiracies of power and ambition that surround the presidency. A Latin American told me that he had the sense that he was seeing the aftermath of a palace coup when he walked into Enders's suite of offices, on the sixth floor of the State Department, in mid-afternoon on the day of the firing and found them strangely quiet and empty. The problem, one Enders admirer told me, was that "Tom was just too smart, too tall, too arrogant, for the people at the White House."

But most people do not view Washington as a banana republic, so they tried to understand the problem by examining a series of confrontations Enders had with high-level presidential appointees—particularly William Clark, the national security adviser, and Jeane Kirkpatrick, ambassador to the United Nations. The confrontations began over a tough human-rights speech given in El Salvador last October by Deane R. Hinton, then the U.S. ambassador. The speech was approved in advance by Enders but not submitted to the White House—which, by innuendo, showed its displeasure with the language used. Then came Enders's unsuccessful attempt to name as his chief deputy a man whom influential Miami Cubans described, in complaints to Kirkpatrick and Clark, as soft on communism and Castro; followed by a story leaked by the White House which implied that people there thought Enders was placing too much faith in negotiations; followed by Enders's reluctance to share his powers with Richard Stone, a former senator from Florida, the special envoy named at the insistence of Con-



gressman Long; and culminating with Enders's opposition to the release (on the day of his firing) of a new white paper on Nicaraguan–Cuban–Soviet involvement in El Salvador which he thought contained no new information and would only further inflame congressional critics with its rhetoric. As becomes clear on closer inspection, most of these confrontations had more to do with style, method, and the desire for personal power than with substance. Even in the affair of the White House's perceived unhappiness with Enders's faith in negotiations, the White House appeared to be trying, for reasons that probably had little to do with policy, to misrepresent Enders. To a large extent, Enders became enmeshed in the confrontations as a result of his efforts to sell the Administration's Central America policy to Congress, and to balance congressional demands and White House rhetoric. In the end, he could not satisfy the White House or Capitol Hill, neither of which liked to hear his complex reasons why quick, simple approaches would not work.

CONGRESSIONAL OPPONENTS of Reagan's policies call for negotiated settlements and socio-economic solutions, commendable demands that ignore the extent to which both strategies have been attempted over the past several years and are still on the Administration's agenda. The fact that both sides in Washington argue about the two strategies probably reflects a mutual frustration at being unable to find easy solutions and an unwillingness to admit that there are none.

Regarding El Salvador, the Administration, sensitive to the difficulties in persuading the Salvadoran military and political right to talk with the left, speaks in terms of negotiations that would allow representatives of the left to participate in coming presidential elections with guarantees for their personal safety. Congressional critics demand instead "unconditional" negotiations, allowing open agendas, but when they expand upon what they mean, they usually arrive at a plan leading to participation by the left in elections. Few go so far as to forward the idea of power-sharing between the present government and the guerrilla groups without benefit of elections, which is what the Administration fears would be the main topic of unconditional negotiations.

Neither of these approaches, if there is any difference in them, is likely to bring the war to an end. First, we have to consider what the Salvadoran left is. Primarily, it consists of five Marxist–Leninist guerrilla groups nominally united under the banner of the Martí National Liberation Front, called the FMLN, which fields combatants thought to number somewhere between 4,000 and 6,000. One of the guerrilla groups is the Salvadoran Communist Party, and three others—the Popular Liberation Forces, the People's Revolutionary Army, and the Armed Forces of National Resistance—are descended from it. The splintering of the Communist Party began in 1970, when some members feuded with Moscow and opted for guerrilla action instead of continuing to play in the political arena. The party itself did not join the

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

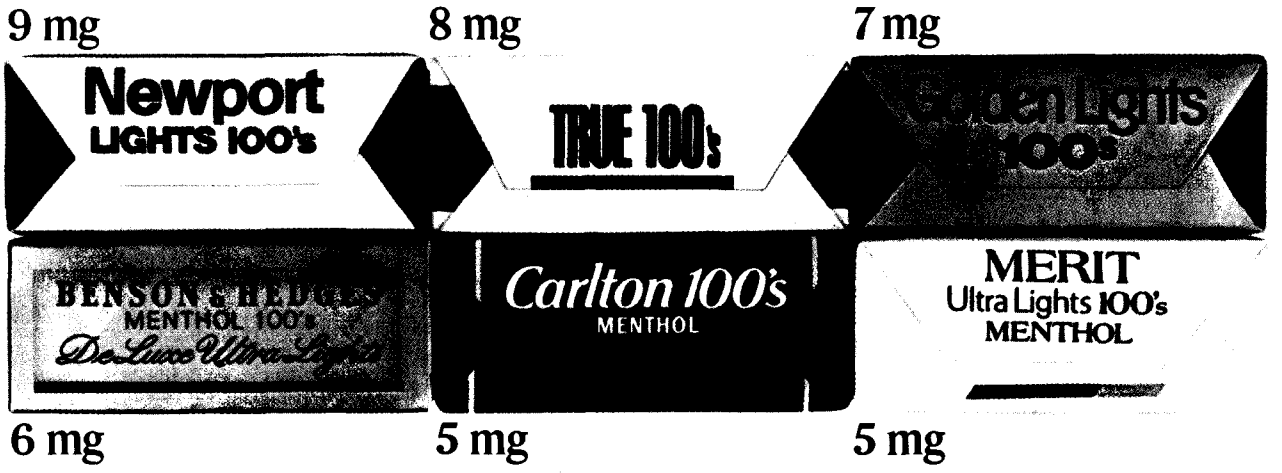
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Competitive tar levels reflect either the Dec. '81 FTC Report or FTC method.

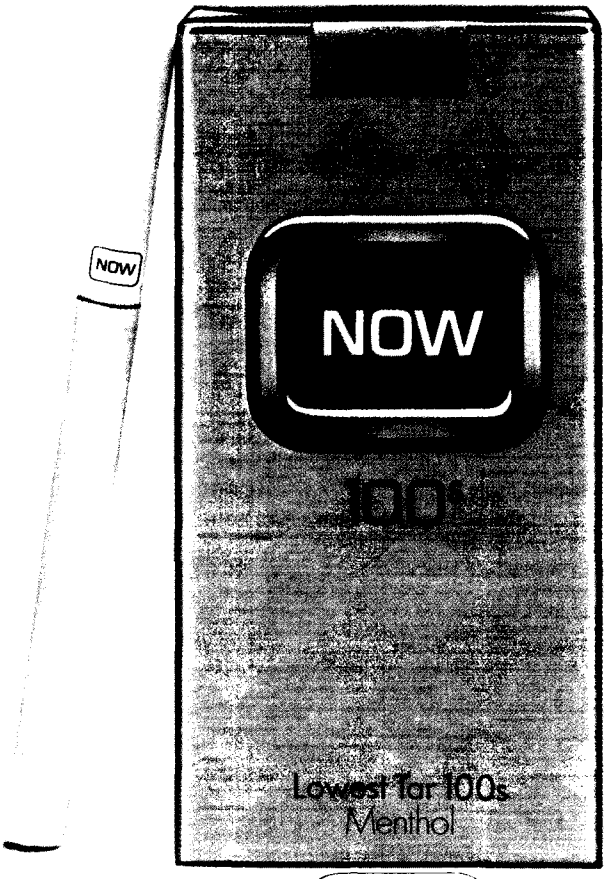
©1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

NOW. THE LOWEST OF ALL BRANDS.



Now for the good news.

2 mg

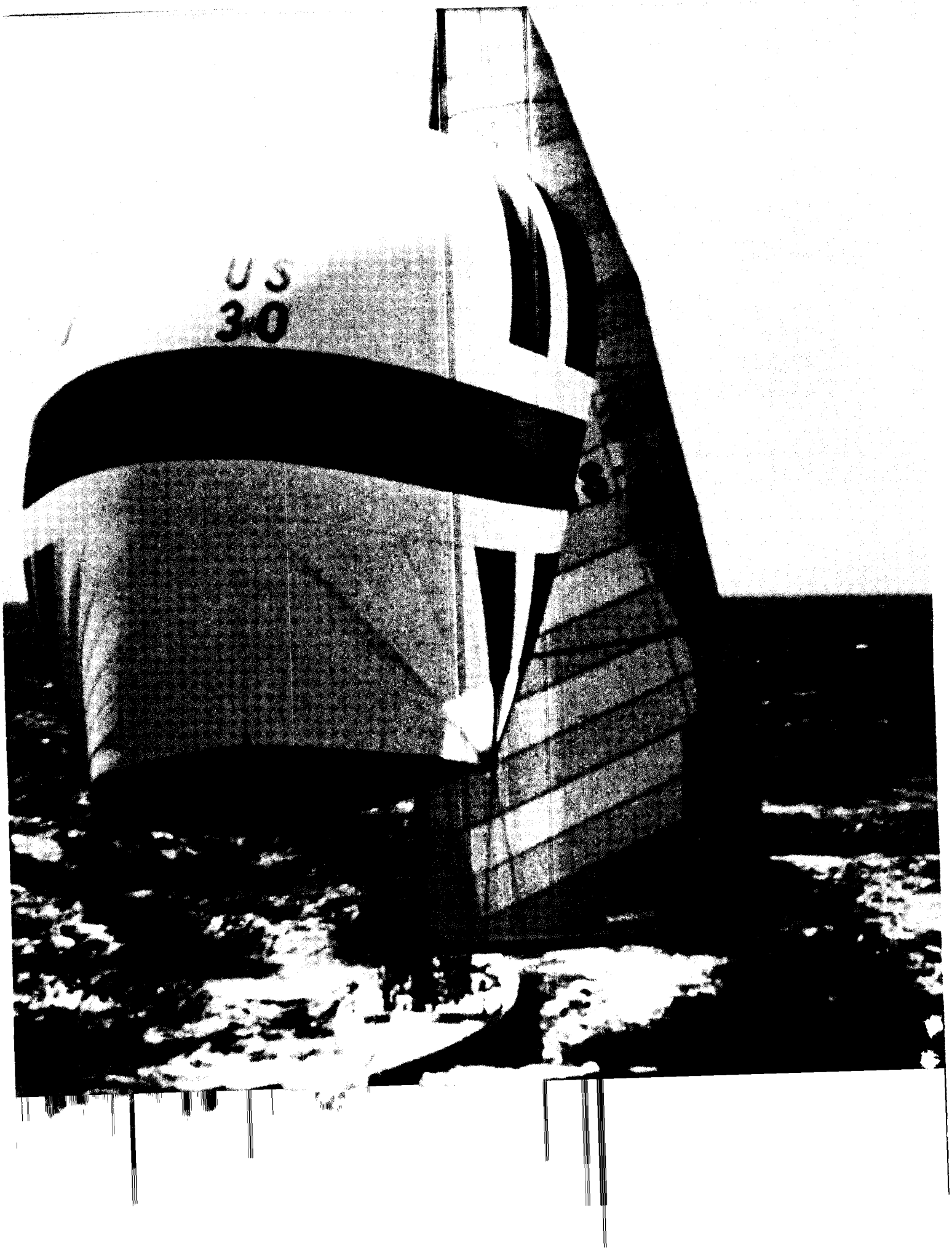


NOW

THE LOWEST

CONFIRMED BY THE LATEST U.S. GOV'T. REPORT ON TAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While shooting a commercial with the 1980 America's Cup defenders, we saw for ourselves that winning takes skill, dedication, and teamwork. We like to think that describes us as well.

On land and sea, when E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

armed struggle until December of 1979. The fifth guerrilla group, the Central American Revolutionary Workers Party, is a relatively young one, and claims to represent more countries than just El Salvador.

Among these groups there is less than unanimity on the question of negotiations and elections, even though they periodically issue joint calls for negotiations. What has long been considered the largest of the guerrilla armies—the Popular Liberation Forces (FPL)—is a Maoist group that advocates prolonged peasant war against the military and has usually been reluctant to sign the statements of the other groups calling for negotiations, although it has signed several. The FPL has been shaken by the suicide or killing earlier this year of its sixty-three-year-old founder, Salvador Cayetano Carpio, and the murder of his senior deputy, Mélida Anaya Montes, in Managua, Nicaragua, where the guerrilla groups maintain their command center. The deaths came as Carpio, viewed as a lone-wolf fanatic by many on the Salvadoran left, was trying to acquire arms from Libya, reportedly in order to resist the pressure from Fidel Castro to place all five guerrilla organizations under the command of Joaquin Villalobos, the thirty-two-year-old leader of the People's Revolutionary Army. The deaths and Castro's efforts to bring about a reorganization have created confusion within the guerrilla groups and have added to uncertainty outside them about their attitudes on negotiations and elections. In the past, before the war became a fact and the guerrilla groups began issuing calls for negotiations, all of them except the Communists regularly expressed disdain for "bourgeois" elections as a way of resolving political differences. Ever since the war began, nearly four years ago, various Salvadorans trying to analyze for me the prospects for peace have usually concluded that the FPL—like the extreme right—would never accept a negotiated settlement.

The deaths of Carpio and Anaya and the resulting uncertainty are among the half-dozen or so most significant events in Central America in the past five years, but those who make and influence U.S. policy have largely ignored them in favor of Washington's own conflicts. Enders was probably the one person at a high level in Washington who understood that something might be gained on the route to negotiations and elections by trying to exploit the internal contradictions of the Salvadoran left.

The other part of the Salvadoran left is the Democratic Revolutionary Front, called the FDR, which is the political arm of the FMLN. Its best-known figures are Guillermo Ungo and Rubén Zamora. Ungo is the leader of a very small social-democratic party; Zamora is a former Christian Democrat. Both served in the first military–civilian government established after the October 15, 1979, coup d'état, which was supposed to bring reforms and social peace to El Salvador. The government lasted ten weeks.

Ungo and Zamora and other "democratic" elements in the FDR make up a relatively small part of the Salvadoran left, but they carry a symbolic importance that exceeds their number—in part because Ungo's political party is a member of the Socialist International, a connection that guarantees the FDR and FMLN the valuable support of a number of democratically respectable parties and individuals in Western Europe and Latin America. Also, Ungo and Zamora provide the justification for demands for negotiations that come from Capitol Hill. Both of them come to Washington regularly, and, speaking English, make the rounds in search of support for their cause. The guerrilla leaders and Communists cannot get visas, and most cannot speak English. I once asked the number-two man in the Salvadoran Communist Party, Mario Aguiñada, what importance men like Ungo and Zamora would have in the new government if the revolutionary forces came to power. "It depends," he said. "If we reach power politically, through negotiations, they will have more influence than if we win militarily. This is because of the importance they play internationally." Periodically, someone comes up with the idea of weaning the democrats, particularly Ungo and Zamora, away from the left. It has already been tried. People from the FDR were in mid-1981 seriously interested in finding a way to participate in the March, 1982, elections for the Constituent Assembly, but in the midst of their discussions with the United States, the Mexican and French governments issued a statement that the insurgents should be recognized as a "representative political force" to be included in a negotiated solution to the war. This had the apparent effect of reinforcing the FMLN–FDR alliance and terminating

L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe

Recipient of the Mobil Five Star and AAA Five Diamond coveted awards.
One of only three hotels to be so honored.

9291 Burton Way
Beverly Hills, California
(213) 278-3344
(800) 282-4818, in California
(800) 421-4306, Nationwide
Or see your Travel Agent

You'll never know how much good you can do until you do it.

If you can spare even a few hours a week, you can help people.

Call the Voluntary Action Center in your town. Or write: "Volunteer," Washington, D.C. 20013.

Volunteer.
The National Center for Voluntary Action

Gifts of Fun & Laughter!

The Lighter Side
Free Catalog of Lighthearted Gifts

Over 500 gifts that lift the spirit & tickle the funnybone. Surprises for everyone & every occasion (most under $10). Your gifts of wit & whimsy, merriment & mirth will be long remembered & so will you. Add glee & gaiety to your holiday shopping & giving. Satisfaction guaranteed since 1914. Send for your free catalog today!

The Lighter Side
Dept. 3808, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the discussions. It also embittered the State Department about the possibilities of cooperating with Mexico and France on Central American questions.

REGARDING NICARAGUA, the Administration says that its covert financial support for one group of guerrilla forces, operating out of Honduras, and its psychological support for another, operating out of Costa Rica, are also intended to lead to negotiations that would lead to free elections, but those dealing with the policy on a daily basis think that the end game is still a bit hazy. It is clear, however, that no one in the executive branch will be at all dismayed if the Nicaraguan insurgency is so successful that the nine members of the Sandinista National Directorate one day vacate their palatial Managua homes and fly off to Havana. Not only do those who oppose the Administration want an end to the support of covert operations but many of them also seem to think that Nicaragua's problems should be resolved by negotiations between the Sandinistas and foreign governments, such as the United States, Honduras, and Costa Rica, rather than among the warring Nicaraguans. This is the position that the Sandinistas themselves take. They would rather talk to George Shultz than to Adolfo Calero, Edén Pastora, and Alfonso Robelo, insurgent leaders who once served in, or supported, the Sandinista government, and know the Sandinistas well. Talking to foreign governments permits the Sandinistas to limit discussions to such things as nonaggression pacts and border problems, areas in which the Sandinistas can depict themselves as victims. Talking with other Nicaraguans puts the Sandinistas on the defensive, making them face demands for elections, for freedom of the press and the Church, and for the departure of the several thousand Cubans in Nicaragua.

As for negotiations between the State Department and the Sandinista government, there have been two long periods of discussions during the past two years and a third effort involving multilateral talks among Central Americans. Yet some congressmen, seemingly unaware of these attempted negotiations, have gone to Managua, talked to the Sandinista leaders, and come back with what they consider to be news: the Sandinistas are willing to talk to the United States about anything. Just about any-

Clip this coupon to receive art, beauty, tradition and...opportunity.

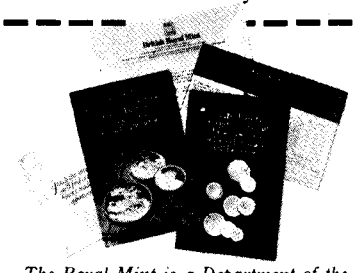
The British Royal Mint invites you to discover the pleasures of coin-collecting.

Some of the most beautiful coins in America today come from Great Britain. They are the coins of the British Royal Mint...the official mint of the United Kingdom. Their craftsmanship is so impressive more than 65 countries have requested the Mint strike their coins as well. This is your opportunity to find out more about them.

Each coin from the British Royal Mint is struck in a tradition of excellence that dates back thirteen centuries. Today, craftsmen still create coins with all the care and attention to detail that have always marked Mint issues. It is their responsibility to Her Majesty and the Crown.

Every design is rich in history and tradition. From heraldic emblems and noble rulers to fabled heroes like St. George, slayer of dragons. And each coin is struck in strictly limited quantities so that demand often exceeds supply. To astute collectors, that means coinage well worth acquiring.

Discover for yourself the fascination of collecting coins that offer artistry, beauty and opportunity. Just return the coupon for details and the Mint's colorful brochures.

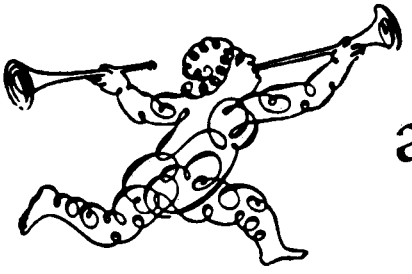


The Royal Mint is a Department of the British Government and the Official Government Mint of the United Kingdom.

British Royal Mint ATL113PB
Official North American Bureau
% Barclays Bank of New York N.A.
P.O. Box 2560, New York, N.Y. 10163

Yes, I'm interested in receiving art, beauty, history and opportunity. Please send me more information on the coins of the British Royal Mint.
Enclosed is $1.00 to cover postage and handling.

Name_____ *(please print)*
Address_____
City_____ State____ Zip_____



a catalogue of the best

****

A new collection of distinctive and unusual presents made especially for the Metropolitan Museum. Copies of ancient Egyptian jewels and sculpture, medieval gold and silver, Oriental silks and porcelains, early American glass in rare colors, Chinese paintings, golden Japanese screens, brass, pewter, and pottery, calendars, books, and cards, and other special Christmas suggestions. IJH3

Available by mail only from the Museum. Prices range from less than $5.00 to more than $500 – with a wide choice of presents between $10 and $50. To reserve your 116-page full-color Christmas Catalogue* now, send this coupon and one dollar to cover costs.
*Mailing date September 1.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing was, in fact, on the agendas that were drawn up in Managua and Washington during the two periods of talks (the first initiated in August of 1981), which were directed by Enders. When those talks began, however, the United States, through Enders, made it the sine qua non of future talks that the Sandinistas take the first step of halting their supply of arms and ammunition to the Salvadoran guerrillas. Then, Enders told the Sandinistas, the discussions could proceed to such things as the renewal of U.S. economic assistance and a nonaggression pact between Nicaragua and the United States. While the question of halting the arms supply to the Salvadorans was important to the United States, it was the one demand certain to encounter a stone wall in Managua. Internationalism—the assisting of fellow revolutionaries—is a key element of the faith to Marxist–Leninists, and telling them not to practice it is like telling priests not to pray. At one point, say U.S. officials, the arms-and-supplies traffic was briefly halted, but it was soon resumed. Later, in 1982, the United States softened its demand by asking the Sandinistas simply to close down the Salvadoran guerrilla command center in Managua, from which orders are broadcast to rebel forces inside El Salvador. The U.S. promised not to publicize the closing, in order to help the Sandinistas save face, but U.S. sources say that the request was refused.

THE CALLS FOR socio-economic solutions in Central America ignore the extent to which aid to the region is already economic rather than military (about three fourths of the some $1.2 billion in U.S. assistance extended to Central America in the past two years has been for nonmilitary purposes) and the fact that there is no constituency in this country for really substantial foreign aid. For nearly two decades, Congress and the U.S. public have been reversing the American commitment to humanitarian and development assistance that flourished after World War II. As an example, the Reagan Administration proposed the Caribbean Basin Initiative in order to assist the Central American countries and the Caribbean islands; it would be a special one-time aid package and a series of trade-and-investment incentives that would continue for the next twelve years. The aid was approved last year and disbursed, but the more important trade-and-investment provisions, which would give those countries easier access to the U.S. market for their rum and other products, have been butchered in Congress.

Critics of the Administration, looking for a solution to problems in Central America that doesn't sound as if it came from the mouth of Ronald Reagan, have put undue faith in a report issued by the Inter-American Dialogue, a group of people of stature from North, South, and Central America who gathered first in October of last year and again last March at the Woodrow Wilson International Center, at the Smithsonian. The group, under the joint chairmanship of Sol M. Linowitz, peripatetic ambassador and negotiator for Democratic administrations, and Galo Plaza, a former president of Ecuador and former secretary-general of the Organization of American States, concluded, as one of several basic points, that social upheaval in Latin America is rooted in poverty. Most people would agree that poverty is a major problem in Latin America; but the history of the region demonstrates that the more direct causes of upheavals have been limitations on political expression or the absence or breakdown of political consensus, with poverty used in some way to justify actions by elites. Be that as it may, the report of the Inter-American Dialogue was prepared more as an analysis than as an immediate policy option for a convulsed region. The fact is that the Dialogue was convened because of the crisis in U.S.–Latin American relations set off by U.S. support for Britain in the war over the Falkland Islands, and it was devoted primarily to the economic problems of the larger countries, such as Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile. Central America was almost an afterthought.

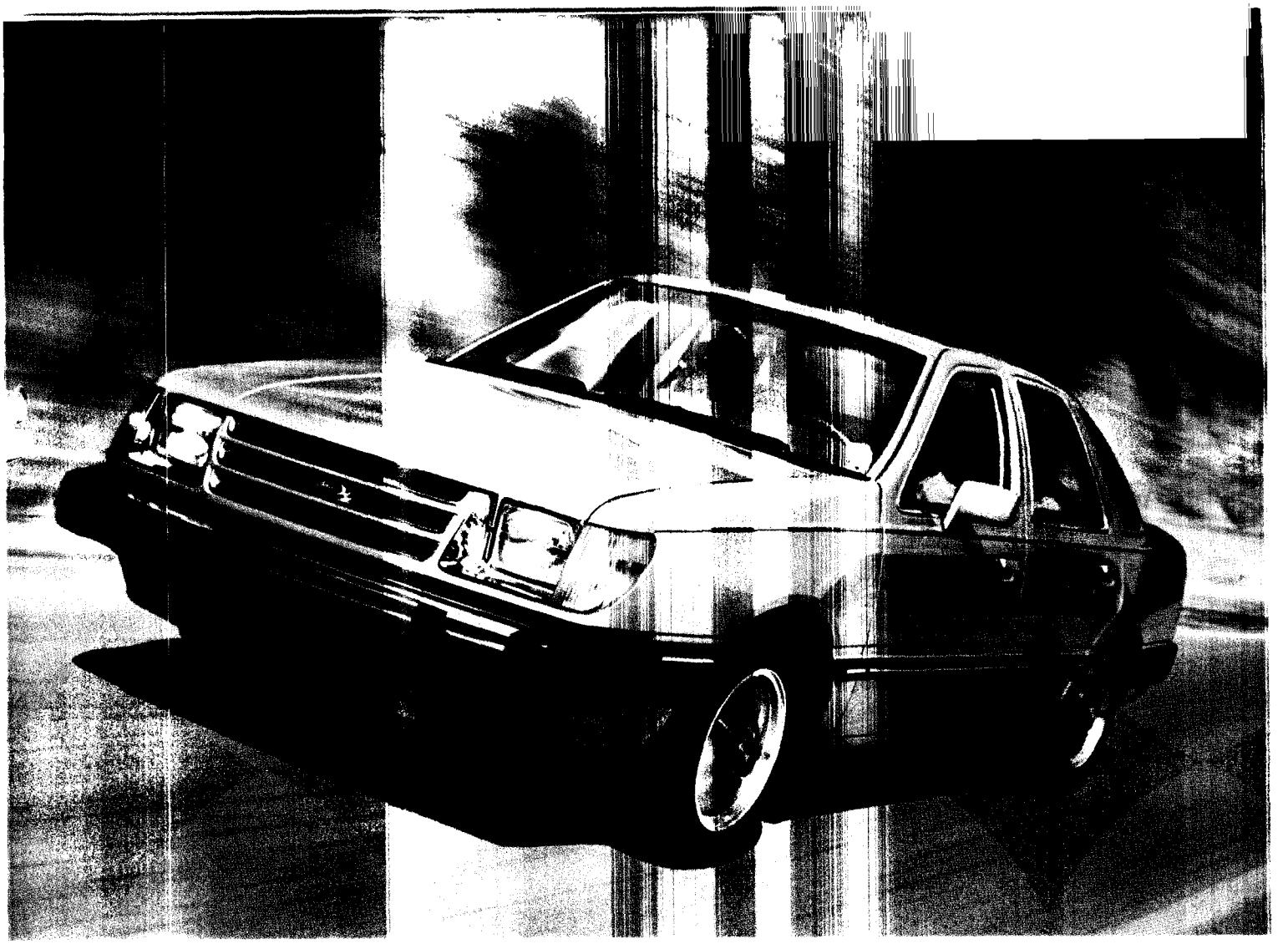
The Dialogue report took the depressing position of characterizing Central America's political problems in terms of the East–West conflict—the very thing for which the Reagan Administration has been most criticized on Capitol Hill and in the media. While the Administration talks of beating the Russians in Central America, the authors of the report propose adding the Russians to the long list of interested parties (all the others being from this hemisphere) who should have a say in the future of Central America, an approach that shows little concern for the feelings of the people involved, to say nothing of political realities. Linowitz suggested to a group of journalists that we could concede Nicaragua to the Soviets if they let us keep El Salvador. This is an interesting geographical progression, considering that two years ago there was talk of letting them keep Poland if we could keep El Salvador.

The report makes another startling statement, to the effect that it is impossible to export democracy. I don't know how the authors determined this, since the United States has never really tried to, at least not to Latin America. The United States has trained military forces in Latin America, made business investments and loans, assisted trade-union organizations, withdrawn aid from countries that violated human rights, and promoted some cultural activities. While occasionally pressing for the installation or maintenance of civilian governments, the U.S. has never made a concerted effort to assist the development of political parties and other public institutions or to educate military officers politically. Other countries—West Germany, Venezuela, Mexico, and, of course, the Soviet Union—have tried some of these things and continue to do so.

One of the few hopeful outcomes of the crises in Central America may be a decision by the United States actually to try to export democracy. The Reagan Administration has proposed Project Democracy, which has encountered some criticism, on the grounds that it might be manipulated along rightist or leftist ideological lines, but which has found considerable bipartisan support. One night during my stay in Washington, an array of prominent Democrats gathered to discuss Central America and the project. One after another advocated some combination of increased aid to all of Latin America, especially to beleaguered democratic governments such as those in Peru and Costa Rica, and political and other organizational assistance to the region.

Among those in the audience was José Napoleón Duarte, the leader of El Salvador's Christian Democratic Party, and probably the front-running candidate in the coming presidential elections. Duarte knows well what support or nonsupport from the outside can mean for the democratic process in countries such as his. He has often asked, rhetorically, why the United States practices democracy at home but exports dictatorship. In 1972, the United States stood by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The all- new 1984 Ford Tempo

Style nd technology in total harmony.

Form follows function.

In its cre ion of Tempo, Ford set ou design a car that would ve that a spacious interi comfort and performan could be compatible with uel efficiency. Ford engineers began with a sound design principle: Form follows function. First came completely new functional ideas. And then Tempo's pleasing form followed–naturally.

An a nowledged world leader erodynamic design, rd used this expertise in ting Tempo. And it has a pr ound effect on the overall rformance of the car. For xample, aerodynami helps Tempo hug the roa because airflow is directe o reduce lift for improv stability and directional c trol.

Temp is equipped with the wor 's most advanced automotive computer: the EEC-IV (Electronic Engine Control). It monitors and controls seven vital functions of Tempo's new 2300 HSC engine for optimum power response and fuel efficiency.

Fuel economy rates high on Tempo's list of pluses. The standard F.S. (Fuel Saver) powertrain with 4-speed manual transaxle is rated at 43 estimated hwy. and 28 EPA estimated mpg.*

TEMPO FEATURES

Front-wheel drive: All-weather traction, precise handling.

Four-wheel independent suspension: Responsive handling and a smooth ride.

EEC-IV computer: Instantly monitors and controls seven vital engine functions for optimum power/output and fuel efficiency.

2300 HSC engine: New High Swirl Combustion engine designed for quick power response.

Transaxle: Available with manual 4-speed, 5-speed or automatic transaxle.

Computer refined interior: Seats five passengers. More rear passenger room than a Mercedes 300D.

Quality is Job 1: Body fit tolerances that can be compared with European Sports Sedans.

Pick up the Tempo of your life.

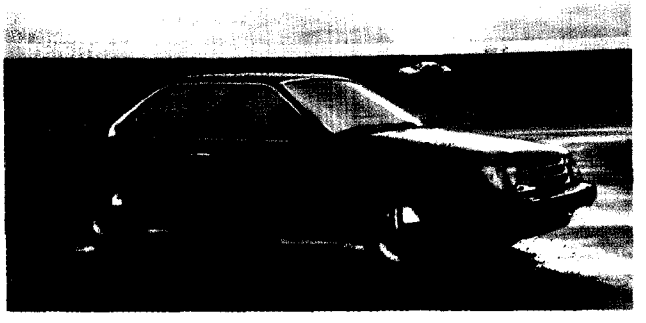
To obtain a brochure with more information on Ford's all-new sedan, see your Ford Dealer or call 1-800-772-2100.

*For comparison and applicable only to sedans without A/C. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will probably be lower.

Get it together–Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford



Available in 2-door and 4-door (above).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The International Council of Museums Foundation is proud to announce

The World's Great Sculptures

MEDAL COLLECTION

The greatest masterpieces of the sculptor's art—
in an unprecedented collection of high-relief art medals in pure 24 karat gold on bronze.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Edition Proof Sets available by subscription only.
Limit: 9500 Proof Sets world-wide.

Michelangelo's *Pietà* and *Moses* ... Rodin's *The Thinker* ... the portrait bust of *Queen Nefertiti* ... the hauntingly beautiful *Venus de Milo* ... the Greek *Charioteer* ... *The Flying Horse of Kansu* ...

These are among the greatest sculptures of all time. Supreme achievements of man's artistry and creative genius. Over the centuries, they have come to form the cornerstones of priceless collections in the world's great museums. Wherever they stand—in the Louvre, the Vatican, the Egyptian Museum in Cairo, the National Museum of Athens, or New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art—they are objects of awe and admiration.

Now, the International Council of Museums Foundation presents these incomparable works of sculpture in a form that will be cherished through the generations. An extraordinary collection of high-relief art medals portraying The World's Great Sculptures.

The First Edition of this historic collection will be a limited minting of Proof Sets in 24 karat gold electroplate on bronze. In future years, this may well come to be regarded as one of the most important series of fine art medals ever.

Supreme achievements of the sculptor's art

The great works of sculpture honored in this collection are among the most moving and inspired creations ever formed by the hand of man. All have been selected from the collections of the world's leading art institutions.

Here is the supreme genius of such great masters as Michelangelo and Rodin. And the full splendor of Renaissance sculpture ... Donatello's *David*. Ghiberti's moving *Sacrifice of Isaac*.

Indeed, the collection will be all-encompassing—portraying works from ancient civilizations to the great sculptures of our own century. It will honor the masterpieces of classical antiquity—the Etruscan *Apollo of Veii*, the Roman *Augustus of Primaporta*—and every succeeding age. Neo-classical. Romantic. The vibrant sculptures of the American West and the long-hidden treasures of Asia and Africa. Even the rich diversity of works by such modern masters as Henry Moore and Picasso.

In all, fifty immortal works—gathered from the world's museums and institutions, reflecting the genius of sculptors in every age.

Proof medals of exceptionally high relief

To capture the full beauty and power of these great works of art, the medals will be large—measuring 51mm (two inches) in diameter. The face of each medal will portray the masterpiece in finely sculptured detail. The reverse will identify the work with an appropriate legend.

The International Council of Museums Foundation has entrusted the creation of these medals to the master artists and engravers of The Franklin Mint. In keeping with the importance of the collection, the First Edition will be minted to flawless Proof-quality standards—recognized as the highest achievement of the minter's art.

In addition, each medal will be of exceptional thickness, allowing for unusually high relief in a Proof-quality medal. Examining one of these heavy gold on bronze medals will fully reveal both its richly minted surface and the extreme resolution of detail. And each will present a fascinating interplay of light and shadow that is totally in keeping with the appreciation of great sculpture.

An impressive display for the collection

To protect and display all fifty medals, a handsome hardwood chest will be provided to each subscriber as part of the collection. The chest will be lined in rich burgundy and fitted with a transparent top, so that the complete collection may be placed on display even when the chest is closed.

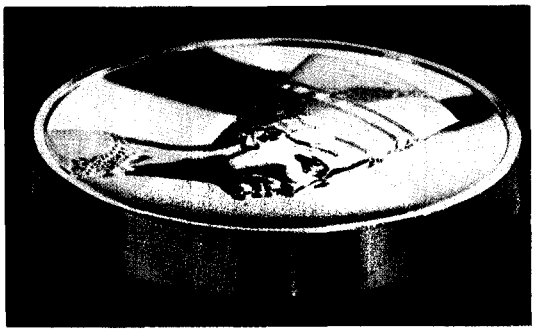
To add to the enjoyment and enrichment of the collector, each medal will be accompanied by an authoritative commentary prepared by art historians appointed by the Foundation, describing the work of art and its lasting significance to world sculpture.

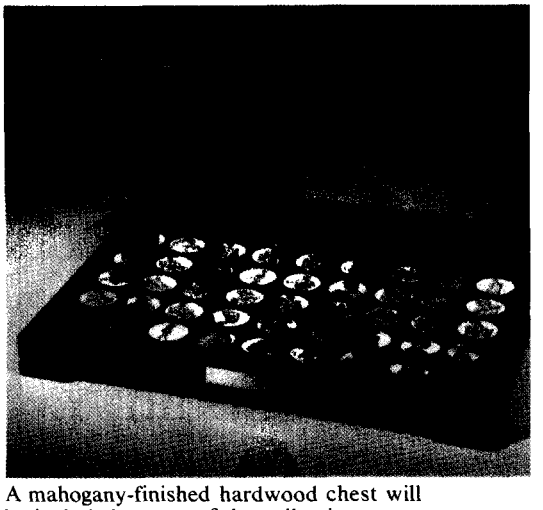
Assurance of rarity and price guarantee

The First Edition of this historic collection will be the only Proof Edition ever minted. It is limited to just 9500 Proof Sets world-wide. Once these sets have been issued, the special Proof coining dies will be destroyed to forever protect the limit of this First Edition. Each subscriber will receive a Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to the Proof status of the medals and to the strict edition limit.

As a subscriber, you will receive the collection on the convenient basis of one medal per month. The original issue price of $25 for each 24 karat gold on bronze Proof medal will be *guaranteed to you for the entire collection*—offering you long-term protection against inflation.

This collection of fine art in precious metal will bring with it deep satisfaction and lasting joy. For it captures the classic beauty of the world's great sculptures—in a manner that truly reflects their power and perfection. It will become a personal treasury of great art to be enjoyed for a lifetime ... and to be passed to future generations for their enjoyment, as well.





A mahogany-finished hardwood chest will be included as part of the collection.

To enter your subscription, simply return the accompanying application to the official minter by August 31, 1983. Once the limit of 9500 Proof Sets is reached, however, no further applications can be accepted. So it is important to respond as soon as possible.

Proof medals shown actual size: 51mm (2") in diameter

© 1983 FM

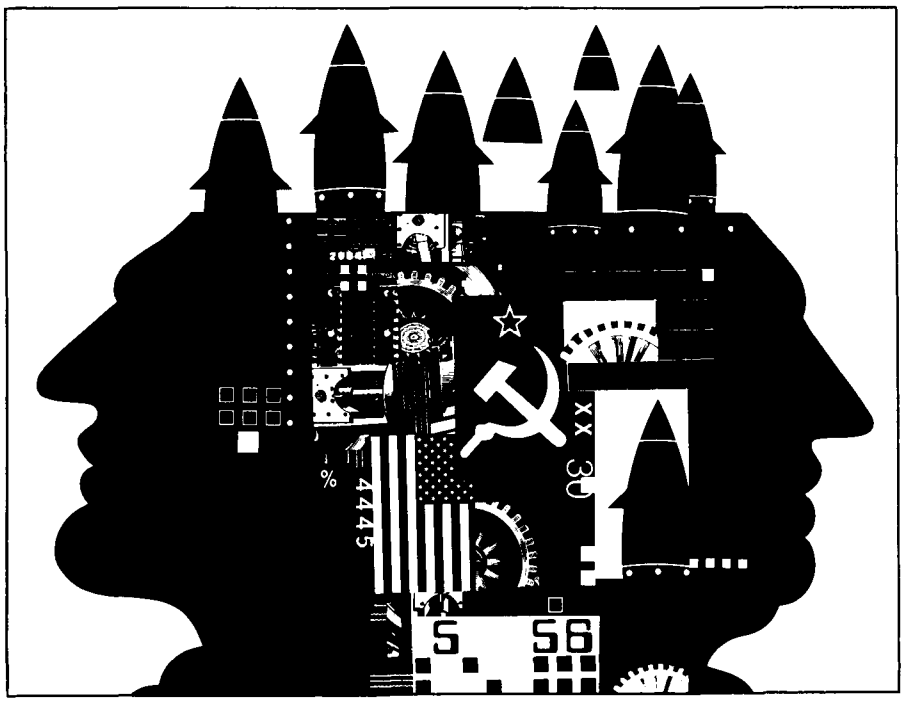
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when the Salvadoran military used fraud to deny Duarte his election to the presidency; a Venezuelan political party provided him with refuge and spiritual sustenance during the seven years of exile that followed.

Every speaker paid Duarte tribute that night at the Democratic gathering, and when Michael Barnes, a Maryland Democrat, who is chairman of the Western Hemisphere Affairs Subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, announced that he was preparing to travel to Venezuela as part of a bipartisan delegation to consult with Venezuelan parties about promotion of democratic institutions in the region, Duarte turned to me and whispered, *"Al fin"*—At last.

—Shirley Christian

Shirley Christian is a journalist who specializes in Central American affairs. She won the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1981 while at the Miami Herald, *from which she is on leave of absence.*



ARMS CONTROL

NUMERICAL INSECURITY

Parity in numbers of intermediate-range weapons in Europe, which both sides insist on, is incompatible with parity in strategic weapons worldwide

A MAJOR CRISIS IS approaching for U.S.–Soviet relations, for the cohesiveness of NATO, and for the social fabric of the European countries that are committed to deploying new U.S. intermediate-range nuclear weapons. The U.S. and Soviet governments have taken positions that place them on a collision course in arms deployment. Some time this December, the U.S. intends to begin deploying weapons in Europe that will almost certainly prompt the Soviet Union to respond with additional weapons of its own—in Europe and perhaps in this hemisphere. Each side will protest the destabilizing nature of the other's new weapons. Each side will ignore its own responsibility for increasing the threat to the other. It will be difficult to back away from announced intentions to proceed with deployments, because of fear that compromise may appear to be a lack of national resolve. Europe will become pervasively nuclearized. Every additional weapon deployed there by both sides will be an added target for destruction—and the deployments will make us less secure than we have been at any other time since the Cuban missile crisis. If the United States insists on its way in Europe and simultaneously makes threats against Soviet deployments near U.S. borders, it is not at all certain that the Soviet Union will back down as it did in 1962.

These dangers can be avoided if the United States seeks to salvage an agreement from the stalemated talks on intermediate-range nuclear forces. And such an agreement should be possible, because the costs that either side might incur in accepting the most favorable proposal of the other are far less than the costs of allowing planned deployments to proceed.

Each side has already offered terms that the other could reasonably have accepted as part of a mutual, overall halt to the nuclear-arms buildup in Europe. By rejecting out of hand the terms they have been offered, both Moscow and Washington have turned down good security bargains. Their inaction suggests that officials in both capitals seek not so much to increase the present and future security of their citizens as to use arms-control negotiations to maintain or achieve a military advantage.

THE KREMLIN AND the White House have over the past two years rejected four proposals, each of which could have enhanced the security of the United States, Europe, and the Soviet Union. First, in February of 1981, Leonid Brezhnev offered to freeze the future deployment of SS-20s, the Soviets' most modern intermediate-range missiles, if the United States reversed its plans to put in Europe 572 Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles, its intermediate-range weapons. At that time, the Soviet Union had deployed fewer than 180 SS-20s. Nonetheless, the Reagan Administration immediately rejected the Soviet offer. It refused to tolerate any Soviet intermediate-range missiles in Europe, because the U.S. had no precise equivalent—even though in aircraft and in both shorter- and longer-range nuclear forces, the U.S. actually held an advantage over Soviet forces.

The U.S. decision to reject Brezhnev's offer was not based on legitimate concerns for the military security of Europe. A difference of several hundred medium-range missiles amid the thousands of nuclear weapons deployed by both sides is irrelevant to the maintenance of an effective nuclear deterrent. U.S. officials might well have stopped the arms race in Europe by allowing the Soviet Union an inconsequential edge in a single category of weapons. Instead, the U.S. and other NATO governments pushed ahead with plans for modernizing European nuclear forces. In the absence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of any agreement, the Soviet Union continued to deploy SS-20s at the rate of roughly fifty to sixty per year—which NATO seized upon to rationalize planned Western deployments.

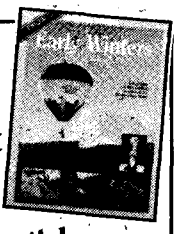
In November of 1981, a second set of proposals was offered. President Reagan, with an eye to the growing peace movement in Europe and at home, dramatically announced U.S. willingness to cancel the planned deployment of the 572 missiles to which the Soviet leaders and many Europeans objected if in return the Soviet leadership would agree to dismantle all existing Soviet intermediate-range missiles—approximately 600 SS-4s, SS-5s, and SS-20s. In this "zero–zero option," the Soviet Union was asked to swap the removal of missiles it already had in place for a promise from the U.S not to deploy missiles then on the drawing board. This would have been a painful step for Kremlin officials to take. But in accepting the zero–zero option, Soviet leaders probably could have negotiated a halt to the arms race in Europe.

Soviet leaders rejected the U.S. plan because it did not include the removal of U.S. nuclear arms already deployed in Europe—bombers, tactical nuclear weapons like the 108 Pershing I missiles, and offshore nuclear weapons capable of striking Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. Moscow countered with its own zero–zero option, calling for reductions of all U.S. nuclear weapons in Europe, and in British and French nuclear forces as well, in return for dismantling all SS-4s, SS-5s, and SS-20s. But this proposal was not perceived as serious—it seemed to have been made to counter Reagan's propaganda victory—and was dismissed by U.S. officials as rhetorical.

Last December, more than a year after the President announced his zero-zero option, a third major proposal was issued, this one by Yuri V. Andropov, the new general secretary of the Communist Party. He offered to limit Soviet intermediate-range European missiles to the equivalent of the combined nuclear missiles of the United Kingdom and France or 162—the total number of Western intermediate-range missiles currently in place in Europe. Once again, Washington rebuffed the Soviet offer, because among other reasons, it would have banned U.S. intermediate-range missiles in Europe. (To make this proposal even more attractive, Andropov offered last May to reduce Soviet intermediate-range *warheads*, not merely missiles, to

SCRABBLE® is the registered trademark of Selchow & Righter Co. for its line of word games and entertainment services.

UNIQUE OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT



If you aren't getting the Early Winters catalog, you don't know what you're missing...

"My body hurts, my clothes are wet, and my feet are cold. I can't take it any longer. Please send me your catalog."
—C.L., Charlotte, NC

"Getting an Early Winters catalog is like getting a favorite magazine. I am fascinated by the things you come up with!"
—K.H., Salem, OR

"After using your articles for a week in the High Sierra, we understand how you can afford to offer your 30-day guarantee—your stuff is superb!" —A.B., San Francisco, CA

Write or call today for your FREE, full-color catalog.

☐ Yes! Please rush me the Early Winters catalog of unique outdoor equipment.

☐Mr. ☐Mrs. ☐Ms.

Address

City/State/Zip

Early Winters 110-AJ Prefontaine Pl. S. Seattle, WA 98104 (206) 624-5599

30 day, money back guarantee

AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes — featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Portuguese, Japanese, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, Italian, and more.

Learn a foreign language on your own! Free Catalog.

Call **(203) 453-9784**, or fill out and send this ad to –

Audio-Forum
Suite 5K , On-the-Green
Guilford, CT 06437

Name

Address

City

State/Zip

I am particularly interested in (check choice):
☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Polish
☐ Greek ☐ Russian ☐ Hausa ☐ Czech
☐ Bulgarian ☐ Turkish ☐ Vietnamese
☐ Other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the level of British and French forces. This offer would have reduced the number of SS-20s deployed in Europe to fewer than 100.)

Undeniably, aspects of the Soviet offer were unclear. Whether the existing Soviet SS-20s in excess of 162 would have been dismantled or merely withdrawn was not specified; that issue apparently would have been negotiable. But establishing a firm ceiling on Soviet missiles and having the "excess" SS-20s removed from Europe would have helped curtail the arms buildup in Europe—at a minimal security risk to NATO. Any effort to return the SS-20s to Europe could have been readily observed and counterbalanced with existing Western weapons. In addition, if a European arms agreement had been reached last December, further reductions of SS-20s, including any deployed in Asia, would have been far easier to negotiate than in the absence of an initial accord.

In the fourth proposal, the Reagan Administration, undoubtedly prompted by political pressures in this country and in Europe, relaxed its rigid zero–zero option by proposing that an unspecified number of U.S. Pershing II and cruise missiles, perhaps 100 to 200, be deployed to match a reduced level of Soviet intermediate-range forces. The U.S. proposal did not take into account British and French nuclear forces. The Soviet Union immediately declined this offer, repeating its objection that the addition of any new kinds of U.S. missiles to NATO forces would upset the existing nuclear balance in Europe.

THE EMPHASIS BOTH sides place on numerical equivalency is as unnecessary as it is misleading. All that is required to maintain an effective deterrent, according to deterrence theory itself, is that either side, after suffering an attack, be able to inflict destruction on the other sufficient that the anticipated benefits of war to a potential aggressor will never outweigh the disadvantages. By drawing on existing conventional, tactical-nuclear, and strategic-nuclear arsenals, NATO can inflict such damage without any additional deployments. As a 1982 study by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute concluded, "All the targets that can be struck by new Soviet and U.S. theatre systems can be, or are, targeted by central [strategic] systems as well." Given such capabilities, small numerical advantages, for either the Soviet Union or the United States, do not matter.

Rather than asking whether a proposal would allow a weapon-for-weapon equivalency, U.S. officials, in determining how to respond to Soviet arms-control offers, should weigh more heavily the following four criteria:

(1) Will acceptance of the proposal curb the arms race and make possible the maintenance of European security at lower, rather than higher, levels of armament?

(2) Will acceptance of the proposal increase the prospects for an eventual denuclearization of European security forces? Alternatively, will rejection, for all practical purposes, make denuclearization impossible?

(3) Will acceptance of the proposal slow the arms race in other categories of weapons? For example, will it encourage an effective START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks) agreement?

(4) Finally, will acceptance of the proposal help decrease the likelihood of war, by reducing tensions and by halting the development and deployment of destabilizing weapons?

If these standards are used, it becomes clear that the United States and the Soviet Union have needlessly missed opportunities to de-escalate their arms competition and to enhance the security of Europe. To be sure, from the viewpoint of either Moscow or Washington, proposals emanating from the other side seem too biased to be negotiable. Yet if officials would evaluate proposals according to these suggested criteria, rather than according to their numerical impact on an isolated weapons system, the significance of these biases would diminish.

Instead of swallowing enough pride to reach agreement, the two superpowers proceed with plans that will inflict the worst of all options upon Europeans and their friends: the United States will deploy 572 new missiles, SS-20s will remain and possibly increase in numbers, and the debate in the West between proponents and opponents of the new missiles will further sour relations between the United States and many European societies.

In the absence of an agreement, none of the four criteria can be met. The arms buildup will intensify. The opportunity for European denuclearization will be lost. Arms-control and -reduction efforts will become more difficult, because of the new deployments. The presence of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe will increase domestic and international tensions, heighten the odds that nuclear weapons will be used if war begins, encourage hair-trigger launching plans and pre-emptive strategies, and stimulate new Soviet deployments closer to U.S. borders.

EACH OF THE proposals issued over the past two years could help avert these developments. Of the four proposals, the Reagan Administration's zero–zero option would best serve the four criteria. Brezhnev's February, 1981, offer is less desirable, although it would prevent any new NATO deployments and would keep SS-20s at a low level.

Of the two most recent offers, the Soviet proposal would contribute more to European security than would the U.S. proposal. The U.S. plan would allow the deployment of an unspecified number of Pershing II and cruise missiles, until the United States and the Soviet Union possessed roughly equivalent numbers of warheads on intermediate-range missiles. The Reagan Administration and its supporters place great emphasis on this equivalency of numbers. But they ignore a much more important fact: once cruise missiles have been deployed there, Europe will be condemned to a permanent infestation of nuclear weapons.

Future efforts to limit cruise-missile deployments will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to verify. The cruise missiles NATO plans to deploy can be hidden in a garage, in a barn, or under a haystack. They are approximately twenty inches in diameter and twenty feet long. Although their present launching systems are visible from satellites, the missiles can be launched without preparing sites and with only modest accompanying equipment. The Soviet Union has not yet developed comparable technology, but Western deployments surely will hasten similar Soviet deployments.

In contrast, the 162 SS-20s the Soviet proposal allows would not render Europe permanently nuclear-laden. This is largely because of the qualitative differences between the Soviet weapons already deployed and the U.S. weapons soon to be deployed. A limit on SS-20s can be verified without on-site inspection, but any future limit on land- and sea-based cruise missiles, other than a zero limit, will be virtually unverifiable, even with intrusive inspection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imagine knowing all about tomorrow's bestsellers weeks before they even hit the bookstores! That's one of the things Publishers Weekly does best...with over one hundred advance reviews in every issue. Fiction, children's books, everything.

For 111 years, PW has been the "insider's" magazine, the publishing industry's key authority. Now its pages are open to all who have a serious interest in books and reading--and at a substantial savings.

PW gives you the scoop.

Famous authors and poets talk to Publishers Weekly as they do nowhere else, because they're talking to their colleagues. Revealing stories show how editors decide which books to publish–and why.

Publishers Weekly takes you behind the scenes–and into the backrooms and boardrooms of the biggest and brightest names in the publishing industry. With information like this in your hands every week, you'll enrich your own reading tremendously.

We'll send the excitement home to you.

Until recently subscriptions were available only to people in the industry. Now you can get Publishers Weekly, delivered to your home, at special introductory savings.

The newsstand price is $2 per issue. But you can try 25 weeks for $27; a year for $53. A savings of 48% either way. If you're not pleased, cancel and receive a refund of your unused portion. There's no risk.

Call toll-free and charge it. Or send the coupon today. You'll never look at a book in quite the same way again.

Call Toll-Free 1-800-257-7894 and Save 48%

Publishers Weekly

THE JOURNAL OF THE BOOK INDUSTRY

Subscription Dept.
1180 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036

Send me Publishers Weekly as checked below. If I'm not satisfied at any time I can cancel and receive a refund based on the issues still due on my subscription.

☐ **25 weeks, $27** ☐ **1 year (51 issues), $53**

(Newsstand price is $2 per issue; these special rates represent savings of 48%.)

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Please bill me.

Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmEx

ACCT. NO. EXP. DATE

SIGNATURE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY is published 51 times a year. Look for delivery of your first copy in 4-6 weeks. Subscription price outside of U.S. and possession: $90. Subscription price for jet-sped services: Europe $180., Far East & Australia $260.

EFH013

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every Thursday night, settle down to a nice, quiet game of baseball.

Now you can relax every week with America's favorite pastime. Live Major League Baseball.

All you have to do is slide home. Or steal away to a friend's house.

And turn on USA Cable Network.

USA gives you exclusive, live coverage all season long. So you get week after week of hits. Runs. Even errors. And with USA, you get the best of both American and National League teams.

Of course, USA covers more than just bases. Every weeknight, we give you the kind of sports most networks save for the weekend. Major League sports. And lots of them.

USA covers over 500 live events a year. All year long. In fact, we give you more live Major League sports during prime time than any other network.

There's Professional Boxing, Tennis, and Soccer. Golf. College Football. NBA Basketball. And USA is the only network that gives you live NHL Hockey. With exclusive coverage straight through the Stanley Cup Championship.

So this Thursday night, tune in to USA. And spend a nice, quiet evening behind home plate.

USA™
CABLE NETWORK

Weekend sports every weeknight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A zero limit is possible to verify because it would mean a complete shutdown of production lines for certain missiles, no training for their use, and no flight tests. Under a zero limit, not a single sign of a prohibited weapon would be acceptable. But even a zero limit would be difficult to verify unless it were implemented *before* land- and sea-based cruise missiles had been manufactured and deployed. For this reason the arms buildup in Europe must be halted immediately. Even if European opinion unanimously endorsed the current U.S. proposal, and the Soviet Union accepted it, the consequences to arms control of the allowed deployments would be disastrous.

Despite the enormity of the step the U.S. proposes to take, the Reagan Administration has yet to encourage a public debate on what cruise missiles will mean for the future security of Europe. We have heard only the historically and logically unfounded assertion that by increasing the military threat to the Soviet Union, the United States can make the Soviet Union more inclined to reduce its own military capability. If more U.S. military force in truth produces Soviet concessions, why were there so few Soviet concessions—and no arms reductions—during the three decades of unquestioned U.S. military superiority over the Soviet Union?

The U.S. proposal for Euromissiles, if accepted by the Soviet Union, not only would undermine future efforts to curb the arms race in Europe but would make it extremely difficult, if not politically impossible, to limit or reduce the weapons of both sides that are stationed *outside* Europe. The success of the U.S. proposal for an equal number of U.S. and Soviet warheads on intermediate-range missiles in Europe would virtually ensure a U.S. failure to persuade Soviet leaders to accept an equal number of intercontinental missiles at START. The reason is clear: U.S. missiles in Europe can strike Soviet territory, but Soviet SS-20s in Europe cannot hit the United States. U.S. proposals for restricting intermediate-range missiles and for START would guarantee that more U.S. weapons could strike the Soviet Union than Soviet weapons could strike the United States.

The nuclear-weapons debate in this country has conveniently ignored an important truth: parity in numbers of intermediate-range weapons in Europe is incompatible with parity in strategic weapons worldwide. Ignoring this truth serves what appears to be the desire of the U.S. government to reassert, to some degree, the nuclear superiority it maintained in the 1960s and early 1970s.

WITH A STYLE and a strategy reminiscent of the heavily armed European governments in the days before World War I, U.S. officials have inadvertently reminded us of how an unwanted nuclear war could begin. The United States insists on its right to put new missiles close to the Soviet Union. From the Soviet viewpoint, the Pershing II missiles are more provocative than SS-20s, not only because of their proximity but because they are more accurate: they can destroy Soviet command-and-control centers in ten minutes or less.

The response of Soviet leaders is not surprising. In March, Vadim Zagladin, deputy chief of the International Department of the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee, and Georgi A. Arbatov, director of the Soviet Institute for the U.S.A. and Canada, said in separate statements that if new U.S. missiles entered Europe, the Soviet Union would put Washington at equivalent risk, by deploying nuclear missiles "close to U.S. borders." Recently, Pentagon officials explicitly said that they would force the Soviet Union to back away from any such attempt, as they did in the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. Soviet officials responded that they would do nothing to overturn the 1962 understanding that excluded Soviet nuclear missiles from Cuba. Whether Soviet leaders have in mind sea-based cruise missiles—much harder to verify than the strategic missiles now deployed on Soviet submarines—remains to be seen.

The Soviet Union certainly does not need new missiles in the Western Hemisphere, whether on land or on sea, any more than the U.S. needs them in Europe. But Soviet leaders chafe against being treated unequally. In forcing the Soviet Union to back down in the confrontation over Soviet missiles in Cuba in 1962, the United States moved Soviet officials to commit themselves to an enormous expansion of their missile force and to vow that such a diplomatic reversal would never happen again. President Kennedy admitted that he raised the odds of war as high as fifty–fifty. It would be folly to take similar risks now. Yet the current U.S. administration is more reckless in taking such risks than any other administration of the past three decades.

If restraint in the arms race is ever to be achieved, the United States and the Soviet Union must honor reciprocity in their relations with one another.

To deny reciprocity in U.S.–Soviet relations is tantamount to denying any chance for meaningful arms-control agreements. Such a denial also disrupts the delicate psychological side of deterrence and encourages a competitive, almost compulsive, deployment of weapons that makes deterrence less stable.

We perceive the logic of reciprocity clearly when observing the behavior of others: if Soviet leaders deploy certain arms and deny the United States a reciprocal right, President Reagan uses this as evidence of dangerous, warlike, evil behavior. Yet we fail to see our own complicity in heightening the militarization of international relations. As a result, U.S. behavior, legitimized by our own misperception, increases our insecurity. U.S. policies for European deployments actually *invite* new Soviet missiles in Europe and in this hemisphere.

Current U.S.–Soviet bickering over intermediate-range missiles in Europe is pointless and dangerous. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union will benefit by waiting any longer for the other side to agree to its definition of equality in European nuclear forces. The United States and the Soviet Union stand only 162 missiles away from an agreement that could halt the nuclear-arms buildup in Europe. The warheads on the 162 SS-20s now deployed in Europe amount to 3 percent of the U.S. warheads currently deployed. Yet for that 3 percent, we risk increasing the likelihood of a general nuclear war.

Why does the possibility of achieving an agreement remain so remote when an objective analysis of security costs and benefits suggests that an agreement is well within reach? The answer lies in the priorities of the U.S. and Soviet governments. Officials seek less to halt the arms buildup than to demonstrate and increase their political powers. They seem unwilling to take as many risks in planning for peace as they are prepared to take in planning for war.

—Robert C. Johansen

Robert C. Johansen is senior fellow at the World Policy Institute, in New York, and a visiting fellow at the Center of International Studies at Princeton University.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EN ROUTE TO "A MASTERPIECE"

—*Robert Penn Warren*

"Constantly rewarding...William Least Heat Moon has collected treasures at every intersection."

—*Time*

Blue Highways

A JOURNEY INTO AMERICA

WILLIAM LEAST HEAT MOON

"The book is wonderful.
...Mr. Moon's descriptions are just as good as his reported conversations.... On finishing the book, one can be forgiven a little flush of national pride."
—*Anatole Broyard, New York Times*

"Least Heat Moon expresses himself with a directness, pungency and colloquial clarity that is in the purest American grain....What a heartening book this is!" —*John Barkham Reviews*

"Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley* is one of the best On the Road books, and William Least Heat Moon's BLUE HIGHWAYS is even better....An exactness of prose heightening certain moments into poetry, lifting the reader, the traveler, the country itself to new levels of awareness."
—*Chicago Sun-Times*

"The most ingratiating, life-affirming American travel memoir since John Steinbeck." —*Newsday*

"His past is a *real* past, not something Disneyfied and sentimentalized.... Discovering these places is the greatest pleasure that his journal offers: places with funny names like Nameless and Liberty Bond and Dime Box, places with roots deep into the American past, places with delightful and surprising histories of their own."
—*Jonathan Yardley, Washington Post Book World*

Cover Story in The Atlantic
Illustrated with photographs. At bookstores now.

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A black educator disagrees with blacks' opposition to the NCAA's "Rule 48," which would set minimum academic standards for student athletes

EDUCATING BLACK ATHLETES

BY HARRY EDWARDS

FOR DECADES, STUDENT ATHLETES, USUALLY SEVENTEEN-TO-NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD FRESHMEN, have informally agreed to a contract with the universities they attend: athletic performance in exchange for an education. The athletes have kept their part of the bargain; the universities have not. Universities and athletic departments have gained huge gate receipts, television revenues, national visibility, donors to university programs, and more, as a result of the performances of gifted basketball and football players, of whom a disproportionate number of the most gifted and most exploited have been black.

While blacks are not the only student athletes exploited, the abuses usually happen to them first and worst. To understand why, we must understand sports' impact upon black society: how popular beliefs that blacks are innately superior athletes, and that sports are "inherently" beneficial, combine with the life circumstances of young blacks, and with the aspirations of black student athletes, to make those students especially vulnerable to victimization.

Sports at all levels are widely believed to have achieved extraordinary, if not exemplary, advances in the realm of interracial relations since the time when Jackie Robinson became the first black to play major-league baseball. To some extent, this reputation has been deliberately fostered by skilled sports propagandists eager to project "patriotic" views consistent with America's professed ideals of racial justice and equality of opportunity. To a much greater extent, however, this view of sports has been encouraged by observers of the sporting scene who have simply been naive about the dynamics of sports as an institution, about their relationship to society generally, and about the race-related realities of American sports in particular.

Many misconceptions about race and sports can be traced to developments in sports that would appear on the surface to represent significant racial progress. For instance, though blacks constitute only 11.7 percent of the U.S. population, in 1982 more than 55 percent of the players in the National Football League were black, and, in 1981, twenty-four of the twenty-eight first-round NFL draft choices were black. As for the two other major professional team sports, 70 percent of the players making National Basketball Association rosters during the 1982–1983 season, and 80 percent of the starters that same season, were black, while 19 percent of America's major-league baseball players at the beginning of the 1982 season were black.

Black representation on sports honor rolls has been even more disproportionate. For example, the past nine Heisman trophies, awarded each year to the "best" collegiate football player in the land, have gone to blacks. In the final rushing statistics of the 1982 NFL season, thirty-six of the top forty running backs were black. In 1982, not a single white athlete was named to the first team of a major Division I All-American basketball roster. Similarly, twenty-one of the twenty-four athletes selected for the 1982 NBA All-Star game were black. Since 1955, whites have won the NBA's "most valuable player" award only five times, as opposed to twenty-three times for blacks. And, of course, boxing championships in the heavier weight divisions have been dominated by black athletes since the 1960s. But a judicious interpretation of these and related figures points toward conclusions quite different from what one might expect.

Harry Edwards is professor of sociology at the University of California at Berkeley, and the author of The Struggle That Must Be.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patterns of opportunity for blacks in American sports, like those in the society at large, are shaped by racial discrimination, a phenomenon that explains the disproportionately high number of talented black athletes in certain sports and the utter exclusion of blacks from most other American sports, as well as from decision-making and authority positions in virtually all sports.

Most educated people today accept the idea that the level of black representation and the quality of black performance in sports have no demonstrable relationship to race-linked genetic characteristics. Every study purporting to demonstrate such a relationship has exhibited critical deficiencies in methodological, theoretical, or conceptual design. Moreover, the factors determining the caliber of sports performances are so complex and disparate as to render ludicrous any attempt to trace athletic excellence to a single biological feature.

Thus, despite a popular view that blacks are "natural" athletes, physically superior to athletes from other groups, the evidence tends to support cultural and social—rather than biological—explanations of their athletic success.

Briefly:

—Thanks to the mass media and to long-standing traditions of racial discrimination limiting blacks' access to many high-prestige occupational opportunities, the black athlete is much more visible to black youths than, say, black doctors or black lawyers. Therefore, unlike white children, who see many different potential role models in the media, black children tend to model themselves after, or to admire as symbolically masculine, the black athlete—the one prevalent and positive black success figure they are exposed to regularly, year in and year out, in America's white-dominated mass media.

—The black family and the black community tend to reward athletic achievement much more and earlier than any other activity. This also lures more young blacks into sports-career aspirations than the actual opportunities for sports success would warrant.

—Because most American sports activities are still devoid of any significant black presence, the overwhelming majority of aspiring black athletes emulate established black role models and seek careers in only four or five sports—basketball, football, baseball, boxing, and track. The brutally competitive selection process that ensues eliminates all but the most skilled black athletes by the time they reach the collegiate and advanced-amateur ranks. The competition is made all the more intense because even in these sports, some positions (such as quarterback, center, and middle linebacker in football, and catcher in baseball) are relatively closed to blacks.

—Finally, sports are seen by many black male youths as a means of proving their manhood. This tends to be extraordinarily important to blacks, because the black male in American society has been systematically cut off from mainstream routes of masculine expression, such as economic success, authority positions, and so forth.

DESPITE THE GREAT POOL OF ATHLETIC TALENT generated in black society, black athletes still get fewer than one in ten of the athletic scholarships given out in the United States. And, at least partially as a result of the emphasis placed upon developing their athletic talents from early childhood, an estimated 25 to 35 percent of male black high school athletes qualifying for athletic scholarships cannot accept those scholarships because of accumulated academic deficiencies. Many of these young men eventually end up in what is called, appropriately enough, the "slave trade"—a nationwide phenomenon involving independent scouts who, for a fee (usually paid by a four-year college), search out talented but academically "high-risk" black athletes and place them in accommodating junior colleges, where their athletic skills are further honed while they earn the grades they need to transfer to the sponsoring four-year schools.

Of those who are eventually awarded collegiate athletic scholarships, studies indicate, as many as 65 to 75 percent may never graduate from college. Of the 25 to 35 percent who do eventually graduate from the schools they play for, an estimated 75 percent graduate either with physical-education degrees or in majors created specifically for athletes and generally held in low repute. The problem with these "jock majors," and increasingly with the physical-education major as well, is that they make poor credentials in the job market. One might assume that ample occupational opportunities would be available to outstanding black former athletes, at least within the sports world. But the reality is quite different. To begin with, the overwhelming majority of black athletes, whether scholarship-holders or professionals, have *no* post-career occupational plans or formal preparation for any type of post-career employment either inside or outside sports. These blacks are unemployed more often, and earn less when they do have jobs, than their non-athletic college peers; they are also likely to switch jobs more often, to hold a wider variety of jobs, and to be less satisfied with the jobs they hold—primarily because the jobs tend to be dull, dead-end, or minimally rewarding.

Few Americans appreciate the extent to which the overwhelming majority of young males seeking affluence and stardom through sports are foredoomed to fail. The three major team sports provide approximately 2,663 jobs for professional athletes, regardless of color, in a nation of 226 million people, roughly half of whom are male. This means that only one American male in about 42,000 is a professional football, basketball, or baseball player.

While the proportion of blacks in professional basketball is 70 percent, in professional football 55 percent, and in professional baseball 19 percent, only about 1,400 black people (up from about 1,100 since the establishment of the United States Football League) are making a living as professional athletes in these three major sports today. And if one adds to this number all the black professional athletes in all other American sports, all the blacks in minor and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

semi-professional sports leagues, and all the black trainers, coaches, and doctors in professional sports, one sees that fewer than 2,400 black Americans can be said to be making a living in professional athletics today.

This situation, considered in combination with the black athlete's educational underdevelopment, helps explain why so many black athletes not only fail to achieve their expectations of life-long affluence but also frequently fall far short of the levels achieved by their non-athletic peers.

Despite the fact, then, that American basketball, boxing, football, and baseball competitions have come more and more to look like Ghana playing Nigeria, sport continues to loom like a fog-shrouded minefield for the overwhelming majority of black athletes. It has been a treadmill to oblivion rather than the escalator to wealth and glory it was believed to be. The black athlete who blindly sets out today to fill the shoes of Dr. J., Reggie J., Magic J., Kareem Abdul-J., or O.J. may well end up with "No J."—no job that he is qualified to do in our modern, technologically sophisticated society. At the end of his sports career, the black athlete is not likely to be running or flying through airports like O.J. He is much more likely to be sweeping up airports—if he has the good fortune to land even that job.

THESE ARE THE TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES THAT prompted Joe Paterno, 1982 Division I football "Coach of the Year" of the New York Football Writers' Association, to exclaim in January from the floor of the 1983 NCAA convention in San Diego: "For fifteen years we have had a race problem. We have raped a generation and a half of young black athletes. We have taken kids and sold them on bouncing a ball and running with a football and that being able to do certain things athletically was going to be an end in itself. We cannot afford to do that to another generation." With that statement, Coach Paterno gave impetus to the passage of the NCAA's "Rule 48," which set off what is probably the most heated race-related controversy within the NCAA since the onset of widespread racial integration in major-college sports programs during the 1950s and 1960s.

Put most simply, Rule 48 stipulates that, beginning in 1986, freshman athletes who want to participate in sports in any of the nation's 277 Division I colleges and universities must have attained a minimum score of 700 (out of a possible 1,600) on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) or a score of 15 (out of a possible 36) on the American College Test (ACT), and must have achieved a C average in eleven designated high school courses, including English, mathematics, social sciences, and physical sciences. Further, as *The N.C.A.A. News* reported, Rule 48

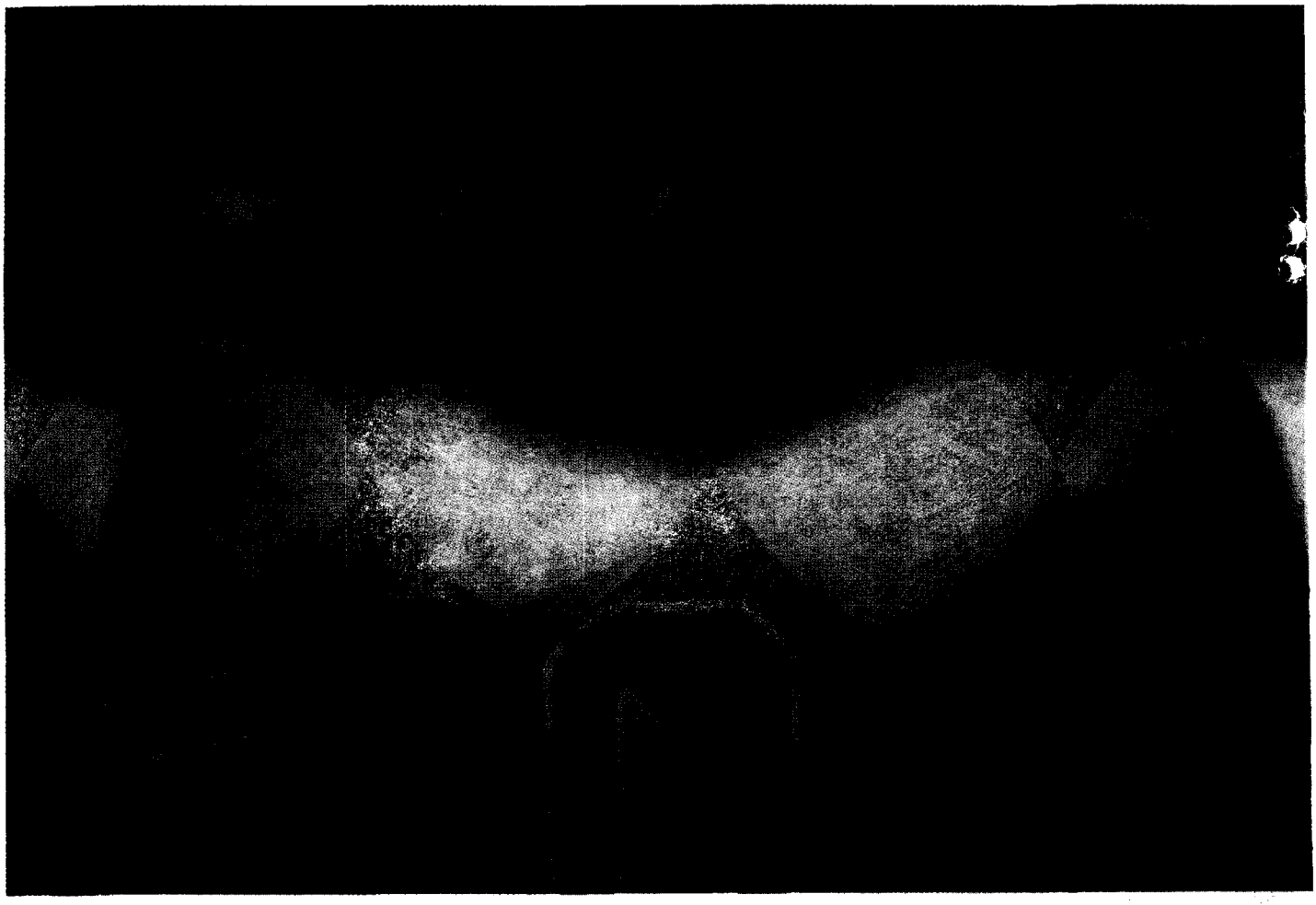
> does not interfere with the admissions policies of any Division I institution. Nonqualifiers under this legislation may be admitted and attend class. Such a student could compete as a sophomore if he or she satisfies the satisfactory-progress rules and would have four varsity seasons starting as a sophomore if he or she continues to make satisfactory progress.
>
> Further, under related Proposal No. 49-B, any student who achieves at least 2.0 in all high school courses but does not meet the new terms of No. 48 can receive athletically related financial aid in his or her first year, but cannot practice or compete in intercollegiate athletics. This student would have three varsity years of participation remaining.

The outcry in response to the passage of Rule 48 was immediate. Ironically, the most heated opposition to the rule came from black civil-rights leaders and black college presidents and educators—the very groups one might have expected to be most supportive of the action. Their concern was over those provisions of Rule 48 specifying minimum test scores as a condition for sports participation, particularly the 700 score on the SAT. Leading the black criticism of the NCAA's new academic standards were the National Association For Equal Opportunity in Higher Education (NAFEO), representing 114 traditionally black colleges and universities; the National Alliance of Black School Educators (NABSE); Rev. Jesse Jackson, president of People United to Serve Humanity (Operation PUSH); Rev. Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP); and Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). They argued, first, that blacks were not consulted in the formulation of Rule 48; second, that the minimum SAT score requirement was arbitrary; and, finally, that the SAT and the ACT are racist diagnostic tests, which reflect a cultural bias favoring whites. They believed that the 700 SAT and 15 ACT score requirements would unfairly penalize black student athletes, given that 55 percent of black students generally score lower than 700 on the SAT and 69 percent score lower than 15 on the ACT. And why would the majority of NCAA Division I institutions vote to support a rule that would reduce participation opportunities for black athletes? For NAFEO and its supporters, the answer was clear. The most outspoken among the critics of Rule 48 was Dr. Jesse N. Stone, Jr., the president of the Southern University System of Louisiana, who said:

> The end result of all this is the black athlete has been too good. If it [Rule 48] is followed to its logical conclusion, we say to our youngsters, "Let the white boy win once in a while." This has set the black athlete back twenty-five or thirty years. The message is that white schools no longer want black athletes.

Members of the American Council on Education (ACE) committee charged with developing Rule 48 vehemently denied claims that no blacks were involved in the process. Whatever the truth of the matter, the majority of black NCAA delegates felt that their interests and views had not been represented.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



I could not agree more with NAFEO, Jackson, Hooks, Lowery, *et al.* on their contention that the minimum SAT and ACT test scores are arbitrary. Neither the ACE nor the NCAA has yet provided any reasoned or logical basis for setting the minimum scores. But whereas NAFEO and others say that the scores are arbitrary and too high, I contend that they are arbitrary and so *low* as to constitute virtually no standards at all. I have other, more fundamental disagreements with the NAFEO position.

One need not survey very much literature on the racist abuse of diagnostic testing in this country to appreciate the historical basis of NAFEO's concerns about rigidly applied test standards. But the demand that Rule 48 be repealed on the grounds that its test-score requirements are racist and will unfairly affect blacks is both factually contestable and strategically regrettable. The evidence is overwhelming that the SAT and the ACT discriminate principally on the basis of class, rather than race. The greater discrepancy between black and white scores occurs on the math section of the SAT, where cultural differences between the races logically would have the least impact. Even on the verbal sections of these diagnostic tests, differences in black and white scores are at least partially explained as class-related phenomena. As Dr. Mary Frances Berry, a NAFEO supporter, asserts:

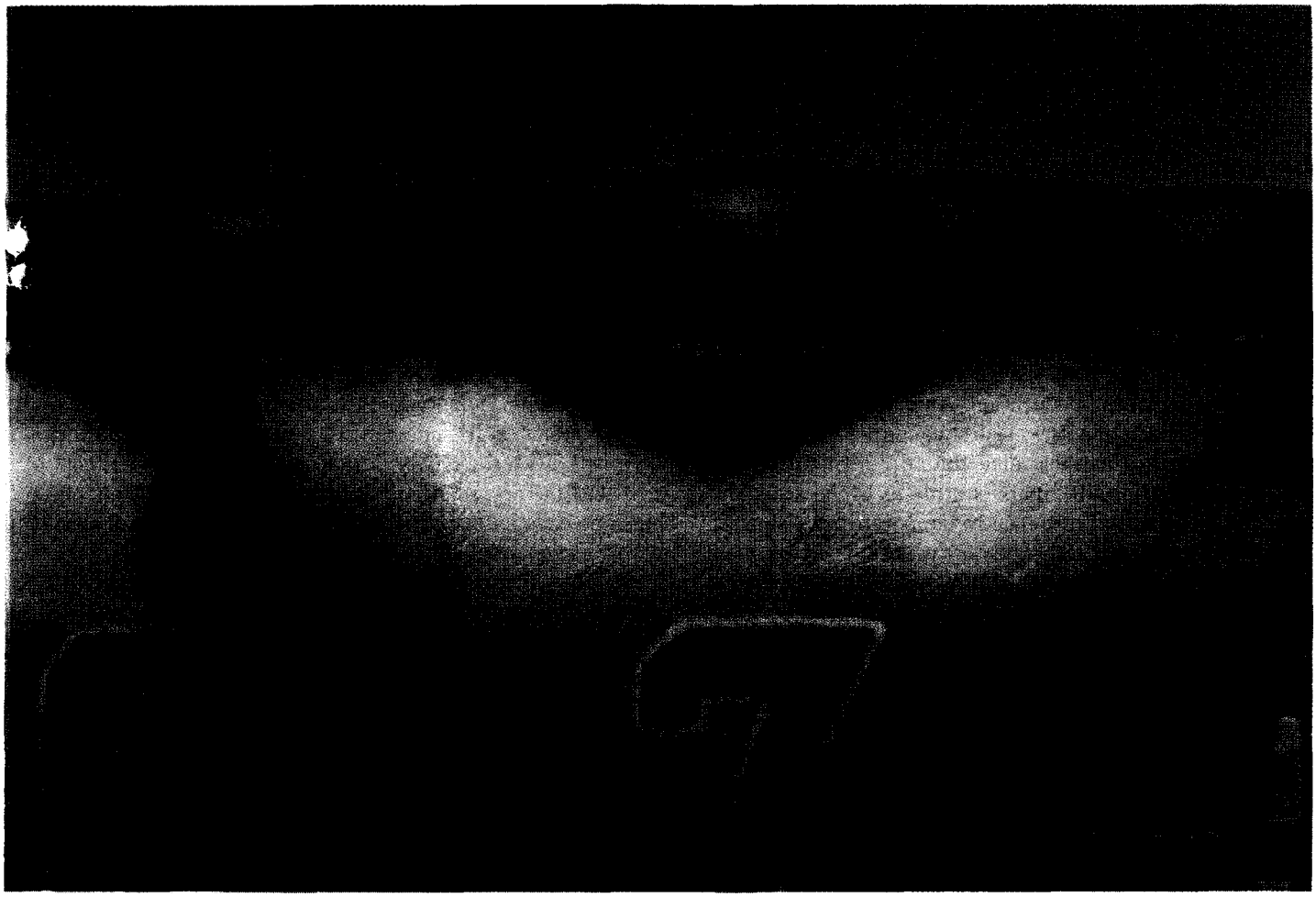
> A major differential [among test scores] was *not* between black and white students, but between students from well-off families and students from poor families. The better-off the family, the higher the score—for whites *and* blacks.

Dr. Norman C. Francis, president of the traditionally black Xavier University of Louisiana and immediate past chairman of the College Board, agrees:

> The SAT is not merely a measure of potential aptitude, as many believe, but is also an achievement test which accurately measures what students have learned to that point. Most students do poorly on the test simply because they have never been taught the concepts that will help them to understand what testing and test-taking is all about. It is an educational disadvantage, not an inability to learn. . . . The plain truth is that students in poorer schools are never taught to deal with word problems and . . . critical analysis. The problem therefore is not with the students, nor with the test, but rather with an educational system which fails to teach youngsters what they need to know.

Rule 48, therefore, involves far more than a simple black–white controversy, as 1981 SAT test statistics bear out. While 49 percent of black male students in 1981 failed to achieve at least a 700 on the combined SAT, as compared

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



with 14 percent of the whites and 27 percent of other minorities, far more whites (31,140) and other minorities (27,145) than blacks (15,330) would have been affected under Rule 48.

Furthermore, between 1981 and 1982, blacks' verbal scores rose nine points and mathematics scores rose four points, compared with a two-point gain in verbal and a one-point gain in math for the white majority.

NAFEO claims that black athletes would have less access to traditionally white Division I institutions in the wake of Rule 48. But even though proportionately more blacks score below Rule 48's minimum-score requirements, it is unlikely that significant numbers of blacks would be deprived of opportunities to attend traditionally white schools on athletic scholarships. Indeed, if the enrollment of black athletes falls off at any Division I schools for this reason, I submit that the schools most likely to suffer will be the traditionally black colleges. NCAA disciplinary records show that traditionally white institutions have led the way in amateur-athletic rules infractions and in exploiting black athletes. Why? Because they have the largest financial investment in their athletic programs, and because they and their athletic personnel stand to reap the greatest rewards from athletic success. With so much at stake, why would schools that for so long have stretched, bent, and broken rules to enroll black athletes no longer want them?

The loopholes in Rule 48 are sufficient to allow any school to recruit any athlete it really wants. Junior colleges are not covered under the rule, so schools could still secure and develop athletes not eligible for freshman sports participation at four-year Division I colleges. Further, Rule 48 allows Division I schools to recruit freshman athletes who are academically ineligible to participate, and even to provide them with financial support. After several meetings with NAFEO representatives, Rev. Jesse Jackson, and others, I am strongly convinced that for many within the ranks of Rule 48's detractors, fiscal rather than educational issues are the priority concern. The overwhelming majority of athletes recruited by traditionally black Division I schools are black, score below Rule 48 minimum-test-score requirements, and tend to need financial support in order to attend college. However, because they have far more modest athletic budgets than traditionally white schools, traditionally black schools are not nearly so able to provide financial support for both a roster of active athletes and a long roster of newly recruited athletes ineligible for athletic participation under Rule 48. Traditionally black Division I schools, already at a recruiting disadvantage owing to smaller budgets and less access to lucrative TV exposure,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be placed at an even more critical recruiting disadvantage, since they would not be able to afford even those athletes they would ordinarily be able to get.

Thus, the core issue in the Rule 48 controversy is not racist academic standards, or alleged efforts by whites to resegregate major-college sports, so much as parity between black and white institutions in the collegiate athletic arms race.

Strategically, the position of NAFEO, the NABSE, and the black civil-rights leaders vis-à-vis Rule 48 poses two problems. First, they have missed the greatest opportunity since the *Brown* v. *Board of Education of Topeka* case thirty years ago to make an impressive statement about quality and equality in education. And, since they had the attention of the nation, they also squandered a rare opportunity to direct a national dialogue on restructuring the role and stipulating the rights of athletes in the academy. Second, with no real evidence to support their claims of racist motives on the part of Rule 48's white supporters, or of simple race bias in the rule's stipulations, these black educators and civil-rights leaders left the unfortunate and unintended impression that they were against *all* academic standards because they believed that black students are unable to achieve even the moderate standards established under Rule 48.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE TRANSPARENT CRITICISMS leveled by Rule 48's detractors, the measure does contain some real flaws relative to its proposed goal of shoring up the academic integrity of Division I athletic programs. First, the standards stipulated in Rule 48 are *too low.* A score of 700 on the SAT, for example, projects less than a fifty-fifty chance of graduating from most Division I schools.

Second, Rule 48 does not address in any way the educational problems of students once they have matriculated, which is where the real educational rip-off of collegiate student athletes has occurred. Rather, it establishes standards of high school preparation and scholastic achievement necessary for students who wish to participate in college sports as freshmen.

Nonetheless, the NCAA action is worthy of support, not as a satisfactory solution to the educational problems of big-time collegiate sports but as a step—a very small and perhaps even inept step—toward dealing with these problems. Rule 48 communicates to young athletes, beginning with those who are sophomores in high school, that we expect them to develop academically as well as athletically. In California, 320,000 students each year participate in California Interscholastic Federation athletic programs, and most undoubtedly aspire to win athletic scholarships

TOTAL ECLIPSE

The night of the eclipse we're parallel
in the unprecedented heat, secured
by just our fingers' intersecting touch.
Like the magician's other hand, the heat

distracts us while the moon vanishes
into the same black silk that conjures doves.
Making light of the heat, of anything
but the heat, we forget we meant to be up,

squinting to draw the moon into our lashes,
remarking how the blinds have magnified
the moon into a bright pinpoint of heat—
the moon! already half shadowed, half lit

on the window screen like a lunar moth.
So heavy-lidded, first one, then the other
is sure of some change: a quarter less, five-
eighths, or maybe still two halves . . .

we gaze until the moth closes its wings
and the same remaining crescent glistens
on your cheekbone, shoulder, hip—asleep
in a universe just outside my arms.

At 2:38, the scheduled fullest phase,
I wake you, once, though whether or not
you see the nothing that is there to see
—all overlapping shadows—I let you sleep.

For one held moment, the yielded space between us,
the unable-to-be-reasoned space beyond,
the sun and earth, my body, yours, the moon,
are all aligned in the predicted dark.

—*Michael J. Rosen*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Division I institutions. However, only 5 percent of these students will ever participate in college sports at any level (including junior college), and the overwhelming majority will never even enroll at a four-year school. If Rule 48 does indeed encourage greater academic seriousness among high school athletes, the vast majority of high school student athletes who are *not* going on to college may benefit most from the NCAA's action—since they face the realities of life after sports immediately upon graduation from high school.

Further, were I not to support Rule 48, I would risk communicating to black youth in particular that I, a nationally known black educator, do not believe that they have the capacity to achieve a 700 score on the SAT, with three years to prepare for the test, when they are given a total of 400 points simply for answering a single question in each of the two sections of the test, and when they have a significant chance of scoring 460 by a purely random marking of the test. Finally, I support the NCAA's action because I believe that black parents, black educators, and the black community must insist that black children be taught and that they learn whatever subject matter is necessary to excel on diagnostic and all other skills tests.

Outcries of "racism," and calls for black boycotts of or exemptions from such tests, seem to me neither rational nor constructive long-term responses to the problem of black students' low test scores. Culture can be learned and taught. Class-specific values and perspectives can be learned and taught. And this is what we should be about as black educators—preparing our young people to meet the challenges they face on these tests, and, by extension, in this society.

I believe that (1) student athletes and non-athletes alike should be given diagnostic tests on a recurrent basis to assure skills achievement; (2) test-score standards should and must be raised, based upon the skill demands and challenges of our contemporary world; and (3) the test standards set should be established as post-enrollment goals and not pre-enrollment obstacles.

In the case of scholarship athletes, every institution should have the right to set its own academic enrollment standards. But those same institutions *must* acknowledge a binding corollary obligation and responsibility to develop and implement support programs sufficiently effective to fulfill their implied contracts with the athletes recruited.

FOR ALL OF ITS DIVISIVE IMPACT, THE DEBATE OVER Rule 48 has illuminated a much larger crisis involving the failure of this nation to educate its young, athletes and non-athletes, properly. In 1967, the national average on the SAT was 958; by 1982, it had dropped to 893. Furthermore, even students who score well on diagnostic tests frequently require remedial work to handle college-level course work. From 1975 to 1980, the number of remedial math courses in public four-year colleges increased by 72 percent; they now constitute a quarter of all math courses offered by those institutions. At two-year colleges, 42 percent of math courses are below the level of college algebra.

In high school transcripts, according to a study done for the National Commission on Excellence in Education, credit value for American history has declined by 11 percent over the past fifteen years, for chemistry by 6 percent, for algebra by 7 percent, and for French by 9 percent. In the same period, credit value for remedial English has risen by 39 percent and for driver education by 75 percent. Only 31 percent of recent high school graduates took intermediate algebra, only 16 percent took geography, and only 13 percent took French. High school students have abandoned college-preparatory and vocational-education "tracks" in droves, so that between 1964 and 1979 the number who chose the "general" track rose from 12 to 42 percent. About 25 percent of all credits earned by general-track graduates were in physical and health education, driver education, home management, food and cooking, training for adulthood and marriage, remedial courses, and for work experience outside school.

Part of the problem is with our teachers: the way they are recruited, their low status, and their even lower rewards. According to a recent article in *U.S. News & World Report*, "A study conducted for the National Institute of Education, which looked at college graduates who entered teaching in the late '70s, found that those with the highest academic ability were much more likely to leave their jobs than those who were lower achievers. Among high-achieving students, only 26 percent intended to teach at age thirty, as compared with approximately 60 percent of those with the lowest academic ability." In yet another study, one third of the nearly 7,000 prospective teachers who took the California minimum-competency test failed to meet the most basic skills requirements. And in 1982, the average SAT score of students indicating teaching as their intended field of study ranked twenty-sixth among average scores achieved by students declaring twenty-nine different fields of interest.

Black colleges are not blameless with respect to inadequate teacher preparation. Currently, at least twenty states require teacher candidates to pass a state qualifying exam. In Florida, 79 percent of white teacher-college graduates achieved a passing rate, compared with 35 percent for black test-takers. The two black schools that produce the largest number of black teacher candidates in that same state had the worst passing rates—37 percent and 16 percent.

That state's Association of Black Psychologists held a press conference and denounced the tests as "instruments of European cultural imperialism," and urged the black community—as a front—to resist the tests. But there is really only one legitimate concern relative to such tests: Do they measure what should be taught in schools of education if teachers are to be competent?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The majority of black students today come from schools in which blacks either predominate or make up the entire student body. And much—if not most—of the failure to educate black youths has occurred under black educators. In the 1960s, from Ocean Hill-Brownsville, in New York, to Watts, in California, blacks quite rightly criticized inner-city schools where white teachers and white superintendents were indifferent to the learning abilities of black students. Many of these school systems now have a majority of black teachers and black superintendents, and many black students still do not learn. Can we afford to be any less critical when white incompetence is replaced by black incompetence? Given what is at stake, the answer must be an emphatic and resounding No. We must let all of our educators know that if they are not competent to do their jobs, they have no business in our schools.

BUT POINTING OUT teachers' inadequacies is not enough. For all of its modernity, education still advances on "four legs." Though formal instruction takes place in the classroom, education is the result of coordinated effort on the part of parents, the school, the community, and the larger society. Parents who do not participate in school activities, who do not attend parent–teacher conferences to review their children's academic progress, who generally show little or no interest in school-related issues—indeed, who do not know, and have never even asked, the name of the teacher charged with instructing their children—over the years communicate to those children the idea that education doesn't matter. The community that undercuts the solvency of its libraries and schools communicates the idea that education doesn't matter. The school that emphasizes and revels in the glories of sports, while fighting efforts to set academic standards for sports participation, communicates the idea that education doesn't matter.

Current national policy, which calls for severe cuts in educational funding, and defense expenditures of $1.6 trillion over the next four years, is both contradictory and shortsighted. Education *is* a national-defense issue. As Jefferson pointed out at this nation's birth, an educated, informed populace is necessary to the operation of a viable democracy. As the world's leading democracy, we simply cannot afford the current burden of 26 million adults who are functionally illiterate and 46 million who are only marginally literate. Since the late 1970s, the U.S. military has found that it must print comic-book versions of some of its manuals in order to accommodate the educational deficiencies of troops charged with operating and maintaining some of the most sophisticated weapons in history. Along with greater emphasis upon parental involvement in schools, insistence upon teacher competence, and greater academic expectations of our students, we must put more, not less, money into education.

The National Center for Education Statistics estimates that the average 1980–1981 salary for classroom teachers was $17,602—up from $9,269 in 1971. However, in constant 1981 dollars, teachers have lost money, because their 1971 average salary translates to roughly $20,212. The outlook for the future is equally bleak. Education cannot attract and hold the best-trained and most competent people without offering competitive salaries. Particularly in the more technologically applicable disciplines, education is suffering a severe "brain-drain." Thus, in 1981, nationwide, half the teachers hired to teach high school math and science were not certified to teach those subjects, while more than forty states reported shortages of qualified teachers in those areas.

Compared with other national school systems, American education comes up short. The American school year is 180 days, and the average student misses roughly eighteen of those, but Japan, Germany, and most other industrial nations require at least 220 days a year. In the Soviet Union, students from the first grade on attend school six days a week. About 35 percent of their classwork is in science. They take five years of arithmetic, then are introduced to algebra and geometry, followed by calculus. The national minimum curriculum also calls for one year each of astronomy and mechanical drawing, four years of chemistry, five years of physics, and six years of biology.

In sum, education must be put at the very top of the U.S domestic agenda. Clearly, we must demonstrate greater concern for and commitment to educational quality for all American youths—athletes as well as non-athletes. I am confident that with adequate support and proper encouragement, they can achieve whatever levels of performance are necessitated by the challenges they face. In today's world, neither they nor we have any other choice. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J. © 1983 GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD.

"I could go for something Gordon's®"

The possibilities are endless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AIRWAVES

A SHORT STORY BY BOBBIE ANN MASON

WHEN JANE LIVED WITH COY WILSON, HE COULDN'T listen to rock music before noon or after supper. In the morning, it was too jarring; at night, the vibrations lingered in his head and interfered with his sleep. But now that they are apart, Jane listens to Rock-95 all the time. Rock-95 is a college station in western Kentucky—"your station for kick-ass rock-and-roll." She sets the radio alarm every night for eight A.M., and when it goes off she dozes and dreams while the music blasts in her ears for an hour or more. Women rock singers snarl and scream their independence. The sounds are numbing. Jane figures if she can listen to hard rock in her sleep, she won't care that Coy has gone.

Jane stands in the window in pink shortie pajamas, watching her landlady, Mrs. Bush, hang out her wash. Today is white things: sheets, socks, underwear, towels. Jane's mother used to say, "Always separate your colored things from your white things!" as though there were something morally significant about the way you do laundry. Jane never follows the rules. All her sheets have flowers on them, and her underwear is bright colors. Anything white is outnumbered. The men's shorts on Mrs. Bush's wash line flap in the breeze like flags of surrender.

The coffee is bitter. She bought the store brand, because

Bobbie Ann Mason is the author of Shiloh and Other Stories.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSE CRUZ

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Bush gave her a fifty-cent coupon, and the store paid double coupons. Mrs. Bush, who is a waitress at the Villa Romano, keeps asking Jane when she is going to get a job. When Coy lived there, Mrs. Bush was always asking him when he was going to marry Jane. Six weeks ago, not long after she split up with Coy, Jane was laid off from the Holiday Clothing Company. First she was a folder, then a presser. Folding was more satisfying than pressing—the heat from the presser took the curl out of her hair—but when she was switched to the pressing room, she got a fifty-cents-an-hour raise. She was hoping to go to the Villa Romano that night with Coy and have a spaghetti supper to celebrate, but he chose that day to move back home with his mother. His unemployment had run out two weeks before, and he had been at loose ends. He thought he was getting an ulcer. When Jane got home, he had lined up their joint possessions on the floor—the toaster, the blender, the records, the TV tables, a whatnot, even the kitchen utensils.

"The TV's mine," he said apologetically. "I had it when we started out."

"I told you I'd pay the rent," she said, as he punched his jeans into a duffel bag. When he wouldn't answer, she set the coffee pot in the cabinet and shut the door. "I got the coffee pot with Green Stamps," she said.

"I'm going to cut out coffee anyway."

"Good. It makes you irritable."

Coy set the toaster in a grocery box with some shaving cream and socks—all his mateless socks from what Jane called his Lonely Sock Drawer. Jane tried to keep from crying as she pleaded with him to stay.

"I can't let you go on supporting me," he said. "I wasn't raised that way."

"What's the difference? Your mother will support you. You could even watch her TV."

He divided the record albums as though he were dealing out cards. "One for you and one for me." He left his favorite Willie Nelson record in her pile.

When he left, she said, "You just let me know when you get yourself straightened out, and we'll take it from there."

"That's my whole point," said Coy. "I have to work things out."

Jane knew she should have been more understanding. He was appreciative of delicate, fine things most men wouldn't notice, such as flowers and pretty dishes. Coy was tender in his love-making, with more sensitivity than men were usually given credit for. On Phil Donahue's show, when the topic was sex, the women in the audience always said they wanted men who were gentle and considerate and involved in a lot of touching during the day instead of "wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am" at the end of the day. Coy was the answer to those women's prayers, but he went too far. He was so fragile, with his nervous stomach. He couldn't watch meat being cut up. Jane still finds broken rolls of Tums stashed around the apartment.

Unemployed, Jane is adrift. She watches a lot of TV. She managed to buy a TV on sale before she lost her job. She has had to stop smoking (not a serious problem) and eating out so that she can keep up her car and TV payments. She canceled her subscription to a cosmetics club. She has accumulated a lot of bizarre eye shadows and creams that she doesn't use. When she goes out to a job interview, she paints her face and feels silly. Job-hunting is like going to church—a pointless ritual of dressing up. At the factory, she had to wear a blue smock over a dark skirt. Pants weren't allowed. "I wish I could get on at the Villa Romano," she tells Mrs. Bush. "The uniform is nice, and I could wear pants."

Coy used to go to Kentucky Lake alone sometimes, for the whole weekend, to meditate and restore himself. She once thought his desire to be alone was peculiar, but now she appreciates it. Being alone is incredibly easy. Her mind sails off into unexpected trances. Sometimes she pretends she is an invalid recovering from a coma, and she rediscovers everything around her—simple things, like the noise the rotary antenna makes, a sound she never heard when the TV volume was loud. Or she pretends she is in a wheelchair, viewing the world from one certain level. She likes to see things suddenly, from new angles. Once when Coy lived there, she stepped up on a crate to dust the top of a shelf, and Coy suddenly appeared and caught her in an embrace. On the crate, she was exactly his height. The dusty shelf was at eye level. For a day or two, she went around noticing the spaces that would be in his line of vision—the top of the refrigerator, the top of an old cardboard wardrobe her father had given her, curtain rods, moldings.

Today, when Jane leaves the apartment to pick up her unemployment check, Mrs. Bush is outside, watering her petunias. She pulls a letter from her pocket and waves it at Jane.

"My boy's in California," she says. "They're going to let him have a furlough, but he likes it so much out there he won't come home."

"I don't blame him," says Jane. "It's too far, and California must be a lot more fun than here."

"They started him out on heavy-duty equipment, but that didn't suit him and they've switched him to electronics. They take a hundred dollars out of his pay every month, and then when he gets out they'll double it and give him a bonus so he can go to school."

Mrs. Bush fires water at a border of hollyhocks. Jane steps over the coiled hose and casually thinks of evil serpents. She says, "My brother couldn't get in the Army because he had high arches, so he became a Holy Roller preacher instead. He used to cuss like the devil, but now he's preaching up a storm." Jane looks Mrs. Bush straight in the eyes. She's not old, but looks old. If she died, maybe Jane could get her job.

"My cousin was a Holy Roller," says Mrs. Bush. "He got sanctified and then got hit by a truck the next day."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nervously, Mrs. Bush tears off the edging of paper where she has ripped open the letter from her son. She balls the bit of paper and drops it into a pot of hen and chickens.

JANE'S MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE WAS FIFTEEN, AND her father, Vernon Motherall, has never learned to cook for himself. "What's in this?" he asks suspiciously that weekend, when she takes him a tuna casserole.

"Macaroni. Tuna fish. Mushroom soup."

"I don't like mushrooms. Mushrooms is poison."

"This isn't poison. It's Campbell's." Jane has brought him this same kind of casserole dozens of times, and he always argues against mushrooms. He's convinced that someday a mushroom is going to get him.

Vernon rents the bottom half of a dilapidated clapboard house. He has two dump trucks in the back yard. He hauls rock and sand and asphalt—"whatever needs hauling," his ad in the Yellow Pages says. His dingy office is filled with greasy papers on spikes and piles of *Field and Stream* magazines. In a ray of sunlight, the dust whirls and sparkles. Jane sweeps her hand through it.

"I wish I had some money," she says. "I'd buy you one of those things that takes the negative ions out of the air."

"What good's that do?" Vernon is swigging a Pabst, though it's still morning.

"It knocks the dust out of the air."

"What for?" The way Jane's father speaks is more like an extended grunt than conversation. He sits in a large stuffed chair that seems to be part of his own big lumpy body.

"I don't know. I think the dust just falls down instead of circulating. If you had one of those, your sinuses wouldn't be so bad."

"They ain't been bothering me none lately."

"Those ionizers make you feel good, too. They do something to your mood."

"I've got all I need for my mood," he says, lifting his bottle of beer.

"You drink too much."

"Don't look at my beer belly."

"I will if I want to," Jane says, playfully thumping his belt buckle. "You get loaded and go out and have wrecks. You're going to get yourself killed."

Vernon grins at her mockingly. They always have this conversation, and he never takes her seriously.

"Here, eat this," Jane says, plopping a scoop of casserole on a melamine plate that has discolorations on it.

Vernon plucks another beer from the refrigerator and sits down at the card table in his dirty kitchen. He eats without comment, then mops his plate with a bread heel. When he finishes, he says, "I went to hear Joe preach at his new church the other Sunday. How did I turn out a boy like that? He's bound and determined to make a fool out of himself. His wife runs out on him and he turns around and starts preaching Holy Roller. Did you know he talks in tongues now? What will he think of next?"

"Well, Joe goes at anything like killing snakes," says Jane. "It's all or nothing."

Vernon laughs. "His text for the day was the Twenty-third Psalm, and he comes to the part where the Lord maketh me lie down in green pastures and restoreth my soul? And he reads it 'he *storeth* my soul,' and starts preaching on the Lord's storehouses." Vernon doubles over laughing. "He thinks the Lord stores souls—like corn in a grain elevator!"

"I wonder what ever happened to all those grain-elevator explosions we used to hear about," Jane says, giggling.

"If the Lord stores some of those pitiful souls Joe's dragged in, his storehouse is liable to explode!" Vernon laughs, and beer sprays out of his mouth.

"Have some more tuna casserole," Jane says affectionately. When it comes to her brother, who was always in trouble, she and her father are in cahoots.

"You should have a good man to cook for. Not Coy Wilson. He's too prissy, and he took advantage of you, living with you with no intention of marrying."

"You're still feeling guilty 'cause you ran out on me and Joe and Mother that time," says Jane, shifting the subject.

"The trouble is, too many women are working and the men can't get jobs," her father says. "Women should stay home."

"Don't start in," Jane says in a warning voice. "I've got enough trouble."

"You could move back home with me," Vernon says plaintively. "Parents always used to take care of their kids till they married."

"I guess that's why Coy ran home to his mama."

"You can come home to your old daddy any time," Vernon says, moving back to his easy chair. The vinyl upholstery makes obscene noises when he lands.

"It would never work," Jane says. "We don't like the same TV shows anymore."

WAITING IN THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE THE NEXT afternoon is tedious, and all the faces have deadpan expressions, but Jane is feeling elated, almost euphoric, though for no substantial reason. In the car, driving past a local radio transmitter, she suddenly realized that she had no idea how sound got from the transmitter to the radio. She felt so ignorant. The idea of sound waves seemed farfetched. She went to the library and asked for a book about radio. The librarian showed her a pamphlet about Nathan Stubblefield.

"He invented radio," the woman said. "They say it was Marconi, but Stubblefield was really the first, and he was from right around here. He lived five miles from my house."

"I always heard radio was invented in Kentucky," Jane said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He just never got credit for it." The woman reminded Jane of a bouncy game-show contestant. "Kentucky never gets enough credit, if you ask me. We've got so much here to be proud of. Kentucky even has a Golden Pond, like in the movie."

Reading the pamphlet in the unemployment line, Jane feels strangely connected to something historically important. It is a miracle that sound can travel long distances through the air and then appear instantaneously, like a genie from a bottle, and that a man from Kentucky was the first to make it happen. Who can she tell? Who would care? This is the sort of thing that wouldn't register on her father, and Coy would think she was crazy. Her brother, though, would recognize the feeling. It occurs to Jane that he probably hears voices from heaven every day, just as though he were tuned in to heaven's airways. She wonders if he can really talk in tongues. Her brother is a radio! Jane feels like dancing. In her mind, the unemployment line suddenly turns into a chorus line, a movie scene. For a moment, she's afraid she's going nuts. The line inches forward.

After collecting her check, she cashes it at the bank's drive-in window, talking to the teller through a speaker, then goes to Jerry's Drive-In and orders a Coke through another speaker. A voice confirms her order, and in the background behind the voice, Jane hears a radio playing—Rock-95, the same station she is hearing on her car radio.

COY CALLS UP DURING A *MARY TYLER MOORE* RE-run that week, one Jane hasn't seen before. Jane is eating canned ravioli. The clarity of his voice startles her. He could be in the same room.

"I got a job! Floorwalking at Wal-Mart."

"Oh, I'm glad." Jane spears a pillow of ravioli and listens while Coy describes his hours and his duties and the amount of take-home pay he gets—less than he made at the plant before his layoff, but with more security. The job sounds incredibly boring.

"When I get on my feet, maybe we can reconsider some things," he says.

"If you're floorwalking, you're already on your feet," she says. "That's a joke," she says, when he doesn't respond. "I don't want to get back together if money's the issue."

"I thought we went through all that."

"I've been thinking, and I can't let you support me."

"Well, I've got a job now, and you don't."

"You wouldn't let *me* support *you*," Jane says. "Why should I let you support me?"

"If we got back together, you could go to school part-time."

"I have to find a job first. I'd go to school now if I could go and still draw unemployment, but they won't let you draw and go to school too. Let's change the subject. How's your stomach?"

Coy tells Jane that on the news he saw pictures of starving children in Africa, and managed to watch without getting queasy. Jane always told him he was too sensitive to misfortunes that had nothing to do with him.

An awkward silence follows. Finally, Jane says, "My brother's got a Holy Roller church. He's preaching."

"That sounds about like him," Coy says, without surprise.

"I think I'll go Sunday. I need some religion. Do you want to go?"

"Hell, no, I don't want to invite a migraine."

"I thought your nerves were getting better."

"They are, but they're not that good yet."

After Coy hangs up, Jane feels lonely, wishing Coy were there, touching her lightly with promising caresses, like the women on *Donahue* always wanted. Once, Rita Jenrette, whose husband was involved in a political scandal, was on Donahue's show, and during the program her husband called up. Coy's job sounds so depressing. Jane wishes he were the host of a radio call-in show. She could call him up and talk to him, pretending there was nothing personal between them. She would ask him about love. She'd ask whether he thought the magic of love worked anything at all like radio waves. Her ravioli grows cold.

JOE'S CHURCH IS CALLED THE FOREMOST EVANGELical Assembly. The church is a converted house trailer, with a perpendicular extension. There is a Coke machine in the corridor. People sit around drinking Cokes and 7-Ups. No one is dressed up.

"Can you believe it!" cries Joe, clasping both of Jane's hands and jerking her forward as though about to swing her around in a game children play.

"Can you pray for me to find a job?" Jane says, grinning. "Daddy said you could talk in tongues, and I thought that might help."

"Was Daddy drinking when you saw him last?" Joe asks anxiously.

"Of course. Is the Pope Catholic?"

"I told him I could stop him from that if he'd just get his tail down here every Sunday." Joe has on a pinstripe double-knit suit with an artificial daisy in the lapel. He looks the part.

"Are you going to talk in tongues today?" Jane asks. "I want to see how you do it."

"Watch close," he says with a wink. "But I'm not allowed to give away the secret."

"Is it like being a magician?"

Her brother only grins mysteriously.

Jane sits cross-legged on the floor behind the folding chairs. People turn around and stare at her, probably wondering if she is Joe's girlfriend. The congregation loves Joe. He is a large man, and his size makes him seem powerful and authoritative, like an Army general. He has always been a goof-off, calling attention to himself, staging some kind of show. If Alexander Haig became a stand-up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comedian, he would be just like Joe. He stands behind a card table with two overturned plastic milk crates stacked on it. On his right, a TV set stares at the congregation.

The service is long and peculiar and filled with individual testimonials that seem to come randomly, interrupting Joe's talk. It's not really a sermon. It's just Joe telling stories about how bad he used to be before he found Christ. He always had the gift of the gab, Vernon used to say. Joe tells a long anecdote about how his wife's infidelity made him turn to the Lord. He exaggerates parts of the story that Jane recognizes. (He *never* gave his wife a beautiful house with a custom-built kitchen and a two-car garage. It was a dumpy old house that they rented.) She almost giggles aloud when he opens the Bible and reads from "the Philippines," and she makes a mental note to tell her father. A woman takes a crying baby into the corridor and tries to make it drink some Coke. Jane wishes she had a cigarette. In this crazy setting, if Joe talked in tongues, nobody would notice it as anything odd.

When a young couple brings forth a walleyed child to be healed, Joe cries out in astonishment, "Who, me? I can't heal nobody!" He paces around in front of the TV set. "But I can guarantee that if you just let the spirit in, miracles have been known to happen." He rambles along on this point, and the little girl's head droops indifferently. "Just open up your heart and let him in!" Joe shouts. "Let the spirit in, and the Lord will shake up the alignment of them eyes." A song from *Hair*, "Let the Sunshine In," starts going through Jane's head. The child's eye shoots out across

WELCOME TO HIROSHIMA

is what you see first, stepping off the train:
a billboard brought to you in living English
by Toshiba Electric. While a channel
silent in the TV of the brain

projects those flickering re-runs of a cloud
that brims its risen columnful like beer
and, spilling over, hangs its foamy head,
you feel a thirst for history: what year

it started to be safe to breathe the air,
and when to drink the blood and scum clogging
the Ohta River. But no, the water's clear,
they pour it for your morning cup of tea

in one of the countless sunny coffee shops
which advertise with plastic dioramas
mutations of cuisine behind the glass:
a pancake sandwich; a pizza someone tops

with a maraschino cherry. Passing by
the Peace Park's floral hypocenter (where
how bravely, or with what mistaken cheer,
humanity erased its own erasure)

you enter the memorial museum
and, through more glass, are served up on a bed
of blistered grass three mannequins. Like gloves
a mother clips to coatsleeves, strings of flesh

hang from their fingertips. Or as if tied
to recall a duty, *Reverence the dead*
whose rememberers shall also soon be dead,
but instead that hunger's swallowed up in taste,

questions of bad discernment, the mock display
of images that remain unparalleled—
and thinking at last *They should have left it all*
you stop. This is the wristwatch of a child

jammed at the moment of impact. Resolute
to communicate some message, although mute,
it gestures with its hands at eight-fifteen
and eight-fifteen and eight-fifteen again

while tables of statistics on the wall
update the news by calling on a roll
of tape, death gummed on death, and in the case
adjacent, an exhibit under glass

is glass itself: a shard the bomb slammed in
a woman's arm at eight-fifteen, but some
three decades on—as if to make it plain
hope's only as renewable as pain

and as if all the unsung
debasements of the past may one day come
rising to the surface once again—
worked its filthy way out like a tongue.

—Mary Jo Salter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the room. While Joe is ranting, Jane gets a Coke and stands in the doorway.

"Icky-bick-eye-bo!" Joe cries suddenly. He looks embarrassed and bows his head. "Freema-di-kibbi-fidra," he says softly.

Jane has been thinking of talking in tongues as an involuntary expression—a kind of gibberish that pours forth when people are possessed by the spirit of God. But now, in amazement, she watches her brother, his hands folded and eyes closed, as though bowing his head for a moment of prayer, chanting strange words slowly and carefully, as methodically as Mrs. Bush hangs out her wash. He is speaking a singsong language made of hard, disturbing sounds. "Shecky-beck-be-floyt-I-shecky-tibby-libby. Dab-cree-la-croo-la-crow." He seems to be trying hard not to say "abracadabra" or any other familiar words. Jane, disappointed, doubts that these words are messages from heaven. Joe seems afraid that some repressed obscenity might rush out. He used to cuss freely. Now he probably really believes he is tuned into heaven.

"Where's Coy?" he asks her after the service. He has failed to correct the child's eyes, but won't admit it.

"We don't get along so good. After he lost his job, he couldn't handle it."

"Well, get him on down here! We'll help him."

He tries to talk Jane into bringing Coy for Wednesday-night prayer meeting. "There's two kinds of men," Joe says. "Them that goes to church and them that don't. You should never get mixed up with some boy who won't take you to church."

"I know."

Joe says good-bye, with his arms around her like a lover's. Jane can smell the Tic Tacs on his breath.

"DO YOU WANT ONE HAMBURGER PATTY OR two?" Jane asks her father.

"One. No, two." Vernon looks confused. "No, make it one."

They are at Kentucky Lake, in a trailer belonging to Jane's former boss, who had promised to let her use it some weekend. Jane, wanting a change of scene for her father, brought a cooler of supplies, and Vernon brought his dog, Buford. He grumbled because Jane wouldn't let him bring any beer, but he sneaked along a quart of Heaven Hill, and he is already drunk. Jane is furious.

"How can you watch *Hogan's Heroes* on that cruddy TV?" she asks. "The reception's awful."

"I've seen this one so many times I know what's going on. See that machine gun? Watch that guy in the tower. He's going to shoot."

"That's a tower? I thought it was a giraffe."

When they sit down to eat at the picnic table outside, Buford tries to get in Jane's lap. He has the broad shoulders of a bulldog and the fine facial features of a chihuahua. He goes around in a little cloud of gnats.

"I can't eat with a dog in my lap," Jane says, pushing the dog away. "Coy wants to come back to me," she tells her father. "He's got his pride again."

"Don't let him."

"He's more of a man than you think." Jane laughs. "Joe says he can help us work things out. He wants us to come to Wednesday-night prayer meetings."

"How did I go wrong?" Vernon asks helplessly, addressing a tree. "One kid starts preaching just to stay out of jail, and the other one wants to live in sin and ruin her reputation." Vernon turns to the dog and says, "It's all my fault. Children always hurt you."

"And what about you?" Jane shouts at him. "You worry us half to death with your drinking and then expect us to be little angels."

She takes her plate indoors and turns on *M*A*S*H*. The reception is so poor without a cable that the figures undulate on the screen. Hawkeye and B.J. turn into wavy lines, staggering drunks.

That night, Vernon's drunken sleep on the couch is loud and unrestrained. Jane thinks of his sleep as slumber. She always thought of Coy's sleep as catnapping. She misses Coy, but wonders if she can ever get along with any man. In all her relationships with people, she has to deal with one or another intolerable habit. Jane is not sure the hard-rock music has hardened her to pain and distraction. Her father is hopeless. He used to get drunk and throw her mother's good dishes against the wall. He lined them up on the table and broke them one by one until her mother relented and gave him the keys to the car. He had accidents. He was always apologetic afterward, and he made it up to them in lavish ways, bringing home absurd presents, such as a bushel of peaches or a pint of oysters in a little white fold-together cardboard container like the ones goldfish come in. Once, he brought goldfish, but she had expected oysters. Her disappointment hurt him, and he went back and bought oysters. One year, he ran away to Detroit. When he came back, months later, Jane's mother forgave him. By then, she was dying of cancer, and Jane suspects that he never really forgave himself for being there too late to make it up to her.

Buford paces around the trailer fretfully. Jane can't sleep. The bed is musty and lumpy. She recalls a story her mother once told her about a woman who was trapped in a lion cage by a lion who tried to mate with her. From outside the cage, the lion's trainer yelled instructions to her—how she had to stroke the lion until he was satisfied. Pinned under the lion, the woman saved her life by obeying the man's instructions. That was more or less how her mother always told her she had to be with a husband, or a rapist. She thinks of her mother as the woman in the cage, listening to the lion tamer shouting instructions—do anything to keep from being murdered. As Jane recalls her mother telling it, the lion's eyes went all dreamy, and he rolled over on his back and went to sleep.

Jane suspects that what she really wants is a man some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing like the lion. She loves Coy's gentleness, but she wants him to be aggressive at times. The women on *Donahue* said they wanted that too. Someone in the audience said women can't have it both ways.

During the weekend, Jane tries to get Vernon to go fishing, but he hasn't renewed his fishing license since the price went up. He complains about the snack cakes she brought, and he sits around drinking. Jane listens to the radio and reads a book called *Working*, about people's jobs. "It takes all kinds," she tells her father when he asks about the book. She has given up trying to entertain him, but by Sunday evening he seems mellow and talkative.

At the picnic table, Jane watches the sun setting behind the oak trees. "Look how pretty it is. The light on the water looks like a melted orange Popsicle."

Vernon grunts, acknowledging the sunset.

"I want you to enjoy yourself," Jane says calmly.

"I'm an old fool," he says, sloshing his drink. "I never amounted to anything. This country is taking away every chance the little man ever had. If it weren't for the Republicans and the Democrats, we'd be better off."

"Don't we have to have one or the other?"

"Throw 'em all out. They cancel each other out anyway." Vernon snatches at a mosquito. "The minorities rule this country. They've meddled with the Constitution till it's all out of shape."

The sun disappears, and the mosquitoes come out. Jane slaps her arms. Her toes are under the dog, warming like buns in a toaster oven. She nudges him away, and he pads across the porch, taking his gnat cloud with him.

"Tell me something," Jane asks later, as they are eating. "What did you do in Detroit that time when you ran off and left Mom with Joe and me?"

Vernon shrugs and drinks from a fresh drink. "Worked at Chrysler."

"Why did you leave us?"

"Your mother couldn't put up with me."

Jane can't see her father's face in the growing dark, so she feels bolder. Taking a deep breath, she says, "I guess for a long time I felt guilty after you left—not because you left, but because I wanted you to leave. Mom and Joe and me got along just fine without you. I liked moving into that restaurant, living upstairs with Mom, and her going downstairs to cook hamburgers for people. I think I liked it so much not just because I could have all the hamburgers and milk shakes I wanted but because *she* loved it. She loved waiting on people and cooking for the public. But we were glad when you came back and we moved back home."

Vernon nods and nods, about to say something. Jane gets up and turns on the bug light on the porch. She says, "That's how I've been feeling, living by myself. If I found something I liked as much as Mom liked cooking for the public, I'd be happy."

Vernon pours some more bourbon into his Yosemite Sam jelly glass, and nods thoughtfully. He sips his drink and looks out onto the darkening lake for so long that Jane thinks he must be working up to a spectacular confession or apology. Finally, he says, "The Constitution is damaged all to hell." He sets his plate on the ground for the dog to lick.

THE NEXT MORNING IS WORK-PANTS DAY. ON MRS. Bush's line is a row of dark-green work pants and matching shirts. The pants are heavy and wrinkled. The sun comes out, and by afternoon, when Jane returns from shopping, the wrinkles are gone and the pants look fluffy. Jane reaches into the back seat of her car for her sack of groceries—soup, milk, cereal, and a Sara Lee cheesecake, marked down.

"Faired up nice, didn't it?" cries Mrs. Bush, appearing with her laundry basket. "They say another front's coming through and we'll have a storm."

"I hope so," says Jane, wishing it would be a tornado.

"I've got some news for you," Mrs. Bush says, as she drops clothespins into a plastic bucket. "A girl I work with is pregnant, and she's quitting next week."

"I thought I wanted to work at the Villa Romano more than anything, but now I'm not sure," Jane says. What would it be like, waiting tables with Mrs. Bush?

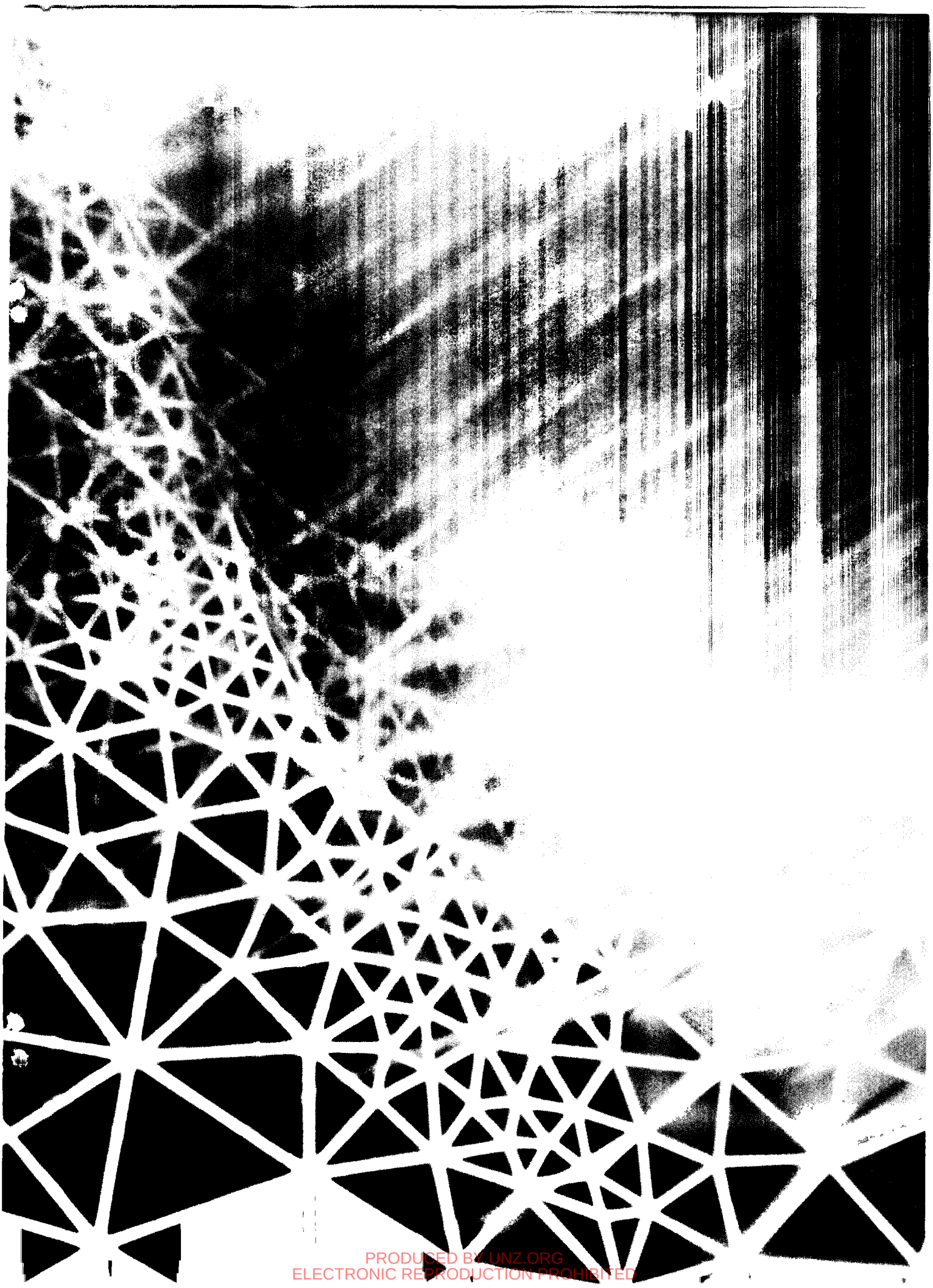
"It's a good job, and they feed you all you can eat. They've got the *best* ambrosia!"

She drops a clothespin and Jane picks it up. Jane says, "I think I'll join the Army."

Mrs. Bush laughs. "Jimmy's still in California. They would have flown him here and back, but he wouldn't come home. Is that any way for a boy to do his mama?" She tests a pant leg for dampness, and frowns. "I've got to go. Could you bring in these britches for me later?" she asks. "If I'm late to work, my boss will shoot me."

When Jane puts her groceries away, the cereal tumbles to the floor. The milk carton is leaking. She turns on Rock-95 full blast, then rips the cover off the cheesecake and starts eating from the middle. Jane feels strange, quivery. One simple idea could suddenly change everything, the same way a tornado could. Everything in her life is converging, narrowing, like a multitude of tiny lines trying to get through one pinhole. She imagines straightening out a rainbow and rolling it up in a tube. The sound waves travel on rainbows. She can't explain these notions to Coy. They don't even make sense to her. Today, he looked worried about her when she stopped in at the Wal-Mart. It has been a crazy day, a stupid weekend. After picking up her unemployment check, she applied for a job at McDonald's, but the opening had been filled five minutes earlier. At the Wal-Mart, Coy was patrolling the pet department. In his brown-plaid pants, blue shirt, and yellow tie, he looked stylish and comfortable, as though he had finally found a place where he belonged. He seemed like a man whose ambition was to get a service award so he could have his picture in the paper, shaking hands with his boss.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Optimum Shape

Researchers at the General Motors Research Laboratories have developed the first integrated system for computer design of mechanical parts with minimum mass. Optimal Shape Generation automatically optimizes the component shape in a single computer run.

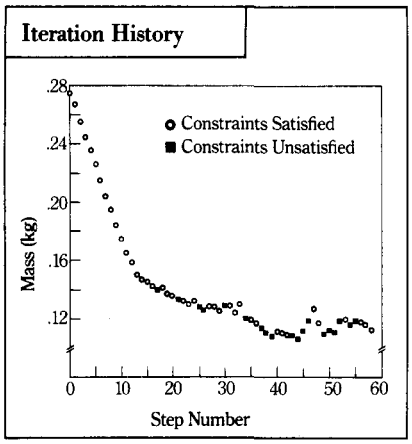
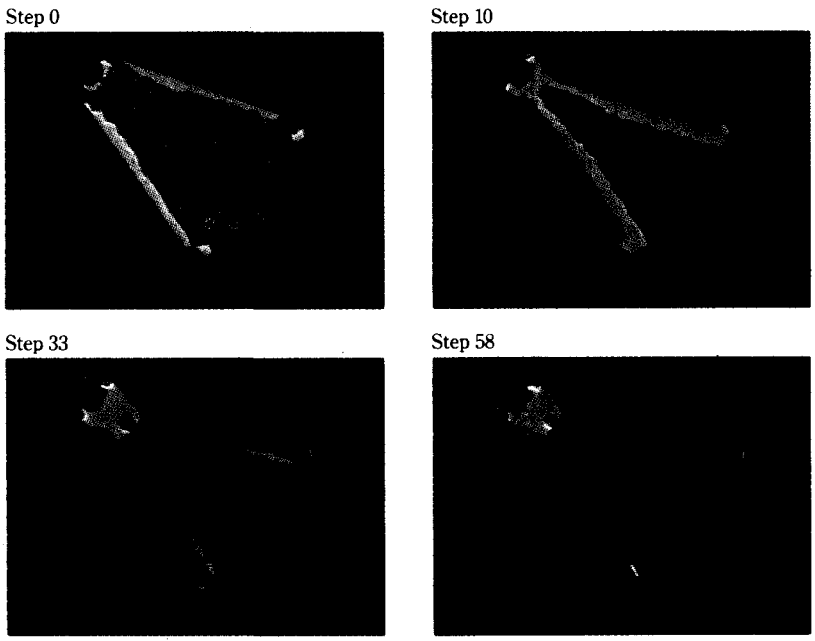


Figure 1: Decreasing mass plotted as a function of design iterations for the component shown in Figure 2.

Figure 2: Shapes as they appear on the CRT screen in the design of a minimum mass automotive component capable of performing under the structural loads. Color changes indicate (blue→yellow→green→red) increasing stress levels within the design limits.



COMPUTER-AIDED design systems automate the processes of generating geometric data and engineering drawings of parts, but they do not determine whether these parts meet structural performance requirements. In an ongoing research project at the General Motors Research Laboratories, a system has been developed that automatically ensures that the design meets structural performance constraints. More important, Optimal Shape Generation provides the component shape with the minimum mass capable of satisfying structural demands in a single computer run, without requiring human interaction with the machine.

In the last two decades, extensive research has been done in the area of computer design of structural components. Most of this work has focused on individual aspects of the process. Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin have succeeded in integrating the process from description of the model through convergence to the optimum solution.

Conventional systems continue distinctions characteristic of age-old "build and test" methods by separating the tasks of design generation and design analysis. Typically, a "designer" uses one computer system to produce engineering drawings of a given part. The task then shifts to an "evaluator" who creates a mathematical model with which to test the design on another computer system. The evaluator determines only whether or not the design meets the requirements. A lengthy interaction between the designer and the evaluator is required to optimize the design. Optimal Shape Generation integrates the process from design generation through design optimization. The system can generate the mathematical model from the design data as the shape changes without requiring additional input, thereby turning the process from a multiperson, multimachine operation into a one-person, one-machine operation.

Since there is no interaction beyond the initial input, a flexible description of the problem is crucial to effective use of the system. The researchers responded to this challenge by developing a geometric format based on a parametric description of the boundary. Defining the problem with geometric data is desirable because it describes the shape of the part in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form directly suitable for conceptual visualization.

Because the boundary geometric description must be transformed into an analysis model not once but several times, some type of automatic finite element mesh generation is required. The researchers adapted a mesh generation technique which divides a closed region into triangular elements based on a discrete description of the boundary. The sizes of the elements of the mesh are determined by a characteristic length selected for each problem and are related to the need for accurately describing the geometry. Automatic triangulation is used to create a set of connectivities for the discrete points placed uniformly throughout the part's interior with approximately the same density as the boundary points. The combination of boundary data description and automatic mesh generation permits the system to accommodate major changes in shape from the initial design.

ADEQUACY of the triangular meshes to calculate accurate stress levels was next addressed by the development of an adaptive mesh refinement scheme. By evaluating the solution for the uniform mesh created by the choice of characteristic length and identifying areas where the strain energy density changes rapidly, the system selects the areas of the mesh that require mesh refinement. These refinements can take the form of either adding elements in the area to be refined or increasing the order of the finite element polynomial interpolation. The former approach has been taken, because it can be implemented automatically and does not require the formulation of new finite elements.

The culmination of the process introduces an optimization routine which directs the design toward a minimum mass configuration. A mathematical optimization technique is used to change the design to that shape giving minimum mass within the structural constraints. This optimization technique is based upon a sequential first-order Taylor series approximation of the constraints and a feasible directions solution of the problem. Periodic mesh refinements are performed throughout the optimization, since the design is continually changing, and the system must predict the stresses and the behavior of the constraints as the design changes.

"By taking an integrated approach," says Dr. Bennett, "we're able to combine the objectives of reducing the mass of the material and meeting structural performance requirements in a single automatic system."

"We expect," adds Dr. Botkin, "that in the future this technique will become the standard way of designing structural components."

General Motors

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin are members of the Engineering Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Bennett holds the title of Assistant Department Head. He attended the University of Michigan as an undergraduate and received his graduate degrees from the same institution in the field of aerospace engineering. His Ph.D. thesis concerned non-linear vibrations. Before coming to General Motors in 1973, he taught aeronautical and astronautical engineering at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Botkin is a Staff Research Engineer. He received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Missouri at Rolla. His graduate work was in the field of civil engineering, and his doctoral thesis concerned structural optimization. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he worked for four years as a consultant to computer applications engineers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I hope you're warming a place in the bed for me," he whispered to her, within earshot of customers. He touched her elbow, and his thumb poked surreptitiously at her waist. "I have to work tonight," he went on. "We're doing inventory. But we've got to talk."

"Okay," she said, her eyes fixing on a fish tank in which some remarkably blue fish were darting around like darning-needle flies.

On her way out of the store, without thinking, she stopped and bought a travel kit for her cosmetics, with plastic cases inside for her toothbrush, lotion, and soap. She wasn't sure where she was going. Driving out of the parking lot, she thought how proudly Coy had said, "We're taking inventory," as though he were in thick with Wal-Mart executives. It didn't seem like him. She had deluded herself, expecting more of him just because he was such a sweet lover. She had thought he was an ideal man, like the new contemporary man described in the women's magazines, but he was just a floorwalker. There was no future in that. Women had been walking the floors for years. She remembered her mother walking the floor with worry, when her father was out late, drinking.

At the Army recruiting station, Jane stuffed the literature into her purse. She took one of everything. On a bulletin board, she read down a list of career-management fields, strange-sounding phrases like Air Defense Artillery, Missile Maintenance, Ballistic Missile Maintenance, Combat Engineering, Intercept Systems Maintenance, Cryptologic Operations, Topographic Engineering. The words stirred her, filled her with awe.

"Here's what I want," she said to the recruiter. "Communications and Electronics Operations."

"That's our top field," said the man, who was wearing a beautiful uniform trimmed with bright ribbons. "You join that and you'll get somewhere."

Later, in her kitchen, her mouth full of cheesecake, Jane reads the electronics brochure, pausing over the phrases "field radio," "teletype," and "radio relay equipment." Special security clearance is required for some electronics operations. She pictures herself someplace remote, in a control booth, sending signals for war, like an engineer in charge of a sports special on TV. She doesn't want to go to war, but if there is one, women should go. She imagines herself in a war, crouching in the jungle, sweating, on the lookout for something to happen. The sounds of warfare would be like the sounds of rock-and-roll, hard-driving and satisfying.

SHE SLEEPS SO SOUNDLY THAT WHEN COY CALLS THE next morning, the telephone rings several times. Rock-95 is already blasting away, and she wonders groggily if it is loud enough over the telephone to upset his equilibrium.

"I'm trying to remember what you used to say about waking up," she says sleepily.

"You know I could never talk till I had my coffee."

"I thought you were giving up coffee. Does your mama make you coffee?"

"Yeah."

"I knew she would." Jane sits up and turns down the radio. "Oh, now I remember what you said. You said it was like being born."

Coy had said that the relaxation of sleep left him defenseless and shattered, so that the daytime was spent restructuring himself, rebuilding defenses. Sleep was a forgetting, and in the daylight he had to gather his strength, remember who he was. For him, the music was an intrusion on a fragile life, and now it makes Jane sad that she hasn't been fair to him.

"Can I come for breakfast?" he asks.

"You took the toaster, and I can't make toast the way you like it."

"Let's go to the Dairy Barn and have some country ham and biscuits."

Jane's sheets are dirty. She was going to wash them at the laundromat and bring them home to dry—to save money and to score a point with her landlady. She says, "I'll meet you as soon as I drop off my laundry at the Washeteria. I've got something to tell you."

"I hope it's good."

"It's not what you think." On the radio, Rod Stewart is bouncing blithely away on "Young Hearts." Jane feels older, too old for her and Coy to be young hearts together, free tonight, as the song directs. Jane says, "Red-eye gravy. That's what I want. Do you think they'll have red-eye gravy?"

"Of course they'll have red-eye gravy. Who ever heard of country ham without red-eye gravy?"

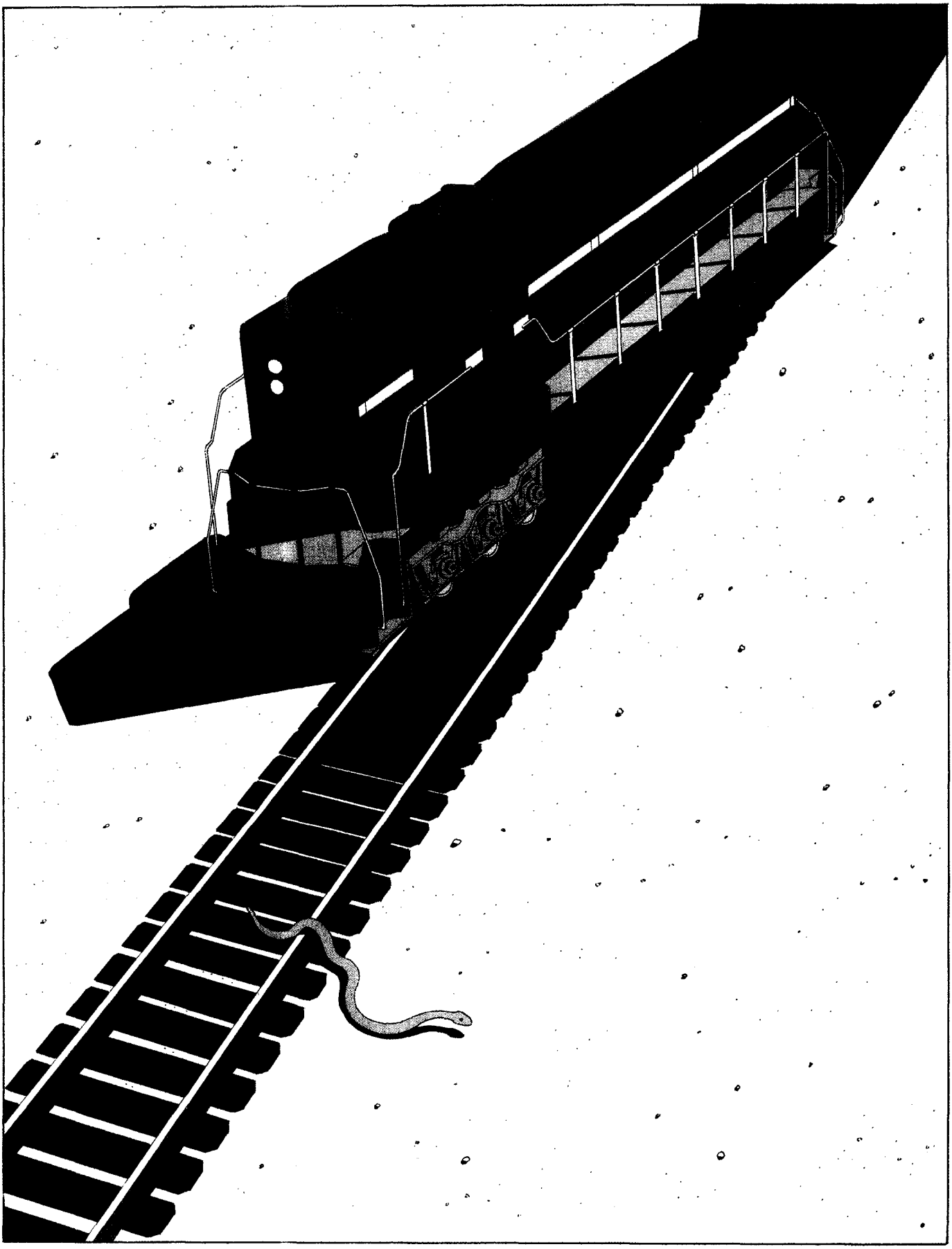
After hanging up, Jane lays the sheets on the living-room rug, and in the center she tosses her underwear and blouses and slacks. The colors clash. A tornado in a flower garden. After throwing in her jeans, she ties the corners of the sheets and sets the bundle by the door. As she puts on her makeup, she rehearses what she has to tell Coy. She has imagined his stunned silence. She imagines gathering everyone she knows in the same room, so she can make her announcement as if she were holding a press conference. It would be so much more official.

With her bundle of laundry, she goes bumping down the stairs. A stalk of light from a window on the landing shoots down the stairway. Jane floats through the light, with the dust motes shining all around her, penetrating silently, and then she remembers a dirty T-shirt in the bathroom. Letting the bundle slide to the bottom of the stairs, she turns back to her apartment. She has left the radio on, and for a moment on the landing she thinks that someone must be home. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOBIA

BY GUY BILLOUT

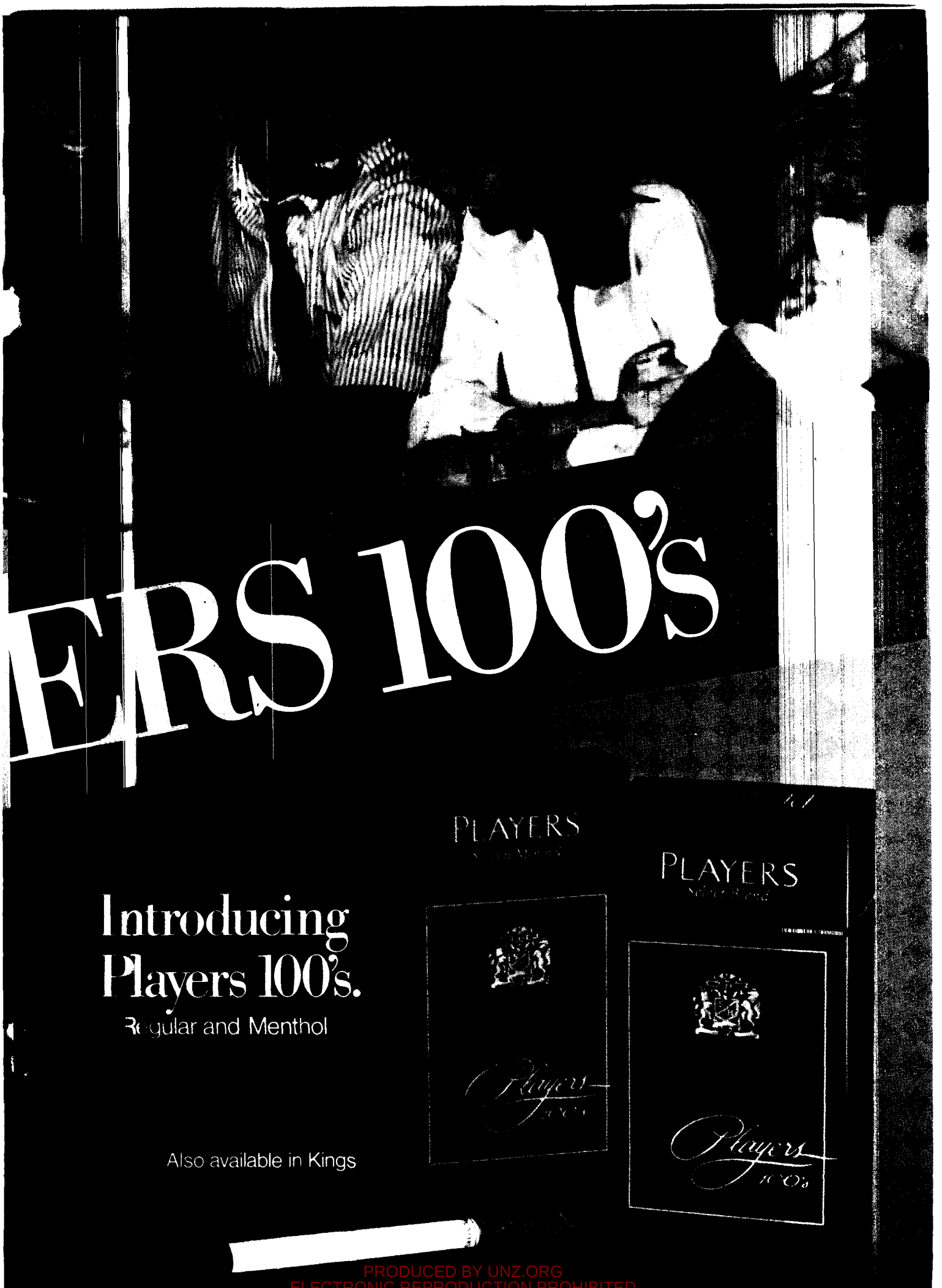


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

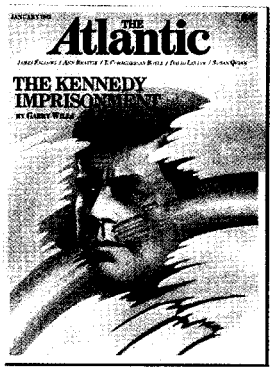
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

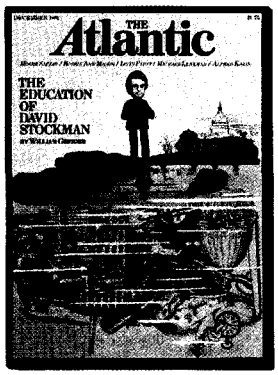
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

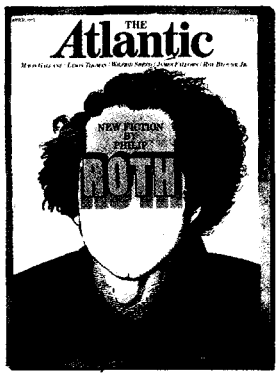


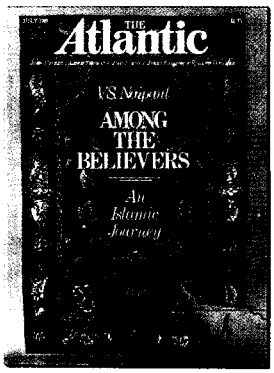
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

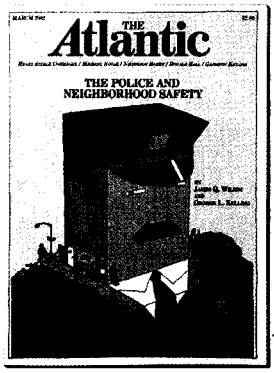
ATLANTIC SUBSCRIBERS NEVER MISS

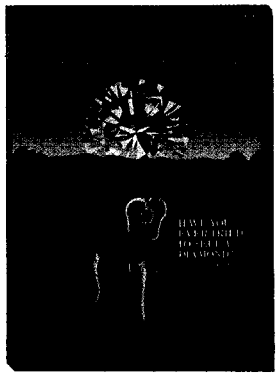


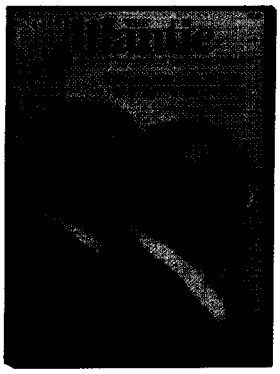


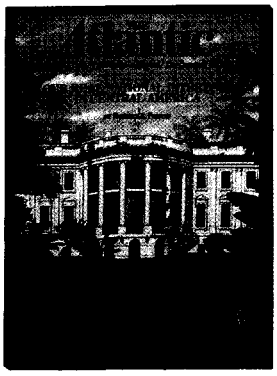












They never miss the excitement of discovery that each issue of *The Atlantic* brings. From the inside story of Kissinger, Haig, and others in the Nixon White House to insider David Stockman's second thoughts and misgivings about Reaganomics.

From humanity revealed in a portrait of LBJ to humanity portrayed in Philip Roth's and Raymond Carver's acclaimed fiction.

From introductions to great new writers to great coverage and criticism of all the arts.

The excitement of discovery in *The Atlantic.*

Atlantic subscribers never miss it. Neither should you.

Fill out the card in this issue. And become a subscriber to America's magazine of public affairs and the arts.

THE Atlantic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nixon, Ford, Haig, and the transfer of power

THE PARDON

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON SUNDAY MORNING, September 8, 1974, one month after taking office, President Gerald R. Ford announced that he had granted Richard M. Nixon a full pardon for any offenses against the United States he might have committed while serving as the thirty-seventh President. With that act, Ford made a political blunder that would haunt his presidency and submerge his campaign two years later. The pardon immediately raised speculation that he and Nixon, working through Alexander M. Haig, Jr., the Army general who served as chief of staff to both, had struck a deal for the presidency.

Many of the aides who worked closely with Haig and Ford still assume that there was a deal of some kind. Whether there was may never be known, because the men involved have yet to give a full account. But defining the actual terms of the deal, if there was one, is no more important to an understanding of the pardon than knowing why Nixon made Ford Vice President and why he thought that he could rely on Ford to pardon him. Nixon and Haig thought of Ford as a proven commodity—a man who placed loyalty to Nixon and the Republican presidency above his personal ambitions and his political well-being. They assumed, according to the aides, that Ford would take care of his former boss as soon as he became President. That he waited so long to act was a disturbing surprise to Nixon.

Gerald Ford was a familiar, if not widely known, fixture in high-level Republican politics in October of 1973, when he was nominated to replace the disgraced Spiro T. Agnew as Richard Nixon's Vice President. He had served in Congress since 1948, representing a heavily Republican district in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His conservatism on foreign-policy issues and his hard-line stance against communism won him an appointment in 1956 to the House Appropriations subcommittee that controlled CIA funding and monitored, to a limited degree, CIA activities abroad. In 1963, President Lyndon B. Johnson named Ford as one of two members of the House to serve on the Warren Commission, which investigated the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Ford was elected minority leader of the House the next year. During these years, Ford acquired a reputation as an amiable politician who followed his party's dogma with enthusiasm but with no malice; Democrats perceived him as a nice guy.

Ford's voting record, as of his 1973 confirmation hearings as Vice President, provided little basis for bipartisan endorsement. He had been a consistent supporter of aid to Vietnam since the 1950s. He repeatedly expressed concern, as did many other Republicans, about Soviet inroads in the United States: he had praised his fellow congressman Richard Nixon as early as August of 1950 for his fight against the "insidious Communist forces that would destroy our nation." Ford's record on domestic issues was similarly conventional. He voted against many of the important housing and community-development proposals before Congress and to reduce proposed increases in minimum-wage laws. He did, however, favor increased government authority to aid the police in the struggle against crime, including wiretapping and preventive detention. Ford was known inside the Justice Department as a loyal supporter of the FBI and its director, J. Edgar Hoover. According to documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, he served in late 1963 as an informant for the Bureau on the inner workings of the Warren Commission. In one internal FBI report, Ford was quoted by Cartha D. DeLoach, a senior aide to Hoover, as being "disturbed about the manner in which Chief Justice Earl Warren was carrying on his Chairmanship." DeLoach wrote, "Ford indicated he would keep me thoroughly advised as to the activities of the Commission. He stated this would have to be done on a confidential basis."

Ford's record on civil rights was, at best, indifferent; he remained mute during the great struggles of the late 1950s and early 1960s, and, after becoming minority leader, invariably sought to weaken civil-rights legislation during floor debate—before, in most cases, voting for the bills.

Nonetheless, alongside Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford looked very good late in 1973, even to some liberal Democrats. Nixon, desperately involved in his fight against the Watergate Special Prosecution Force and the federal court subpoenas for his White House tape recordings, was certain to face impeachment hearings in the House Judiciary Committee: there was a need for someone as Vice President who was well liked and widely considered to be ac-

Seymour M. Hersh's The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House *was published in June by Summit Books.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD MANTEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceptable, such as Ford. The attitude of many Democrats and Republicans was summed up by David Broder, the *Washington Post*'s political columnist, in November of 1973, just after Ford's testimony before the House and Senate confirmation committees: "Whatever his shortcomings in intellect, oratory, or wit, Jerry Ford is one of the most decent human beings in Washington. He is not a hater, nor is he under a constant compulsion to prove his own worth by dominating and downgrading others. . . . What Ford would bring to . . . government is the simplicity and honesty and openness and benignity that have been missing so long from the White House."

Richard Nixon and his men had evidence that there was another side to Ford. "In my opinion, he was a tough guy who knew how to play the game," Charles W. Colson, one of Nixon's closest advisers on political matters, recalled in a recent interview. "Nixon knew that Ford was a team player and understood how to work with a wink and a nod." Ford had led a much-criticized attempt in 1970 to impeach Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court. It was not a coincidence that Ford's campaign against Douglas began in the weeks following the Senate's rejection of Nixon's second nominee for the Supreme Court. Nixon's choices, Clement F. Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell, were the first presidential nominees to be rejected by the Senate since 1959. In the aftermath of the June 17, 1972, Watergate break-in, and before the November presidential elections, Ford was instrumental—at the urging of the White House—in disrupting an inquiry by the House Banking and Currency Committee, whose iconoclastic chairman, Wright Patman, a Democrat from Texas, was outspoken in his insistence that the financing of the break-in had its origins at the top of the Nixon Administration.

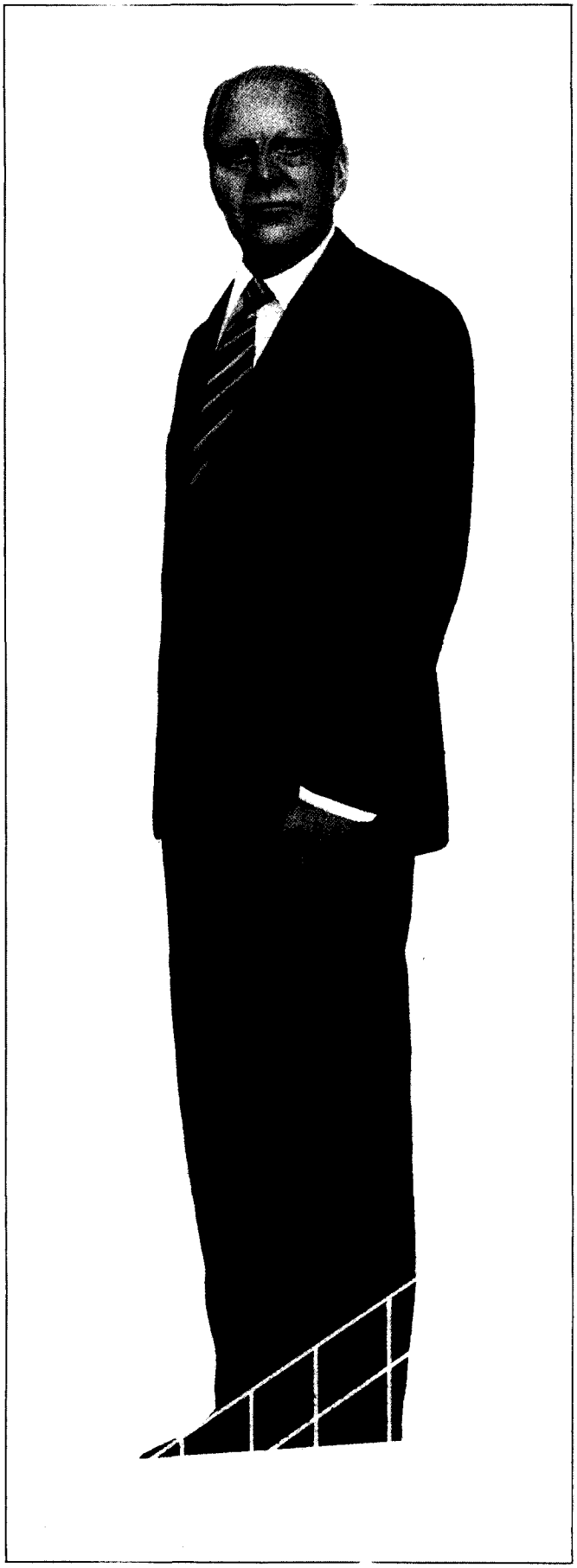
At that early stage in the Watergate cover-up, the White House understood that Wright Patman posed more of a threat than *The Washington Post* and other news media. Patman's thesis was simple: an investigation into the source of the brand-new hundred-dollar bills found on the team of men arrested inside the Watergate office complex, where they were re-installing a wiretap on the telephones in the Democratic National Committee headquarters, would lead directly to Nixon's re-election committee. This illicit financing (it had been arranged by Maurice Stans, finance director of the re-election campaign, and G. Gordon Liddy, a campaign counsel) eventually did lead to the unraveling of Watergate. Nixon's concern about the link between the Watergate break-in and the money was so great that one week after the Watergate burglary, he ordered the CIA to stop the FBI's investigation into the source of the money; his order, recorded in a June 23, 1972, tape that the Supreme Court forced him to release in early August of 1974, was the famed "smoking gun" disclosure that effectively ended his presidency. As of the fall of 1972, it was clear that Nixon had no intention of allowing Patman to subpoena witnesses, such as Stans, and perhaps learn the truth. Gerald Ford's role in stopping Patman was pivotal.

That Ford would cooperate was assumed, in the view of the men close to Nixon. Alexander P. Butterfield, the former Air Force colonel who, as a personal aide to Nixon, spent hundreds of hours in the Oval Office, said in a recent interview, "Nixon had Ford totally under his thumb. He was the tool of the Nixon Administration—like a puppy dog. They used him when they had to—wind him up and he'd go 'Arf, Arf.'" Butterfield was fired by Ford in 1975 as administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration, a move that he believes was punishment for his revelation of the existence of the White House tape recordings to the Senate Watergate Committee in July of 1973.

"Ford was the consummate politician," says Colson, and was aware that the White House was always willing to repay its loyal helpers. Ford once approached Colson on behalf of Paul Hall, the president of the Seafarers International Union, who was indicted in 1970 with seven other senior union officials—none of whom was ever prosecuted—for making more than $750,000 in illegal campaign contributions between 1964 and 1968. The indictment charged that extortion was committed in raising the money from union members. Hall was a contributor to Ford's campaign; more important, he had arranged for others to contribute, according to a Ford associate. He was, as Ford wrote in his 1979 memoir, *A Time To Heal*, a longtime personal friend. (There is no evidence that Hall, who died in 1980, asked Ford to approach the White House.) "The Justice Department is screwing Paul Hall," Colson recalls Ford complaining. "You've got to take care of it." Such requests were considered all in a day's work in the Nixon White House, as the Watergate investigation later revealed. (Hall and the others pleaded innocent in September of 1970, and the case was dismissed in May of 1972 by a federal judge in New York City for lack of prosecution.) Ford gave loyalty in return by remaining fervent in his public defense of Richard Nixon's innocence until a few days before Nixon's resignation. "Nixon would talk with him like one of the boys," Colson says—although he adds that he does not believe that in late 1972, when Ford successfully intervened to stop the Patman Committee, Ford was told the full scope of Watergate.

Watergate was the predominant issue for the staff members of the House Judiciary Committee in the fall of 1973, as they prepared for their exhaustive hearings on Ford's vice presidential nomination. The committee's focus, inevitably, was not on Ford's past record but on the impeachment proceedings against Nixon—which, many in Congress believed, would get under way once Ford was confirmed and sworn into office. "All of the Democrats understood what we were doing," William P. Dixon, one of the senior Democratic committee investigators, said in a recent interview. "We needed to put him in so we could remove Nixon. We couldn't get Nixon out until we got Ford in. We weren't just making Ford President—we were saving the presidency." There were few illusions among the investigators about Ford, whose main asset was that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



was not Richard Nixon. The staff's inquiry into Ford, Dixon says, produced evidence of unexplained cash transactions involving the Ford family's personal finances, some instances of double billing of airline flights, and what were considered to be technical violations of federal campaign-finance laws. Far more troubling to many committee investigators was a closely guarded Internal Revenue Service audit of Ford's finances for 1972, which showed that he and his wife, Betty, managed to live on between $5 and $13 per week in pocket money. "Ford couldn't buy his tobacco on $5 a week," one committee investigator says. "That was just total bull, as anyone who read the report knew." The investigator says that he and others shared many reservations about Ford, but viewed them as insignificant compared with the problems at hand. "We were saving the country. For God's sake, the other man was a lunatic. We had a thorough investigation of the guy and we didn't find any dead women or live boys. He was a known quantity: k-n-o-w-n; and let's get on with it."

FORD WAS MOST VULNERABLE, SOME MEMBERS OF the House Judiciary Committee believed, for his interference with the Patman inquiry. He was quizzed only cursorily about it during his confirmation testimony before the Senate Rules Committee and the House Judiciary Committee, but admitted without hesitation that he had worked diligently to upset the Patman investigation. It was, he claimed, a natural function of his responsibilities as House Republican leader, and not the result of any White House pressure. Ford was known to have repeatedly lobbied Republican members of the Patman Committee in the fall of 1972, and was instrumental in coordinating votes against Patman, whose request for subpoena power was defeated by a vote of 20 to 15 on October 3—effectively aborting the investigation. Ford arranged for two meetings with Republican members of the Patman Committee before the October vote, and circulated a critical letter to them. Patman, after the defeat, issued a prophetic statement: "I predict that the facts will come out, and when they do I am convinced they will reveal why the White House was so anxious to kill the committee's investigation. The public will fully understand why this pressure was mounted."

Ford specifically denied in his Senate testimony, on October 5, 1973, ever discussing the Patman investigation with Nixon or any of his key aides who helped with the Watergate cover-up—John D. Ehrlichman, his White House domestic adviser; H. R. Haldeman, his chief of staff; and John W. Dean III, a White House counsel. He further denied that his activities against Patman were motivated by any factor other than politics as usual. He had urged the Republican members of the committee to deny Patman the authority to issue subpoenas on the merits of the case, Ford said, and not out of fear that the investigation could jeopardize Nixon's re-election. Testifying in the House

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three weeks later, Ford also denied discussing the blocking of the Patman inquiry with William Timmons, the senior White House lobbyist, and said that he had no recollection of any such discussions with others in the White House.

One Democratic lawyer then on the House Judiciary Committee staff recalls the widespread belief that Ford had been less than candid in his confirmation hearings about White House involvement in his lobbying against Patman, but argues that there were clear reasons for not dwelling on the issue: "Agnew's left and Ford is coming in. What good is it to the country to go after him and find little nits? This was the first time the Twenty-fifth Amendment [which outlines procedures for the replacement of a dead or incapacitated President or Vice President] was being utilized. Let's not get bogged down in minutiae."

Such minutiae are essential, however, to an understanding of Ford's loyalty to Nixon, and the extent to which he was beholden to Nixon; he had chosen to provide misleading testimony in his confirmation hearings rather than embarrass or endanger the White House.

The loyalty went two ways. On April 30, 1974, the White House released hundreds of pages of transcripts as part of the President's frantic effort to forestall the impeachment process. Included were transcripts of a September 15, 1972, meeting between Nixon, Haldeman, and Dean, in which methods of putting pressure on the Patman Committee were discussed at length. Ford's name was repeatedly mentioned by the President and his aides. A clearer indication that Ford, contrary to his assertions, had discussed the Patman investigation with the White House did not appear until late June of 1974, when the House Judiciary Committee released its version of the same tape recording, in which many of the phrases and sentences previously marked "unintelligible" were restored. The committee's transcripts revealed that Ford was being called upon to play an active role in undermining Patman, and they provided dramatic evidence, not noted at the time, of how Nixon and the men around him consistently altered the dialogue to protect Ford. (The press focused its attention in June on those previously deleted portions of the transcripts that dealt with a series of presidential threats directed at *The Washington Post*, Edward Bennett Williams, the *Post*'s prominent attorney, and the newspaper's television station, which was licensed by the federal government.)

The White House distortion of its transcripts was considered potentially a criminal matter by the Watergate Special Prosecution Force, which pursued the issue for at least a year after Nixon's resignation without recommending any indictments. Some of the most severe distortions occurred in discussions about Ford.

Nixon's suggestion that Ford had "to lead on this [action against Patman]" was deleted from the White House's version of the transcript, and a strong comment about the necessity of Ford's involvement was placed in the mouth of John Dean. Also deleted was Nixon's rhetorical question: "[Can Ford] do anything with Patman?" Missing, too, was Nixon's statement that "the game has to be played awfully rough . . . you'll follow through with . . . who—Timmons, or with Ford, or—How's it going to operate?" It was tentatively agreed that Haldeman would discuss the Patman issue with Timmons and that Ehrlichman would perhaps talk to Ford. Ford should be told, Nixon said in a comment that was deleted, that "I'm getting into this thing."

John Dean, in his second memoir, *Lost Honor*, published in 1982, printed extensive excerpts from White House memoranda indicating that he was in repeated contact with Timmons and other White House congressional lobbyists on the Patman issue between September 15 and October 3, when Patman was denied the subpoenas. Dean wrote that he was being assured of repeated contact by the Nixon aides with Ford. Charles Colson similarly recalls discussing the President's desire to stop the Patman investigation with Ford and enlisting his aid. "I talked to Ford directly," Colson says. "It was pure politics. We—the White House—wanted to stop the Democrats from having congressional hearings that would be politically embarrassing." Colson recalls attending meetings in the White House with Timmons and others, as did John Dean, at which specific conversations that had taken place with Ford were discussed in the context of killing the Patman inquiry. "There was no question in my mind that this was a routine political operation," he says.

Ford's direct involvement in blocking the Patman inquiry was not surprising; as a loyal Republican Party leader with close ties to the White House, he could hardly have been expected not to do his best to turn the vote against Patman and prevent him from gaining subpoena power. Yet he went far beyond political routine in his confirmation hearings, testifying that he had neither been in direct contact with the White House nor received direct pressure from the President's men on the issue. Ford chose to mislead the committees to preserve his standing with the Republican Party and the White House. He understood that personal and political loyalty would get him further in Washington than complete testimony. Ford's actions in blocking Wright Patman were far from remarkable, but the risk he took in his testimony—at a time of continued White House leaks—in denying the high-level pressures was an extraordinary one. Any hint in the press of Ford's obedience to Nixon's men would have evoked Watergate and jeopardized his confirmation.

THE NIXON WHITE HOUSE WAS RIFE WITH INTRIGUE and distrust on December 6, 1973, when Ford, after his overwhelming confirmation by the House and Senate, was sworn in as Vice President. Ford's ability to step into the power vacuum and exert influence was limited by his awareness that he had not been Nixon's first choice as Vice President. Nixon had insisted initially that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Connally, the former secretary of the treasury, who was himself under investigation for alleged bribery, be nominated as Vice President. Connally's self-confidence and his success as an attorney in private practice were powerful attractions for Nixon. Charles Colson says that Nixon, in their private talks in the Oval Office, would literally "design" the sort of law practices he thought Colson and Connally should have after they retired from public life. (After Colson left the White House staff, in early 1973, Nixon urged him to bring his potential law clients to the Oval Office, so that they would be impressed by Colson's close relationship with the President. Colson says that in one chat, Nixon complained about his years as Vice President under Dwight D. Eisenhower. "After eight years, Chuck, I left the White House with $38,000 in my savings account and a four-year-old Oldsmobile. Don't you make that mistake.") Nixon had reluctantly accepted Ford as an alternative to Connally only after extensive pleading from J. Fred Buzhardt, a White House attorney, and Melvin A. Laird, Nixon's former secretary of defense. Nixon had reservations about Ford's abilities, Colson says; after Ford's confirmation, the President once described him to Colson as his "insurance policy" against impeachment.

Haig shared Nixon's ambivalence toward Ford, according to his aides, but he apparently found it easy to suppress his feelings. He understood that Ford had an excellent chance of becoming President: he must have known, as Buzhardt, with whom he spoke often, knew, that Nixon was guilty of most of what his enemies were claiming he had done. Such knowledge was a closely guarded secret in the White House. One of Haig's first moves after being named chief of staff was to recruit Buzhardt to serve as Nixon's primary Watergate attorney. Buzhardt was Haig's closest confidant in the White House, but his loyalties were complex. He served the President well—at one point, he himself was under investigation by the Watergate Special Prosecution Force—but he also had allegiance to Melvin Laird, for whom he had worked in the Pentagon as general counsel. Laird had resigned as Nixon's secretary of defense late in 1972, but was induced to join the White House staff after the April 30, 1973, resignations of Haldeman and Ehrlichman by a promise of full control of social, welfare, and education programs. Another factor in his return to the Administration was solemn assurance from Buzhardt and Haig that Richard Nixon was not guilty. "After I'd been back about three or four weeks," Laird recalled recently, "Fred came to see me. He told me he had misled me. 'I was wrong,' he said. 'The President did have knowledge, and I've just got to level with you.' I was shook up."

If Haig and Buzhardt understood that Nixon was guilty, they also understood that the burden was on the Watergate Special Prosecutor and the legal system to prove it. Haig was careful to protect himself: he began, almost immediately, to curry favor with Gerald Ford.

Ford had turned to an old friend, Benton L. Becker, a Washington attorney, for help during his vice presidential confirmation hearings. Becker was a former Justice Department prosecutor who, after leaving the government, had worked at Ford's direction on the private impeachment investigation of Justice Douglas in 1970. Becker learned immediately, as he recalled in a recent series of interviews, that Ford was responding to the wishes of Nixon's men in his condemnation of Douglas. John N. Mitchell, the attorney general, who was among Nixon's most trusted advisers, "pumped up" Ford during that inquiry, Becker says. When Ford summoned him again during the confirmation hearings, Becker had his first contact with Alexander Haig. Ford had been approached early in the confirmation process by Peter W. Rodino, Jr., the New Jersey Democrat who was chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. Rodino offered access to the reports of the FBI investigation of Ford's background, according to Becker. It was clear that none of the Democratic leaders in the House wanted anything to stand in the way of Ford's confirmation. They knew, as did Ford, Becker says, that Nixon would be forced to leave and that Ford "was going to be President." Becker rejected Rodino's offer, to protect Ford, and was thus all the more surprised one afternoon, while he and Ford were conferring on income-tax matters, to hear Ford, who had taken a telephone call from Haig, suddenly begin discussing FBI information. "I heard Ford saying, 'One hundred and thirty FBI agents investigating me?' " After a moment's pause, Ford said, "They found him?"—referring to a minor colleague of years past. There was more talk, about a trip Ford took to China in 1972. At that point, Becker says, "I walked around Ford and grabbed the telephone out of his hand. 'General Haig, my name is Benton Becker, and I'm Gerald Ford's personal attorney.'

" 'I know who you are,' Haig says.

"I explain—and I'm angry—that Ford is going to be asked at some point during the confirmation hearings whether or not the White House provided him with any information from the FBI background investigation. And I want Ford to be able to say no. 'Therefore, you and no one else in the White House are to have any contact with Ford during confirmation. Is that understood?' "

Haig, also angry, answered, "Yes." Ford was grateful for his intervention, Becker says, but seemed not to understand that Haig was doing more than relaying information from the FBI: "He was also trying to ingratiate himself with Ford." Haig's instincts in doing so were normal for a good bureaucrat, but his method was questionable: John Dean's efforts to provide background FBI information to the White House had already emerged as a focal point for Watergate scandal.

Haig's courting of Gerald Ford intensified with the Watergate crisis. By July 30, 1974, Richard Nixon's position was desperate. The House Judiciary Committee had voted three articles of impeachment in the preceding few days, with debate scheduled to begin in the full House on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

August 19. The loss of his Supreme Court case on July 24 forced Nixon to turn over the June 23, 1972, tape, which he knew would make a vote for impeachment certain. His last chance was in the Senate, where he would be tried, but if he lost his case there he would lose his pension and other benefits due an ex-President. A resignation, as Nixon noted in *RN*, his 1978 memoir, would lead to "an onslaught of lawsuits that would cost millions of dollars and take years to fight in the courts." Another issue, surely—not noted in the memoirs—was the possibility of going to prison. Nixon wrote that on July 31, he was told by Haig and Ronald Ziegler, his press secretary, that they found the June 23 tape recording to be devastating. "I just don't see how we can survive this one," Nixon quoted Haig as saying. "I told Haig that I had decided to resign," Nixon wrote. "If the June 23 tape was not explainable, I could not very well expect the staff to try to explain it and defend it." He instructed Haig to meet with Ford and tell him that he was thinking of resigning, without indicating when. "I said Haig should ask him to be prepared to take over sometime within the next few days."

FROM MID-JULY ON, FORD HAD BEEN CONSTANTLY urged by his close aides and friends, including Robert T. Hartmann, a former Washington bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times*, who was his chief of staff, to avoid discussing Nixon's future with Al Haig. The advisers believed that Nixon was seeking a commitment for a pardon from Ford. Laird recalls telephoning Philip W. Buchen, who later became presidential counselor to Ford, and telling Buchen "to keep those guys [Nixon's men] away from him." Hartmann wrote in his memoirs of receiving an early-evening telephone call from Haig on July 31, requesting a private appointment with Ford the next morning. Haig would come to Ford's office. Before the meeting, Hartmann wrote, he urged Ford to permit him to sit in: "I just think you might want to have a witness to who said what . . . I don't know what's on Haig's mind." There was little love lost between Hartmann and Haig; the two became bitter rivals after Nixon's resignation. Haig, furious over what he viewed as Hartmann's sniping to the press behind his back, once grabbed a Hartmann aide by the lapels, according to that aide, and declared, "If you have any influence over that fat Kraut, you tell him to knock it off or he's going to be the first stretcher case coming out of the West Wing."

Haig was unhappy on the morning of August 1 to find Hartmann at Ford's office, and after it became clear that Hartmann would not leave, he chose not to relay Nixon's message. Nixon's "mood was constantly changing," Hartmann wrote that Haig told them. "One minute he was all for fighting it out . . . . Then he would appear strangely indifferent. . . ." There was no talk of imminent resignation. A few moments after the meeting, Haig placed another call to Ford, who had left the White House with Hartmann to drive to the Vice President's office in the Senate. The conversation was one-sided: Hartmann listened as Ford uttered a series of *uh-huh*s. Ford told him that he had agreed to meet Haig privately at 3:30 that afternoon.

The only detailed version of what took place in the afternoon meeting, which lasted fifty minutes, is Gerald Ford's, as provided to a House Judiciary subcommittee during his testimony on October 17, 1974—more than one month after his pardon of Nixon. He was only the second President to make such an appearance. Haig has never been questioned under oath on his role in the pardon, although he did say in a prepared statement on January 9, 1981, as he was beginning Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on his nomination to be secretary of state in the Reagan Administration: "At no time did I ever suggest in any way an agreement or 'deal' that Mr. Nixon would resign in exchange for a pardon from Mr. Ford. When I met alone with Vice President Ford on August 1, 1974, I went to that meeting to tell him of President Nixon's inclination to resign, and to emphasize to him that he had to be prepared to assume the presidency within a very short time . . . perhaps within a day." Haig's statement buttressed that of President Ford before the Judiciary subcommittee. Ford testified that he first learned of the damaging June 23 tape recording during the afternoon meeting with Haig, who asked whether he was prepared to assume the presidency in a short time. Haig discussed six possible options, Ford testified, including the option of Nixon pardoning himself before resigning; the option of first pardoning all of the Watergate defendants, then himself, and then resigning; and, finally, the option of an eventual pardon of Nixon, if he should resign, by the new President. "General Haig wanted my views on the various courses of action," Ford testified, "as well as my attitude on the options of resignation. However, he indicated he was not advocating any of the options." Haig also informed him, Ford said in response to a question, that "it was his understanding from a White House lawyer that a President did have the authority to grant a pardon even before any criminal action had been taken against an individual. . . . " Ford said he requested time "to think": "As I saw it, at this point, the question clearly before me was, under the circumstances, what course of action should I recommend that would be in the best interest of the country?"

Ford, in an April interview for this article at his offices near Palm Springs, California, emphatically denied, as he had in his public statements and testimony over the past nine years, that he and Alexander Haig made a deal for the presidency on the afternoon of August 1.

Nonetheless, Ford's and Haig's accounts of their encounter, as provided to Congress, were far from complete. Ford's August 1 schedule called for him to drive with his wife to the Admiral's House, atop Observatory Hill, on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington. The Victorian building, which once served as quarters for the chief of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naval operations, had been authorized by Congress to serve as the official home of the Vice President; Ford and his wife were meeting with a team of interior decorators and civil engineers. In a recent interview, one of Ford's aides recalled the sequence of events that afternoon:

"Ford was running late, as usual, and Mrs. Ford called me and asked whether he was going to make it. I went up to see what was the problem, and the receptionist was there. She said, 'Don't ask me and don't ask any questions.' I said, 'Let me see the appointment book.' She did, and there was the name Rogers Morton [Nixon's secretary of the interior]. I said, 'What's he doing here? It wasn't scheduled.' 'It's not Rogers Morton,' she said. 'It's General Haig, and he made me write Morton in the appointment book.' "

The aide went into Ford's outer room to wait. Thirty or so minutes later, Haig burst out. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. He said little else, but the aide knew that Haig was alarmed to find him there. "The real message was in his eyes." The aide went into the Vice President's office and found Ford "sitting in his chair, turned completely around and looking out the window directly at the West Wing of the White House." It took a few proddings before Ford responded to his hello, the aide recalls. "It was clear to me that whatever had transpired between him and Haig was of considerable moment. He was lost in his thoughts."

Ford's receptionist, Kathy E. McCarthy, kept careful records, and so the Haig appointment on August 1 remains on the official vice presidential log, made available for this article by the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library, as being with Rogers Morton. Ford, in the interview, noted that his office had made public the August 1 meeting, and that he had discussed it in congressional testimony. He dismissed as "irrelevant" Haig's attempt to hide it. "What transpired in an outer office with a secretary," he said, "is not substantive."

The men who investigated Richard Nixon and prosecuted his aides present a very different analysis. In their Watergate experiences, they can cite no instances in which presidential or vice presidential logs were deliberately made inaccurate. Haig's actions on the afternoon of August 1, the lawyers agree, could not be considered routine or unimportant. It would be reasonable to infer, the lawyers say, that whatever was to take place in the meeting with Ford—in Haig's mind, at least—would not stand up to public scrutiny.

Haig was frequently able to meet off the record with others in the White House; on August 7, for example, he spent one hour with Vice President Ford in Ford's office with no record of the visit on Ford's official logs. Keeping incomplete logs and slipping in visitors for private meetings is an accepted way of life at the top of government, and is often essential to the conduct of foreign affairs. Deliberately ordering the falsification of records is another matter, however, and raises a basic question about Haig's intent on the afternoon of August 1: what guarantees were being made to Nixon in return for his immediate resignation—an abdication that would spare the nation, and the Republican Party, the prospect of a lengthy impeachment trial in the U.S. Senate? Nixon's main bargaining power at this point was a threat not to resign, with its dire implications for Republican re-election chances—that is to say, Gerald Ford's election chances—in 1976. Haig, asked recently to explain why he ordered the logs falsified, failed to respond.

Buzhardt discussed the meeting only once, in an interview published February 1, 1976, in *The Washington Post*. Asked about Ford's 1974 account of the August 1 meeting, in which Haig listed the various "options," including a pardon, Buzhardt told Walter Pincus, the reporter, "I don't know if Al was rattling off every idea, every possibility. I would assume that he would have discussed with President Nixon this matter before going to the Vice President, because it was my observation that he just didn't make decisions on his own without taking them up with the President, at this time or any other time." Buzhardt also said that he and others on the White House staff had initiated discussions with Nixon of a presidential pardon well before the July 24 Supreme Court decision that led to the disclosure of the smoking-gun tape. The decision prompted more discussion. On July 24, Buzhardt said, he proposed to Nixon, with Haig and James St. Clair, Nixon's Watergate attorney, listening on the telephone, that the entire Watergate issue could be "mooted" if Nixon pardoned all of the Watergate defendants and then himself. Buzhardt told Pincus that on the afternoon of August 1, moments before Haig's second visit with Ford, he and Haig once again discussed Buzhardt's opinion that a President could be pardoned for crimes not yet the subject of criminal indictment. (The story, which raised *prima facie* questions about whom Haig was representing at the August 1 meeting, attracted little interest, even from the editors of the *Post*, who decided not to publish it on the front page. "We were deep into a period of 'Let's forget it—Ford's a nice guy,' " Pincus says.)

In his memoirs, Robert Hartmann described his anxiety as he waited in his nearby office for Ford to finish his meeting with Haig. "Haig stayed for what seemed like an eternity," Hartmann wrote. After Hartmann was finally called in, Ford announced, "What I am going to tell you must not go any farther than this room." He explained quickly that Haig had discussed the seriousness of the June 23 transcript and the limited number of options available to Nixon. Ford said that "Haig had talked about the possibility of Nixon pardoning himself before resigning, which the lawyers thought he had the power to do, or of resigning and then being pardoned." Hartmann's account continued:

> "Jesus!" I said aloud. To myself: So that's the pitch Haig wouldn't make with me present. Aloud again: "What did you tell him?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I didn't tell him anything. I told him I needed time to think about it."

"You what?" I fairly shouted.

It was almost the worst answer Haig could have taken back to the White House. Far from telling nothing, Ford had told Haig that he was at least willing to entertain the idea—probably all that Haig and Nixon wanted to know.

Hartmann quoted himself as telling Ford, "I think you should have taken Haig by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants and thrown him the hell out of your office . . . And then you should have called an immediate press conference and told the world why."

Hartmann was still troubled at the close of the conversation: "It was as if he hadn't heard a word of my outburst. I could see that he had not yet grasped the monstrous impropriety of Haig's even mentioning the word 'pardon' in his presence."

The aide who saw Haig leave Ford's office then accompanied Ford to Observatory Hill, where the Vice President managed to sit calmly through a series of briefings from the engineers and decorators. At one point, the aide overheard Ford quietly tell his wife, "Betty, we are never going to live in this house."

The next morning, Ford told the House Judiciary subcommittee, he met with James St. Clair to consider Nixon's chances of being impeached, in view of the June 23 tape. "When I pointed out to him the various options mentioned to me by General Haig," Ford testified, "he told me he had not been the source of any opinion about presidential pardon power."

"After thought on the matter," Ford added, "I was determined not to make any recommendations to the President on his resignation. . . . For that reason . . . I decided I should call General Haig the afternoon of August 2. I did make the call late that afternoon, and told him I wanted him to understand that I had no intention of recommending what the President should do about resigning or not resigning, and that nothing we had talked about the previous afternoon should be given any consideration in whatever decision the President might make. General Haig told me he was in full agreement with this position."

St. Clair, in an interview last March, was unable to confirm Ford's version of their meeting. "I have no recollection of talking about the new [June 23] tape with Ford, and I don't remember discussing a presidential pardon," he said. What he did recall was Ford's strange query as to whether there was any evidence indicating that the Nixon White House had been involved in the May, 1972, shooting of Alabama Governor George Wallace during the presidential primary campaign. " 'Is there anything to it? Is there a problem? Was the White House behind the Wallace shooting.' I said no." (A year after the shooting, *The Washington Post* reported that Nixon had been worried at the time that the attempt on Wallace's life was linked to members of his re-election campaign. Nixon was said to have expressed the fear that if such a tie existed, "it could cost him the election.") St. Clair also recalled a brief conversation about the likelihood of an economic recession.

Nothing in the meeting changed his basic view of Ford, St. Clair added. "What I saw of him confirmed everything I'd ever heard about the [vice presidency]. It'd be very hard to justify the office. I felt he had been completely bypassed. I couldn't figure out what he was doing."

Ford did not describe, in his House testimony, a conversation with Hartmann that took place immediately after St. Clair's visit on the morning of August 2. In his memoirs, Hartmann wrote that he asked John O. Marsh, Jr., a former Republican congressman from Virginia, who was a senior aide to the Vice President, to come to Ford's office to listen to Ford's recapitulation of his meeting with Haig. It was then that Ford told of yet another contact with Haig. " 'Betty and I talked it over last night,' he began," wrote Hartmann. " 'We felt we were ready. This just has to stop; it's tearing the country to pieces. I decided to go ahead and get it over with, so I called Al Haig and told him they should do whatever they decided to do; it was all right with me.' "

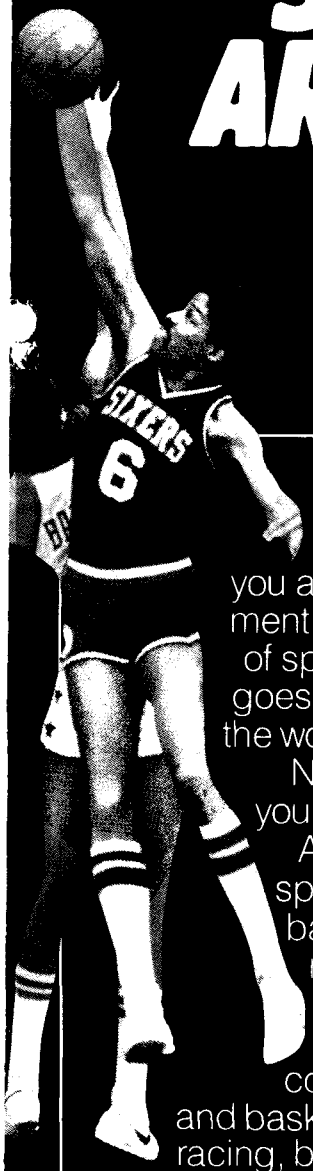
"I couldn't believe my ears," Hartmann wrote. It was only after much argument from Hartmann and Marsh—and from Bryce Harlow, the former Nixon aide they called in to support them—that Ford made the telephone call to Haig in which he sought to disavow what had taken place the afternoon and night before. After that call, Hartmann wrote, he had a drink with Harlow and Marsh to toast "a good day's work." "We thought that was the end of it."

Ford, in his memoirs, wrote that it was Haig who initiated the telephone call the night before, which came shortly before 1:30 in the morning. "Nothing has changed," Ford quoted Haig as explaining. "The situation is as fluid as ever." He told Haig, Ford wrote, that he and his wife had decided that "we can't get involved in the White House decision-making process." Robert Hartmann recollects the conversation differently: "I know what most upset me was the fact that Ford had called Haig," he wrote. "Why would Haig telephone the Vice President at 1:30 A.M. to say nothing had changed? And why, if Ford informed Haig that night that 'we can't get involved,' did he have to go through it all over again the next day for Harlow, Marsh and me?" In the interview for this article, Ford acknowledged Hartmann's differing recollection, but insisted, "Haig called me."

The aide who monitored Haig's telephones and handled many of his sensitive papers says that Nixon left the White House convinced that he had been promised a pardon by Ford—and more: the President felt assured that he would be permitted to take all of his papers and tapes with him. Others in the White House were also sure that an understanding had been reached—one that helped Nixon override the heated objections of his wife, Patricia, and his daughters, Julie and Tricia, and give up the presidency. Patricia Nixon fought his decision to the end. One aide re-

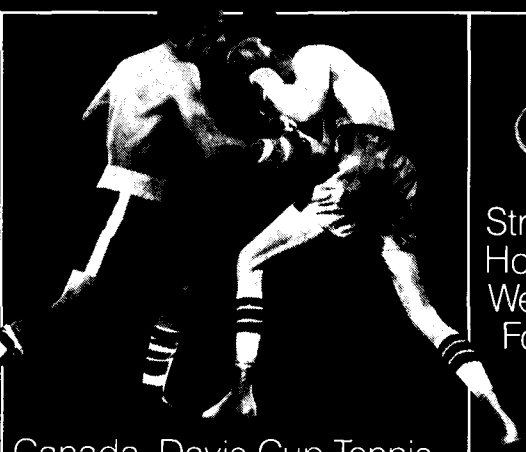
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS FROM ALL AROUND THE WORLD. ALL AROUND THE CLOCK.

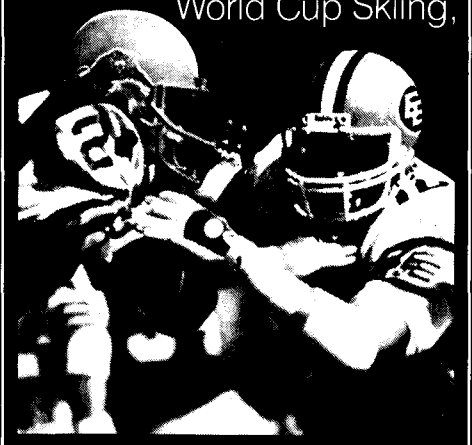


ESPN brings you all the excitement and color of sports. And goes anywhere in the world to do it.

Not only do you see great American sports like NBA basketball, the new United States Football League, college football and basketball, auto racing, boxing, PKA karate and major golf events. You also see great international events like Pro Football from



Canada, Davis Cup Tennis, Australian Rules Football, World Cup Skiing,



and much, much more.

But we do more than bring you great events. We bring you an in depth look at the world of sports through such programs as This Week in the NBA, College Basketball Report, Inside Baseball, the award winning Down the

Stretch: ESPN's Horse Racing Weekly, SportsForum and SportsCenter, the most comprehensive sports news show on television. And special events like the NFL Draft and the Baseball Hall of Fame induction ceremonies. The excitement and

involvement of sports has no boundaries. And neither does ESPN. Where the cheering never stops.

ESPN™

© 1983 ESPN

THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK™

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calls sitting outside the President's office in the last days and overhearing Mrs. Nixon complain to her husband, "You've ruined my life." Another White House insider, a witness to many conversations in the offices of Henry A. Kissinger, the national security adviser, heard Haig tell Kissinger, with whom he consulted almost daily on Watergate matters, that, in the witness's words, "the President couldn't go when he was going to face a jail sentence—and so a deal would have to be struck." Haig and Kissinger were "laughing as they talked," the witness recalls. "They laughed a lot about very serious things." Kissinger, concerned about foreign affairs, was anxious that Nixon be forced out as soon as possible, the aide to Haig says: "I remember Henry telling Haig that it was time to 'bring down the curtain on this charade.' "

HAIG'S GOAL OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS WAS COMplex: to end the "charade," and to do so in a way that protected not only Richard Nixon but his own standing with Gerald Ford. A new urgency was added early in August: scare talk about the need to bring out the Army's 82nd Airborne Division to protect the White House. There is evidence that Haig was behind much of this talk, which worked its way quickly to the Pentagon and—more important—to the Special Prosecutor's office.

In his memoirs, Nixon wrote of the crowds that had gathered in early August outside the White House gates on Pennsylvania Avenue. He was briefly exposed to their view on August 7, when crossing the private street between the White House and his hideaway office in the Executive Office Building. "The crowds waiting outside . . . surged forward when I came into view," Nixon wrote. "I could sense the tension of the Secret Service agents, and I moved as quickly as possible up the broad stone stairs and into the office."

In the second volume of his memoirs, *Years of Upheaval*, Henry Kissinger wrote of a meeting with Haig on August 2: "He told me that Nixon was digging in his heels [in terms of immediate resignation]; it might be necessary to put the 82nd Airborne Division around the White House to protect the President. This I said was nonsense; a Presidency could not be conducted from a White House ringed with bayonets. Haig said he agreed completely; as a military man it made him heartsick to think of the Army in that role; he simply wanted me to have a feel for the kinds of ideas being canvassed."

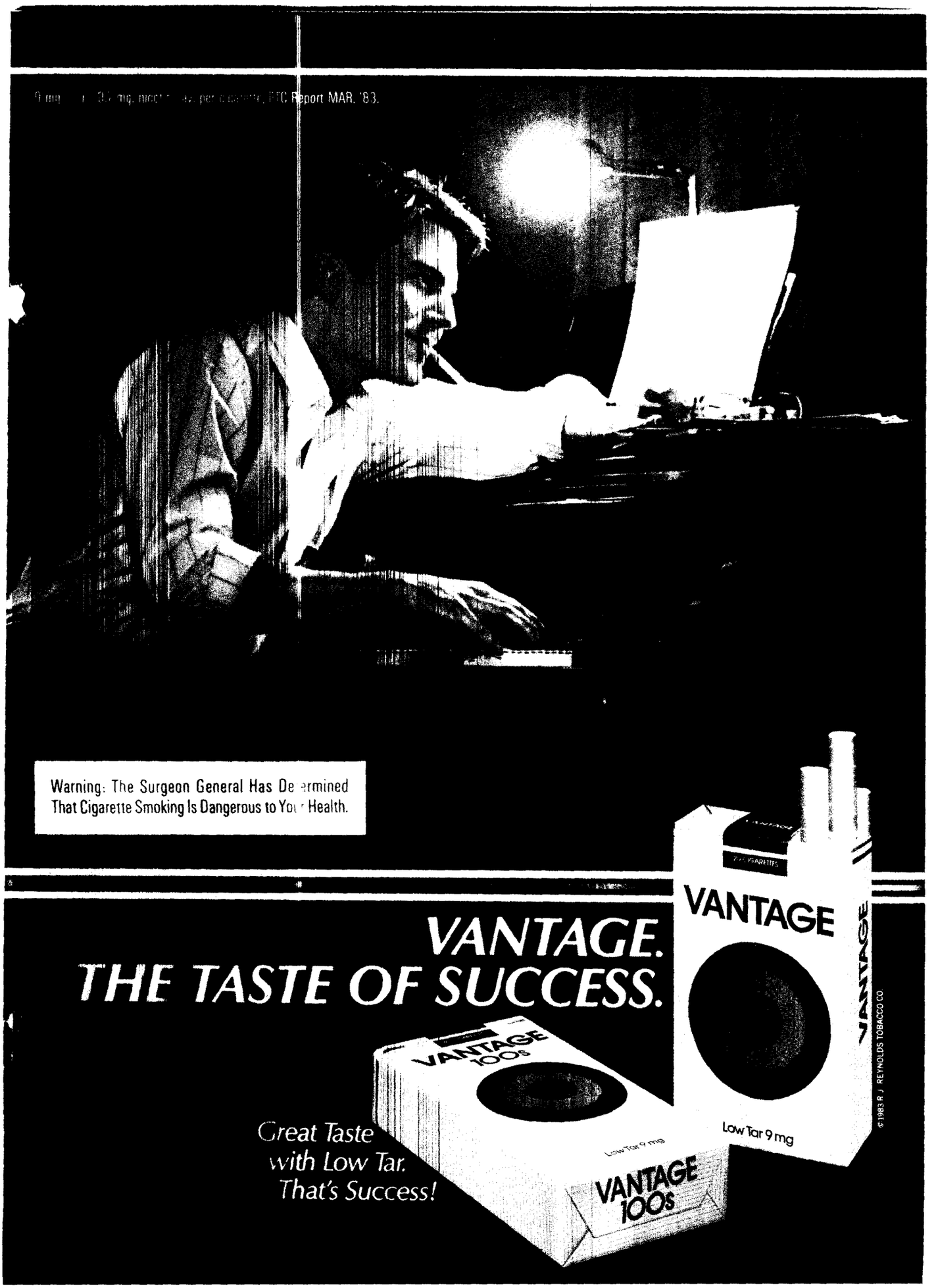
One of Haig's close aides describes the atmosphere: "There was a vehemence against us. We had people circling the White House. Only Abe Lincoln had faced such ugliness, such absolute vehemence, while in the presidency. The White House is not a fort. It's a tough place to get into, but not a tough place to take [by force]." There was real "concern" on the part of Nixon and Haig about the crowds outside the White House. "Haig *was* saying, 'Hey, maybe we need the 82nd Airborne.' " The aide insists that neither Nixon nor Haig was entertaining any thought of what he called "extra-legal stuff." Not everyone at the top of the government was so sure.

On December 22, 1973, a few weeks after Gerald Ford's swearing-in as Vice President, Richard Nixon held his annual ceremonial meeting with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. One member of the Joint Chiefs, a four-star officer, recalled in a recent interview that the President's performance was bizarre and alarming. "He kept on referring to the fact that he may be the last hope, the eastern elite was out to get him. He kept saying, 'This is our last and best hope. The last chance to resist the fascists [of the left].' His words brought me straight up out of my chair. I felt the President, without the words having been said, was trying to sound us out to see if we would support him in some extra-constitutional action. He was trying to find out whether in a crunch there was support to keep him in power. . . ." The senior officer decided after the meeting, he recalled, that the other members of the Joint Chiefs did not seem to share his fears. He made it a point to discuss the meeting with James Schlesinger, the Rand Corporation economist and defense analyst, who had been named secretary of defense by Nixon in May of 1973, in the first Watergate-inspired Cabinet shake-up. Schlesinger had also been upset by Nixon's language, but he was noncommittal.

In April of 1974, Joseph Laitin, a public-affairs official who had served in the Johnson White House, telephoned Schlesinger. Although Laitin was a liberal Democrat, the two had become friends early in the Nixon Administration, after Laitin was reassigned as a press officer in the Bureau of the Budget, where Schlesinger was in charge of analyzing defense and intelligence programs. They had remained close as Schlesinger moved up in the government—to chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission in 1971, director of the Central Intelligence Agency in February of 1973, and to the Pentagon in May. Laitin broached some of his fears: Was it possible for the President of the United States to authorize the use of nuclear weapons without his secretary of defense knowing it? What if Nixon, ordered by the Supreme Court to leave office, refused to leave and called for the military to surround the Washington area? Who was in charge then? Whose orders would be obeyed in a crisis? "If I were in your job," Laitin recalls telling Schlesinger, "I would want to know the location of the combat troops nearest to downtown Washington and the chain of command." Schlesinger said only, "Nice talking to you," and hung up.

Schlesinger did not need Laitin to provoke his suspicions of the President and the men immediately around him. He had watched, while serving in the Bureau of the Budget, as Nixon and Kissinger, invariably using Haig as their executive agent, repeatedly bypassed Melvin Laird, then secretary of defense. Laird would simply be eliminated from the chain of command, as combat orders for the war in Vietnam would go directly from the White House to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. At one point early in the Administra-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREAKTHROUGH: A VALLEY OF MIRRORS THAT FOLLOW THE SUN.

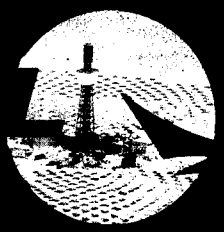
At the experimental solar power plant near Barstow, California, our design imitates nature. Just as sunflowers turn to follow the daily progress of the sun across the sky, 1,800 giant mirrored panels (called heliostats) are programmed to tilt and turn to the ideal reflective angle for every minute of the day. They focus the sun's rays on a "power-tower" boiler, creating steam to generate electricity.

Today, Solar One produces enough electricity for Southern California Edison to meet the requirements of a town of 6,000. Solar 100, a new plant ten times larger, is being planned. A plant of this size would save hundreds of thousands of barrels of oil every year.

McDonnell Douglas design innovations would give Solar 100 heliostats 50% more reflective area (and increased power-generating capability) compared with those at Solar One.

We're creating breakthroughs not only in energy but in aerospace, health care and information processing.

We're McDonnell Douglas.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, Schlesinger had expressed his concern about such practices to Haig, who shrugged it off. Schlesinger's doubts about the White House's integrity deepened soon after he was named to replace Richard Helms as CIA director. Within weeks, the Agency was embroiled in Watergate, as it became known that the White House, working in 1971 through General Robert D. Cushman, Jr., deputy CIA director, had authorized Agency support for a series of illegal escapades involving E. Howard Hunt, Jr., and G. Gordon Liddy, members of the White House "Plumbers" team. Cushman, who had grown close to Nixon while serving as his military aide during the Eisenhower years, had been promoted by Nixon to commandant of the Marine Corps after leaving the CIA—he was thus one of the five members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the one feared by Schlesinger in 1974.

Since moving to the Pentagon, Schlesinger had had occasion to learn firsthand of the desperation in the White House, he told an acquaintance recently. Late in 1973, a few weeks after the White House had been criticized for what seemed to be an eighteen-and-a-half minute erasure in a crucial tape recording, Haig had telephoned Schlesinger with a disturbing order. Acting on behalf of the President, he told Schlesinger to arrange for the National Security Agency, the nation's communications intelligence agency, which is under Pentagon control, to produce a duplicate set of White House recordings. Schlesinger worried that any attempt by Nixon and Haig to involve the nation's most sensitive intelligence service in Watergate could only hurt national security. The NSA, of all agencies, had to be above suspicion. After consulting his closest associates in the Pentagon, among them Martin R. Hoffman, the secretary of the Army, Schlesinger telephoned Haig with a counter-offer: it was, of course, perfectly proper for the NSA to duplicate tapes at Nixon's request, he said; but the Defense Department felt that it would have to inform the Watergate Special Prosecution Force of the request and allow it, if it so chose, to have a representative witness the procedure. Haig was, as Schlesinger anticipated, enraged at the suggestion, and became only more so when Schlesinger persisted by telling him that if the White House's purpose was solely to reproduce the recordings so that more persons could listen to them, there could be no objections to permitting the Special Prosecutor's office to participate. Haig abruptly hung up; there would be no more Watergate-related calls to Schlesinger from Haig's office.

Laitin's warning, Schlesinger's experiences in the Bureau of the Budget, the dispute with Haig, and Schlesinger's suspicion of General Cushman were the driving forces behind Schlesinger's next move. As he told the acquaintance, "I had seen enough so that I was not going to run risks with the future of the United States. There are a lot of parliamentary governments that have been overthrown with much less at stake." Sometime in late July of 1974, Schlesinger called in Air Force General George S. Brown, the newly appointed chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Brown was known as an officer who was far more comfortable behind the stick of an airplane than in an office; he never seemed to master high-level politics, with its subtle language and indirection. Bearing that in mind, and aware that Brown had taken an oath of office that made him responsible to Nixon as Commander-in-Chief, Schlesinger trod delicately during their talk. His goal was to express his concerns about the White House and somehow to get Brown to reach the same conclusion that he himself had already reached. In essence, Schlesinger asked Brown for a commitment that neither he nor any of the other chiefs would respond to an order from the White House calling for the use of military force without immediately informing Schlesinger. Brown dutifully relayed Schlesinger's message to the other members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at a meeting a few hours later. He began the session, one of the joint chiefs recalls, by announcing, "I've just had the strangest conversation with the Secretary of Defense." Schlesinger had urged him not to "do anything to disturb the equilibrium of the Republic, and to make sure we're in accord." He had said, "Don't take any emergency-type action without consulting me." Brown was troubled by Schlesinger's remarks, and so was everyone else at the meeting. "We were confused, and George had to be confused," the chief says. "We sat around looking at our fingernails; we didn't want to look at each other. It was a complete shock to us. I don't think any of us ever considered taking any action. We didn't know whether to be affronted or flattered at the thought." The chief recalls that one of his colleagues commented that Schlesinger must have been "thinking of something out of *Seven Days in May*." If there was any consensus, the chief says, it was that "Schlesinger was coming unglued."

Schlesinger was clear, however, about his concerns. He continued to believe that Cushman, with his personal loyalty to Nixon, was a weak link in the new chain of command. He carried his own deliberations further and quietly investigated just which forces would be available to Nixon. He found out how quickly the 82nd Airborne Division could be brought to Washington from its home base at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The Marines, he learned—Cushman's troops—were by far the strongest presence in the Washington area, with an honor-guard barracks in southeast Washington and a large officer-training facility at Quantico, Virginia, some thirty miles to the south. Schlesinger began to investigate what forces could be assembled at his order as a counterweight to the Marines, if Nixon—in a crisis—chose to subvert the Constitution. Schlesinger's overriding concern, in case a crisis did arise, was the possibility that the armed forces would follow their inherent loyalty to the Commander-in-Chief. One comfort was his firm belief, based on what he had seen in the previous five and a half years, that any such order, if given, would come not directly from Nixon but from Haig. The Joint Chiefs would respond to an order from the secretary of defense, Schlesinger believed, before they would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respond to one from Haig. As he explained to the acquaintance, "If an order came from below the Commander-in-Chief level, I could handle it."

Schlesinger knew that many might view his precautionary steps as the actions of an alarmist, but years later he remained proud of his decision: "First protect the country and then the Department of Defense."

The notion that Nixon could at any time resort to extraordinary steps to preserve his presidency was far more widespread in the government than the public perceived in the early days of Watergate or perceives today. One of the original Watergate prosecutors recalled in a recent interview the immediate fear, once the full implication of John Dean's allegations in the spring of 1973 became known, that "the government could topple." When the case against Richard Nixon was initially outlined that April to Henry E. Petersen, head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, the prosecutor says, Petersen responded by exclaiming, "The government's going to fall. And then what's going to happen?" The concern was that Nixon would not comply with the judicial process: instead of accepting subpoenas for his internal records, he would defy the courts and any contempt summons. "Who ever heard of a President subjecting himself to a court?" the prosecutor recalls asking himself. "What if Nixon goes on TV—and openly defies the court? Who is the public going to support? Thousands of telegrams come in his support, and Nixon calls in the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Then what is Congress going to do?"

"I'll tell you what," the prosecutor says. "They'll run for cover. One third of the country still supports him, and we're on the verge of civil insurrection. If he told the Joint Chiefs, 'I want the troops out and I want to dissolve Congress,' they would have done it."

It was to Nixon's credit, the prosecutor insists, that Nixon chose to accept service of a judicial subpoena and not to jail the marshal delivering it. "You've got to say this for him—he had respect for the government, because he stepped out. If he were a Hitler or a Stalin, he'd have gone all the way, brought the house down. And that's what Jaworski was afraid of and that's what we were afraid of."

HAIG HAS BEEN DESCRIBED REPEATEDLY IN THE Watergate literature as the architect of Nixon's resignation, as the man who helped maneuver the President out of office. Haig did play that role, but his essential loyalty to Nixon remained constant throughout the difficult last days, and his mission in easing out Nixon was to strike the best deal possible for him. His greatest successes in the summer of 1974 were with Gerald Ford and with Leon Jaworski, who arrived in November of 1973 as Watergate Prosecutor with the firm belief that there was no constitutional basis for indicting a sitting President. Haig had initially offered the job to Jaworski, on Nixon's behalf, in late October of 1973, two weeks after Nixon fired Archibald Cox, the original Special Prosecutor—an act that triggered the resignations and protests that became known as the Saturday Night Massacre. The high price to the nation of Cox's dismissal was a bargain to the men in the White House: one aide recalls Haig's description of Cox, a Harvard law professor, as "a silver bullet that missed."

Jaworski, sixty-eight, a past president of the American Bar Association, was known as a conservative Democrat with strong ties to Lyndon Johnson and as a man with a strong ego. He was a firm believer in national security and the sanctity of the presidency. In their first meeting, Jaworski later wrote in his memoirs, Haig praised his qualifications and added, "You're highly regarded and it's no secret that you're high on the list for an appointment to the Supreme Court." Jaworski described the remark as perhaps "part flattery" and perhaps "part fact." Their relationship flourished over the next few months; he and Haig would often talk by telephone and confer in the White House Map Room. The Prosecution Force attorneys were increasingly troubled by Jaworski's willingness to meet privately with Haig, particularly since the attorneys all understood—as did Jaworski—that they had accumulated extensive evidence by the end of 1973 showing that Nixon was guilty of participation in the Watergate cover-up. The Prosecution Force attorneys did not question Jaworski's basic integrity, for he clearly was a man of principle; it was his sophistication that was at issue. One senior Watergate prosecutor recalls that he and his colleagues would discuss Jaworski's belief that "he was a better poker player" than Haig. "Leon thought he had become a good friend of Haig and could trust him," the prosecutor says, "and that Haig had the country's needs at heart." The prosecutors feared that Jaworski was relaying inside information to Haig. They speculated that Jaworski, perhaps because of his service as a colonel in World War II and later as an Army prosecutor at Nuremberg, and because of his inherent respect for the uniform, had convinced himself that Haig was a career professional and not a politician.

An aide close to Haig characterizes Haig's selection of Jaworski as one of his shrewdest moves. "Jaworski was thoughtful and patriotic, but he didn't know all of the many parts," the aide, who was the notetaker at some of their meetings, says. Jaworski viewed Haig as a peer, equally thoughtful and patriotic.

"Haig was the opposing general," the aide says. "It was Rommel versus Montgomery in the North African desert. They were the heads of armies, and it wasn't personal between them. Underneath them were all the emotions and the tumult, and both men knew that the guys below would sell them out." Jaworski had consistent conflicts with the younger members of the Watergate Prosecution Force, and Haig, the aide says, was distressed by what he viewed as disloyalty among the junior White House aides to the President—and ultimately to himself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So they would meet in the Map Room, and Haig would move close to Leon, stare at him intensely with his blue eyes, and warn Leon about the dangers to the nation that Watergate posed." The aide says, with obvious admiration, "Haig understood the play."

The Watergate Prosecution Force had drawn up a 128-page "Prosecution Report" by early February of 1974, outlining what it described as conclusive evidence of Nixon's involvement in criminal activity. There was no need in that office for a "smoking gun." During the next months, Jaworski was in a constant struggle with the Watergate grand jury, composed of twenty-three Washington residents, over the question of indicting Nixon. Jaworski, not content merely to discourage the grand jurors from indicting the President, warned them that as long as Nixon was in office he, as Special Prosecutor, would not sign an indictment. His was the ultimate authority, because no indictments could be issued without his personal approval. Jaworski held back none of his fears in his attempts to maintain control over the grand jurors. In a June, 1982, segment of the ABC television show *20/20*, Harold Evans, deputy foreman of the grand jury, described some of Jaworski's arguments against indictment: "He gave us some very strange arguments. . . . He gave us the trauma of the country, and he's the Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, and what happens if he surrounded the White House with his armed forces? Would the courts be able to act?" Did Alexander Haig, who is known to have spread similar concerns inside the White House, discuss this possible use of force with Jaworski?

In retrospect, Jaworski seems almost to have been a confidant of Haig in the last days. Internal Watergate Prosecution Force records, made available under the Freedom of Information Act, show that Haig matter-of-factly told Jaworski at a private lunch on August 8 that Nixon had finally decided to resign, effective at noon the next day, and would announce that decision in a televised address to the nation that evening. Haig said that Nixon would be taking all of his documents to California with him, and that—according to a Prosecution Force memorandum summarizing a report Jaworski gave his three top aides that afternoon—"there will be no hanky-panky." Haig also told Jaworski that there was "no question" that someone in the White House had tampered with the presidential tapes, but added that he had no further knowledge. The records show that Haig told Jaworski that Nixon "will *not* be doing anything for defendants—there will be no pardons." Haig further assured Jaworski that he, acting for Nixon, was not asking for anything in relaying all of this information; Nixon's resignation was not part of any understanding or bargaining, "tacitly or otherwise." On August 9, Jaworski met with about a dozen members of the senior prosecution staff and, according to notes of that meeting, once again relayed Haig's report that Nixon was taking "some things" with him. Jaworski added that Haig had assured him that "there will be lawyers at San Clemente who will know about these things" (the status of pending Prosecution Force requests for White House documents).

That Jaworski would take Haig's assurance at face value, after more than a year of repeated White House lies, deletions, and erasures in a broad array of subpoenaed documents, says much about his relief at not having to face the indictment and trial of Nixon. From the day of Nixon's resignation, Jaworski became, in effect, one of the White House's strongest allies in the struggle to avoid an immediate indictment. Jaworski saw Nixon's resignation as enough punishment, as did Haig. Jaworski argued as early as August 9, according to the Prosecution Force memoranda, that Nixon would never be able to receive a fair trial in the United States, because of the heavy pre-trial publicity, and that his indictment would delay the impending trial of the other Watergate defendants. "There are conflicting factors for us that [the] general public does not have to grapple with," Jaworski told his staff. He was alone in that view among all of the attorneys at work in the Prosecution Force, but he prevailed.

One senior Prosecution Force attorney recalls a conversation in which Jaworski disclosed that he had a compelling financial reason to end his involvement in Watergate by November 5, 1974, when he would have been away from his law practice one full year. If he were gone for a longer period, Jaworski said, he would be required to receive a cash payout, on which there would be hundreds of thousands of dollars due in taxes. The Watergate attorney recalls his understanding at the time that Jaworski was referring to an arrangement he had made with his firm, Fulbright & Jaworski, one of the largest in Houston, with which Jaworski had been associated since 1931. "It was a legitimate tax-planning concern," the attorney says. Jaworski's deputy, Henry S. Ruth, Jr., recalls a similar conversation with Jaworski over an "equity problem" in connection with his law firm. However, Gibson Gayle, chairman of the executive committee at Fulbright & Jaworski, insisted in an interview last May that Jaworski had severed all financial links to the firm upon becoming Special Prosecutor in 1973 and that, to Gayle's knowledge, there were no assets remaining that could have posed a tax problem.

Jaworski died in 1982, and the exact nature of his tax liability may never be known, but it is a fact that his senior associates in the Prosecution Force remain convinced that he was worrying excessively about his financial status at a time when the most critical decision of Watergate was yet to be made. It was their understanding that Jaworski stood to lose a great deal of money by staying too long in Washington, and it was obvious that if he indicted Richard Nixon, he would have to stay on as Watergate Prosecutor for as long as it took to try the case. His subsequent resignation as Watergate Prosecutor took effect October 25, six weeks after the pardon; he served slightly more than fifty weeks on the job.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAIG, IN TELLING JAWORSKI ON AUGUST 8 THAT there would be no pardons for the other Watergate defendants, was leaving out an important part of the story. It began in early August with Nixon's determination to pardon his former aides, and was played out largely on the telephone. Haldeman and Ehrlichman were scheduled to go on trial September 9, 1974, for their role in the Watergate cover-up. Their efforts to receive presidential pardons were reported in the press at the time, and Nixon was said in one account to have "deeply resented the tone and character of the pleas by his two former deputies." Haig, too, was reported to have been angry.

Charles Colson, then serving a federal prison term for his activities against Daniel Ellsberg, recalls being telephoned in jail by his attorney the night before Nixon's resignation and told "to pack my bags." Colson was told, he says, that "Haig was seeing the Vice President and getting pardons for everyone." Haig did, in fact, meet with Ford in his offices early in the morning of August 7—a meeting, as noted earlier, that was not recorded in the vice presidential logs. Colson was not surprised by the news of such intense activity, he says: "It was not in the President's personal self-interest to walk out of the White House with his own pardon buttoned up but not that of his aides. It wasn't just because the boss wouldn't want to leave the wounded on the battlefield, but also because he was worried about being torn up. They'd walk all over him."

John Ehrlichman, in an interview last March, agreed to discuss a series of telephone calls he had received from Haldeman on August 7. He had been out of touch with Haldeman for many months, and he took careful notes. "Things are moving fast," Haldeman said at 11 A.M. Nixon had decided to resign, after a week of indecision prompted largely by pressure from his family. Haldeman told Ehrlichman, according to the notes, that Nixon had resolved the issue of his personal papers and was contemplating a "blanket pardon" of all those caught up in Watergate. Nixon had discussed with Haldeman his belief that the aides had acted not for personal gain but "for the President." Now they were facing prison terms, stiff fines, and personal and family abuse—"and for what?" Nixon had asked. "Serving the President not wisely but well." Therefore, Nixon had said, he was going to "put the Special Prosecutor out of business by leaving nothing unpardoned." Six hours later, Haldeman telephoned again, in distress. He had talked to Haig, and things had fallen apart: Haig announced that his request for a pardon had been "extensively considered and rejected as impossible." Nixon was no longer taking his calls, Haldeman told Ehrlichman. Could he try? Ehrlichman, whose loyalty to Nixon was suspect by mid-1974, did manage to reach Nixon's daughter Julie, but the moment clearly had passed.

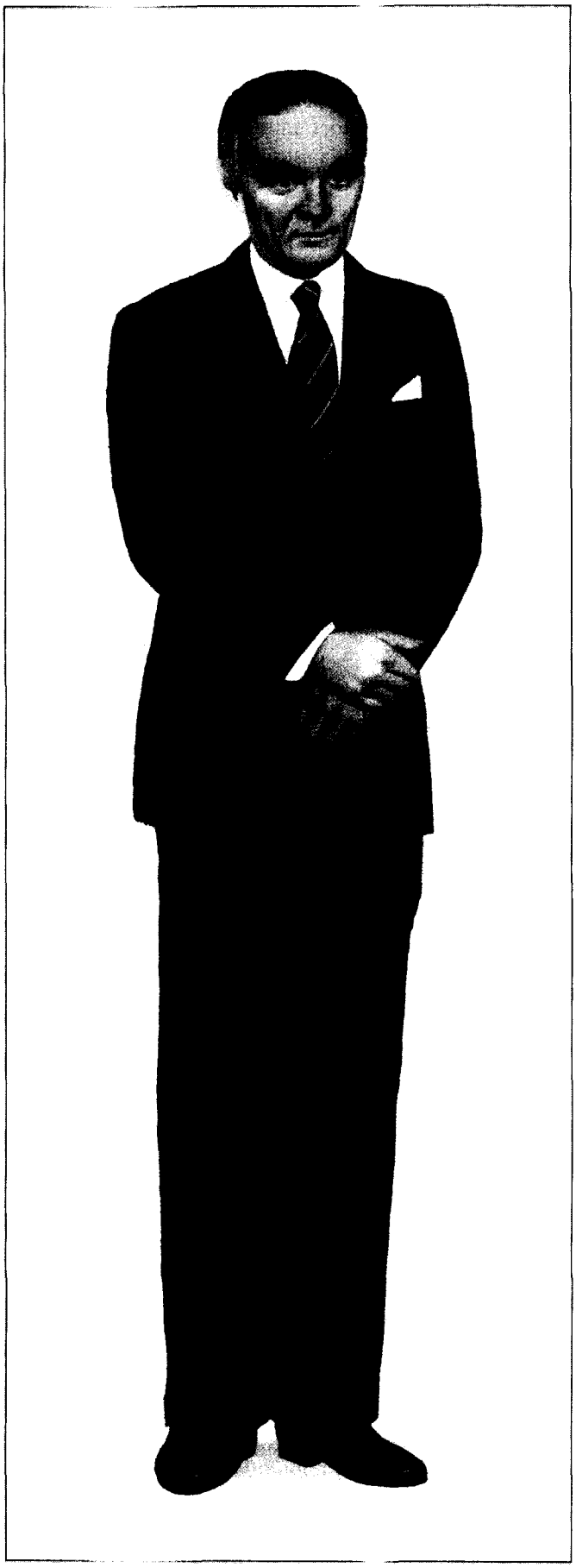
In fact, according to an aide of Haig's, Nixon had made a flat commitment to Haldeman for a pardon. The aide eavesdropped on an August 7 telephone call between Haldeman and Nixon, he says, as Nixon tried to "crap out" on the agreement. Nixon couldn't face telling Haldeman that no pardon would be forthcoming, the aide says, and turned the call over to Haig. "Nixon and Ford had the same deal that Haldeman thought he had with Nixon," the aide surmises. "Ford delivered; Nixon didn't."

Haig's role throughout this sequence of events is difficult to fathom. Was he in favor of blanket pardons at one point, as Colson was led to believe? Or was he, as was widely reported at the time, and as he said to Jaworski during their lunch the next day, firmly opposed to them? Or did he simply change his mind when others in the White House—among them Leonard Garment, a White House counsel to Nixon, who had not been tainted by Watergate—raised an immediate objection to blanket pardons? One firsthand source describes Garment's role on August 7 as crucial: "He stopped Nixon from pardoning Colson, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman by telling him [through Haig] that if he did he'd go to the slammer, for sure." The source, an attorney who was involved in the pardon process, says that Garment's protest "turned Haig around—there's no question that Garment killed it." Garment refused recently to discuss his dealings with Haig, but he did acknowledge that he favored a pardon for Nixon "on principle," and thought that pardoning the others would have been a "bizarre and unacceptable act."

With all of the frantic telephoning that day, Ehrlichman did learn new information. Haldeman told him during their morning conversation, "I'm calling to tell you something specific and I'm not sure whether I'm supposed to or not." Ehrlichman's notes to himself continue, "The specific thing has to do with the rest of the tapes . . . while some are embarrassing to Nixon, they create no major problems. Except in one conversation, the President tells Haldeman that there is a big fund of cash held by Bebe and Abplanalp"—Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo and Robert H. Abplanalp, Nixon's closest friends, who were under investigation, along with Haig, for their role in the handling of a $100,000 presidential campaign contribution. Investigators for the Senate Watergate Committee suspected that the contribution, which they believed came from Howard Hughes, was part of a larger fund and was put to Nixon's personal use. Haldeman told Ehrlichman that the President had said, "That's Higby's $400,000." Lawrence M. Higby was Haldeman's closest aide and considered by many on the White House staff to be his alter ego.

Higby testified about the cash fund before the Watergate Committee, but its existence has never been confirmed. Haig's aides were convinced, as of the fall of 1974, after Nixon's resignation, that the cash was still inside the White House. "I knew the money was floating around," one aide recalls. He and others believed that the money was stashed in what was considered to be a secret safe in Haig's office (the same office that had been occupied by Haldeman). The aide says that the existence of the safe in the office was known only to a few, and even fewer knew its location. Haig refused to touch the safe, the aide says.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nobody wanted to know what was in it. When Donald Rumsfeld returned from serving as ambassador to NATO and became Ford's chief of staff, in late 1974, he ordered the safe drilled open by the Secret Service, a procedure that drew a small group of fascinated members of the White House staff. "It was empty," the aide recalls. "Someone, somehow, snapped up the cash."

Ford, in his memoirs, wrote nothing of the pardon issue or of any talk of money during the last hours of the Nixon presidency. He described his meeting with Haig on the morning of August 7 in a few sentences: "Haig was there shortly before eight o'clock. The two of us sat on the davenport, looking at each other. 'Mr. Vice President,' he said, 'I think it's time for you to prepare to assume the office of President.' "

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC AND THE WORLD, THE change of power on August 9 was an emotional moment, as an outgoing, defeated President bade farewell in a televised speech delivered to his staff. Nixon had expressed regret in his resignation speech, but refused to acknowledge that he had done more than merely make mistakes: "I would say only that if some of my judgments were wrong—and some were wrong—they were made in what I believed at the time to be in the best interests of the nation." One closely involved aide recalls that Nixon had initially sought in his formal letter of resignation, which, under the Constitution, was to be handed to the secretary of state, to make a vigorous defense of his actions, but was persuaded not to during last-minute rewriting. His first draft, the aide says, defiantly laid the blame for Watergate on others. "But it finally came down to, 'I resign.' "

There was a last, bizarre interlude on the eve of his departure from Washington, when Haig ordered the Secret Service to keep all of the White House staff in their offices while the President took a farewell stroll through the buildings and grounds.

Inside the White House, the bunker mentality continued after Nixon was gone. Nixon's staff had been burning papers until the last minute. Robert Hartmann recalls that the offices adjacent to the President's were "heavy with the acrid smell of paper recently burned in the fireplace." A few hours after taking possession of the Oval Office, Ford called in Benton Becker. Becker, who had taken leave from his law firm at Ford's request (he is now the senior trial attorney in the Dade County, Florida, State Attorney's Office), recently recalled the meeting, which was his first visit to the presidential office. Ford asked him about the disposition of Nixon's papers. "What are Nixon's rights?" Ford wanted to know.

The Secret Service had reported that tons of papers were piled up on the fourth and fifth floors of the Executive Office Building; there was concern, Becker had been told, "that the floors would cave in." In the first few days

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the White House, Becker says, "The Nixon people were burning crap like crazy." Dozens of bags of documents were piled outside the basement burn room, awaiting incineration. Becker learned from a White House aide that the chemical paper shredder, known as a machination machine, had been operating at five times its normal capacity for weeks. There was constant pressure on Ford's men to stand aside, Becker says, and to permit the continued destruction of White House documents and the shipment of Nixon's papers to California. Becker, in these first days, seized authority as Ford's representative. He ordered the burn room to cease operations, except for the destruction of highly classified materials, and cut staff access to the chemical shredder.

On Saturday, August 10, the day after Nixon left, Becker was at work late at night in his office when he was told that three Air Force trucks were outside the White House, loading Nixon's file cabinets and other personal goods. Becker recalls walking outside to the parking lot, where an Air Force colonel was directing the loading operation. "This truck does not move," Becker said. The colonel did not back off an inch: "I take my instruction from General Haig," he said.

"I said," Becker recalls, "'Let's go right now'—and we went into Al's office." Haig professed ignorance, telling Becker, "I wasn't aware of it," and ordered the colonel to unload the trucks, which were to deliver their cargo to a waiting transport plane at Andrews Air Force Base, in suburban Maryland. "I had no illusions about Haig," Becker says, "and so I went outside and watched that son of a bitch unload."

Becker's assumption of authority did not prevent Jerry F. terHorst, Ford's press secretary, from announcing to the press on August 14 that Richard Nixon's attorneys and officials of the Special Prosecution Force had agreed that the White House tape recordings and presidential files, still in protective custody of the Secret Service, were Nixon's personal property. The statement was big news; newspapers suggested that the Ford Administration was, as Robert Hartmann noted in his memoirs, "trying to pull a fast one." Jerry terHorst recanted the next day, and it was announced that Fred Buzhardt, whose office had supplied terHorst with the information, had resigned as a White House counsel. Haig's role in all of this is not known, but he had discussed the matter with Leon Jaworski on August 8, as the Prosecution Force memorandum shows, and Jaworski had done nothing to discourage Haig from believing that an understanding had been reached on the papers. But Jaworski had left Washington for a brief vacation immediately after Nixon's resignation, and James Vorenberg, the Harvard law professor who was Acting Watergate Prosecutor, had called the Ford White House that weekend, after hearing from a reporter that the Nixon papers were being prepared for shipment, to demand that they not be removed. Vorenberg recalls being reassured by Philip Buchen, Ford's official White House counsel, that nothing would happen. "I threatened to take every legal step I could take," he says. "They were very taken aback."

The aide to Haig who monitored his telephone calls recalls that Haig was under intense pressure from Nixon after the failure of the Saturday-night shipment. There were repeated calls, and they were abusive: Nixon was convinced that Ford was doublecrossing him, reneging on a commitment to ship him his papers. "Nixon was obsessed by those boxes [his files]," the aide says, "and he was furious at Haig. He was screaming bloody murder." Becker recalls attending a meeting with Ford and Haig and listening to Haig argue once again that Nixon be given his papers. Ford explained to him, Becker says, that the pressure was originating with Nixon and coming through Haig. Becker recalls insisting to Ford at one point, in front of Haig, that if he permitted the papers and tape recordings to be shipped, "history will record this as the final act of cover-up—there will be one hell of a bonfire in San Clemente." Haig said little, Becker says: "He was still reluctant to argue with me in front of Ford."

Haig must have understood that Ford, even if he had made a prior commitment, would be in dire political jeopardy if he permitted Nixon's papers to be returned to him—especially since there had been heated opposition from the Prosecution Force and his own staff. And yet Haig did battle for his former boss. In the first months of the Ford presidency, he continued to operate as chief of staff, spending, according to Robert Hartmann, as much as three hours a day alone with Ford. Hartmann and other longtime members of Ford's staff, such as Philip Buchen and John Marsh, were initially forced to schedule their meetings with Ford through Haig's office.

In the interview last April, Ford insisted that he did not discuss a pardon for Nixon with Haig or with anyone else between his swearing-in and August 28, the day of his first presidential news conference. He went further, and insisted that the "matter" of a pardon for Nixon "never entered my mind" in this period. He was preoccupied, he said, with the arguments over the handling of Nixon's papers and tape recordings. Asked whether Haig advised him on that issue, Ford answered, "I don't recall."

Haig's goal in those first weeks, along with establishing control of Ford's staff, was to provide for his own future. Within a few weeks of Nixon's resignation, Ford informed James Schlesinger, at the Pentagon, of his wish to nominate Haig as Army chief of staff, the highest post in the Army. Schlesinger was offended. For one thing, General Creighton W. Abrams, a much-decorated combat officer, who had the job, was hospitalized at Walter Reed Army Hospital in the final throes of a long battle against cancer. It was unseemly to appoint a successor before his death. Another factor was the outcry Haig's appointment was sure to create inside the Army, where, as Schlesinger quickly learned, Haig was viewed with disdain by his peers. The Army senior officer corps was strongly in oppo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sition—an opposition that somehow never reached the press.

Schlesinger finally decided to go out of channels. He defied the wishes of his Commander-in-Chief, by lobbying quietly against Haig's nomination with two key members of the Senate, John C. Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, and Henry M. Jackson, of Washington, the ranking Democrat who was most influential on military issues. Both men acknowledged that Haig's nomination would pose great difficulty, and not only because of the protests from the Army; there was the possibility that Haig would be unable to stand up to thorough questioning on Watergate during confirmation hearings. Schlesinger's lobbying killed the nomination. Ford was unhappy and Haig was furious. Schlesinger got the silent treatment from the President for ten days, but he had no regrets. "The Army could not abide Haig," he explained recently. "I didn't want Haig to screw up the Army, which had its own problems in the post-Vietnam period. His appointment would have thrown the service into another internecine struggle."

One of Haig's aides in the White House recalls making a series of inquiries on Capitol Hill, just as James Schlesinger was doing in the Pentagon, and telling Haig what he had learned: "You can't get confirmed to anything." The adverse readings from Congress wiped out the jobs on Haig's list, and, the aide says, "He fell back to NATO." Haig was appointed NATO commander in Brussels, the most senior American military post that did not require confirmation. He did not leave the Ford White House until the issue of Nixon's files was resolved.

THERE WERE OMINOUS SIGNS FROM JAWORSKI THAT he was losing control of his Watergate Prosecution Force and the grand jury. At the beginning of August, Jaworski requested members of his staff to forward their recommendations on Nixon. The advice showered in, and it was unanimous: Jaworski no longer had the right to stand in the way of the grand jury. Even James F. Neal, the Prosecution Force lawyer who was closest to Jaworski in age and outlook, broke ranks. Neal, who was scheduled to try the Watergate cover-up case in September, had agreed with Jaworski that a sitting President could not be indicted. It was one of many areas of agreement between them. The two men, both conservative Democrats from the South, had spent dozens of hours in the past year in conversation about Watergate, but Jaworski suddenly cut off those talks. Neal, his feelings hurt, never did learn why Jaworski chose to operate in secret in August and September. In an August 27 memorandum on Nixon, made available under the Freedom of Information Act, Neal urged Jaworski to "advise the grand jury that you will abide by its decision and that you will assist in preparation of a report in lieu of an indictment, if the decision is not to prosecute, or will aid in preparation of an indictment if the grand jury decides on prosecution. . . . In any event, the issue is so close, history, in my opinion, will not argue with the decision if the manner in which it was made reflects fairness and maturity of judgment."

In mid-August, Jaworski was in touch with Philip Buchen; the two men were staying in the same downtown Washington hotel, and often met privately. There was also Jaworski's continuing relationship with Haig. It seems probable, based on the constant meetings between Jaworski and members of the White House staff, that Jaworski warned Haig that Richard Nixon was facing imminent indictment.

This possibility must have triggered alarm in San Clemente, with Nixon's feeling that Ford had doublecrossed him on the shipping of his papers suddenly becoming the fear that Ford would allow him to be indicted. The public and the press had responded to Ford's presidency in its first few weeks with overwhelming support—perhaps far more than anyone had anticipated. Such growing popularity was a liability to Nixon, for with each passing day Ford stood to lose more politically by pardoning Nixon.

The pressure on Ford began to mount. A steady stream of reports to Ford, many coming through Haig's office, described Nixon's rapidly deteriorating condition. His health was said to be alarming; there were stories in the White House that he was acutely depressed and morbid.

In his 1976 memoirs, *The Right and the Power*, Leon Jaworski wrote of a visit late in August with Senate Judiciary Chairman James Eastland, of Mississippi, a Democratic supporter of Nixon's. "He said he had just talked with Nixon, that Nixon had called from San Clemente. 'He was crying,' Eastland said. 'He said, "Jim, don't let Jaworski put me in that trial with Haldeman and Ehrlichman. I can't take any more."' Eastland shook his head. 'He's in bad shape, Leon.' There was a touch of the pity he felt for Nixon in his voice, but not the slightest intimation that he was trying to twist my arm." Similar calls and reports from congressmen were being directed to the White House, in what seemed to be a carefully devised campaign. Even the Nixon daughters and their husbands were telling friends and reporters of the poor shape of the ex-President.

On August 28, Leonard Garment made an impassioned plea for an immediate pardon from Ford in a memorandum to Haig and Buchen, made available for this article. Garment cited Nixon's mental and physical condition and hinted that Nixon's life could be at stake. He wrote:

> A Special Prosecutor must prosecute; and Jaworski's staff [and] the media . . . will not let him forget that. My belief is that unless the President himself takes action by announcing a pardon today, he will very likely lose control of the situation. . . . The country is struggling to get on its feet. Public feeling toward Richard Nixon is extremely confused. There is a drift toward prosecution stimulated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a variety of sources, but it has not yet crystallized. At this point most of the country does not want Richard Nixon hounded, perhaps literally, to death. Once the institutional machinery starts rolling, however, and the press fastens on Nixon as a criminal defendant, Presidential action will be immensely more difficult to justify and therefore, perhaps, impossible to take.

The country trusts President Ford and will follow him on this matter at this time.

Garment's memorandum was accompanied by a draft presidential statement announcing a pardon, written by Raymond K. Price, Jr., one of Nixon's former speechwriters, who was still at the White House, which raised the pre-trial publicity issue, as Jaworski had done in his staff meeting in early August. "Because he [Nixon] has paid this high penalty," Price wrote, "and because, realistically speaking, there is no way that he could be given a fair trial by an unbiased jury. . . I believe his case can be separated from those of the other Watergate defendants." The issue of Nixon's future was "more than strictly legal," the statement said. "It turns on considerations that are essentially political . . . considerations of the broader public interest, not merely of the mechanical application of laws written for other purposes and other circumstances." Ford was being told that Nixon was above the law.

Haig had nothing to do with his memorandum, Garment insists. He says it was inspired by the fact that Ford was scheduled to hold his first press conference, and the issue of pardoning Nixon would obviously arise. "I didn't need anybody to tell me that," Garment says. "The thought on my part was that I had some credibility with the new bunch, and that this was the time to clear it up." He stayed up much of the night before, he says, writing eight or nine drafts of his memorandum. If Haig or anyone else had wanted to use the memorandum "to push and press" Ford to pardon Nixon, Garment says, "that would have made sense."

There were doubts among some of Ford's senior staff members, however, about the speed with which it circulated. "The Garment memo landed on my desk on the morning of the press conference," Philip Buchen says. "It was well done. I remember telling the President that I had the memo and that it was premature." Buchen says that by the time of their conversation, Haig may have already given the Garment memorandum to Ford. "For all I know, Ford saw the memo. Haig was in cahoots with Garment." A few hours after its submission, Haig told Garment that a pardon was "all set—he's going to do it this afternoon."

Ford's insistence in the April interview that the "matter" of a pardon for Nixon did not enter his mind from the time he became President until August 28 is challenged by his response to the first question at his press conference. Nelson A. Rockefeller, the governor of New York, who was Ford's nominee for Vice President, had told a television interviewer on August 25 that he believed Nixon had been punished enough by being forced to leave the White House. The first question at the news conference referred to Rockefeller's comment, as the White House staff had anticipated, and asked Ford whether he would use "his pardon authority, if necessary." Ford declared that Rockefeller's statement "coincides with the general view and the point of view of the American people. I subscribe to that point of view, but let me add . . . in the last ten days or two weeks I have asked for prayers and guidance on this very important point."

Ford told the reporters at his press conference that he would not make a final decision on the Nixon question until it reached his office. His point, repeated throughout, seemed clear to most of the journalists: he would not intervene with the functions of the Watergate Special Prosecution Force. Most newspapers interpreted Ford's comments as indicating that he would permit Jaworski to proceed with an indictment of Nixon.

Benton Becker knew better. In late August, he was asked by Ford to research Ford's constitutional authority to pardon. "Was it absolute? Could he pardon before indictment?" After a few days of work in Washington law libraries, Becker concluded that Ford's power was absolute and was not subject to review; nor could he be impeached for his use or misuse of the pardon power. At this point, Becker became a supporter of the pardon, a position that matched Ford's; he was convinced that their conversations on the matter were a first for Ford. It was with some shock that he later learned that Ford had talked over presidential authority to pardon with Haig on August 1. Throughout this period of intense discussion about the Nixon documents, Haig was a constant participant in Oval Office meetings, Becker recalls.

Some members of the Special Prosecution Force, who shared the overwhelming staff sentiment in favor of an immediate indictment of the President, also were not fooled. On the day after Ford's news conference, Philip A. Lacovara, chief counsel to Jaworski, shrewdly summarized the situation in a memorandum to Jaworski, made public under the Freedom of Information Act:

In his news conference yesterday President Ford clearly suggested that he did not believe that former President Nixon should be prosecuted. Although it is difficult to discern whether he was intending to "signal" you at all and whether such a "signal" was designed to discourage you from putting him in the position of having to pardon Mr. Nixon or to encourage you to let the law take its course while allowing him to exercise Presidential clemency, one thing is clear: President Ford seems inclined to exercise his pardon power on behalf of the former President.

Lacovara went on to urge Jaworski to defer a decision on the President's future. "I believe President Ford has placed you in an intolerable position by making his public announcement," Lacovara wrote. "I see no reason why the matter should not be put squarely to him now whether he wishes to have a criminal prosecution of the former President instituted or not."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The vast majority of attorneys in the Prosecution Force office disagreed with Lacovara's advice. They believed that Jaworski was obligated to make his own decisions. In a series of memoranda submitted to Jaworski in late August and early September, the Prosecution Force attorneys were adamant that Nixon not be judged by a separate standard. "Richard Nixon should be treated no differently than anyone else," Nick Akerman wrote on August 29. "All criminal allegations involving Mr. Nixon should be fully investigated and, if the evidence points to criminal conduct, he should be indicted." Richard Weinberg advised Jaworski on September 4: "I . . . believe that Richard Nixon should be treated like any other citizen this office has investigated. . . . the country would accept a decision by the lawful processes of law, the grand jury, and the Special Prosecutor, to indict Richard Nixon." Jaworski was repeatedly urged to base his decision solely on legal grounds. On September 3, Phil Bakes wrote: "Your decision, whatever it may be, should be made with a clear view of your role. You are a prosecutor—not a pollster, a congressman or President. Accordingly, your decision should be made on prosecutorial criteria alone. . . . Your function is to investigate and, if the evidence warrants, prosecute. Your role is not to discern public opinion and public mood and base your prosecutorial decisions on your view of the public mood." The Prosecution Force memoranda, obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, strongly suggest that the junior attorneys in the Prosecution Force understood as of early September what the press and the public did not: that there were strong political forces urging a pardon—and that Leon Jaworski would go along with them.

Jaworski was looking for a way out. He needed a justification for not indicting Nixon. The issue he used was his oft-stated belief that Richard Nixon could not get a fair trial in the United States. In late August, he shared his doubts with Philip Buchen as well as with Herbert J. Miller, Jr., a former senior Justice Department official, who had been retained on August 27 by Nixon as his criminal attorney. After a series of meetings between Miller and Jaworski, Miller, at Jaworski's request, provided the Special Prosecution Force with a memorandum on September 4 in which he argued that the impeachment proceedings of the House Judiciary Committee and the intense media concern with Watergate had made it "inconceivable that the government could produce a jury free from *actual* bias." Jaworski reproduced the Miller analysis at length in his memoirs, and added that if he had been asked by a court whether Nixon could get a fair trial, "I would have to answer, as an officer of the court, in the negative."

Jaworski may have been sincere in his belief, but he was not necessarily right. His legal staff, on which he had relied over the past year on so many issues, had been waging a battle with him over the question. In a memorandum dated September 5, Lacovara concluded that "it is my best professional judgment that a decision not to prosecute Richard Nixon because of the occurrence of . . . publicity about his criminal complicity cannot be justified on ground of constitutional law. There may be other factors justifying non-prosecution but 'pre-trial publicity' is not one of them." Another point repeatedly cited by the attorneys dealt with procedure: regardless of Jaworski's views on a fair trial, they argued, a decision on that issue was not his to make as a prosecutor. It was a judicial determination.

Jaworski had turned Miller's memorandum into his own, informing the White House in a letter on September 4—in response to a request from Buchen—that a trial of Richard Nixon, in the event of his indictment, would have to be delayed at least nine months to one year before an unbiased jury could be selected. In other words, he was telling Gerald Ford that he could expect to begin the 1976 campaign with Richard Nixon on the docket somewhere in the United States. Jaworski's goal was obvious: to shift the burden of responsibility from his office to the White House. His letter gave the Ford Administration the evidence of objectivity it would need to help cope with the inevitable protests over the pardoning of Nixon.

FORD WAS NOW WILLING TO RUN THE RISK OF granting a pardon before indictment, but in return he would need some concessions from Nixon on the relocation of his papers and tape recordings. Benton Becker had been struggling with that issue, on and off, since Nixon's resignation. Becker's immediate problem, he recalls, was historical precedent: Presidents had always been able to remove their personal files. He realized that Ford's instinct was to get the papers out of the White House and out of his Administration. Becker's initial goal, nonetheless, was somehow to find a legal basis for maintaining possession of the documents, which included 950 reels of tape and 46 million pieces of paper. "Plan One was a subpoena," he says, "but there were no subpoenas outstanding at the time. I wanted a goddamn subpoena, and I passed the word through Buchen to Jaworski. We were in the middle of August and I'm begging for a subpoena and none is issued. All Jaworski had to do was give me a subpoena." None came; there was "no probable cause," according to Jaworski. Days went by, Becker says, and still no subpoena. "I ask Ford for permission to have a private meeting with Sirica." Federal Judge John J. Sirica had handled the original Watergate cases. "He says no." Becker's second plan was to establish a trust, with Sirica placed in control of the papers while the various claimants, including Nixon and the Prosecution Force, litigated. Ford initially liked that approach, Becker says, but quickly cooled to it—after consulting other parties, he thinks.

On September 5, at the suggestion of Herbert Miller, Ford authorized Becker to fly to San Clemente to negotiate on his behalf an agreement on the pardon and the papers. Haig was present when Ford made the decision, Becker says, at a meeting of senior White House aides, but quickly excused himself, seemingly in an effort to have it appear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he was not involved in such negotiations. "It struck me as opportunistic," Becker says, since Haig had been kept advised "of everything" by Buchen and presumably by Ford. A few hours later, in fact, Becker says, Haig sat in on the meeting at which Becker received his last-minute instructions from Ford before taking off for California. One requirement was a clear statement of contrition from Nixon. Becker recalls Haig predicting, "You'll never get it."

Eight hours later, Becker arrived at the Nixon compound in San Clemente, accompanied by Miller. "At the very first meeting with Ron Zeigler," Becker says, "he began by saying, 'Mr. Becker, let me tell you this right now, President Nixon is not issuing any statement whatsoever regarding Watergate, whether Jerry Ford pardons him or not.' How did Ziegler know what I wanted? It's always been my suspicion that Haig telephoned him."

Becker negotiated, during the next two days, primarily with Ziegler. There was one brief meeting, on September 6, with Nixon, who seemed unwilling or unable to discuss any specific aspect of the papers agreement. Becker had evolved a third plan, which called for a deed of trust, with Nixon as the grantor, the government as the receiver, and the General Services Administration as the trustee. Under the agreement, third parties such as journalists and scholars would be able to subpoena the administrator of the GSA, representing the government, and the GSA would have the right to object to the subpoena on various grounds, such as national security. Becker's proposed deed of trust would reserve to Nixon, as the owner of the documents and tapes, the further right to object. Thus, those seeking access to Nixon's papers would have to overcome two legal barriers—the GSA and Nixon. Becker's proposal, however, did deny Nixon the right to object to a subpoena on the grounds of executive privilege; he was left instead with objections based primarily on privacy. As it was conceived, Nixon could order the destruction of any records or tape recordings after ten years, but that period was reduced to five years during the negotiations at San Clemente. It was the only significant concession. Becker remains proud of one aspect of the agreement, which specifically barred Nixon and his attorneys from obtaining access to any original documents or tape recordings; they would be able to receive only copies, made by the GSA. Nixon finally agreed to this plan, but it was eventually thrown out by a federal court, which ordered the documents and tapes placed under control of the National Archives.

Becker also won very little on the statement of contrition. Ziegler's first draft of Nixon's statement, according to Becker, said only, "In accordance with the law, I accept this pardon." In his final statement, Nixon still refused to admit guilt, saying: "One thing I can see clearly now is that I was wrong in not acting more decisively and more forthrightly in dealing with Watergate. . . . No words can describe the depths of my regret and pain at the anguish my mistakes over Watergate have caused the nation."

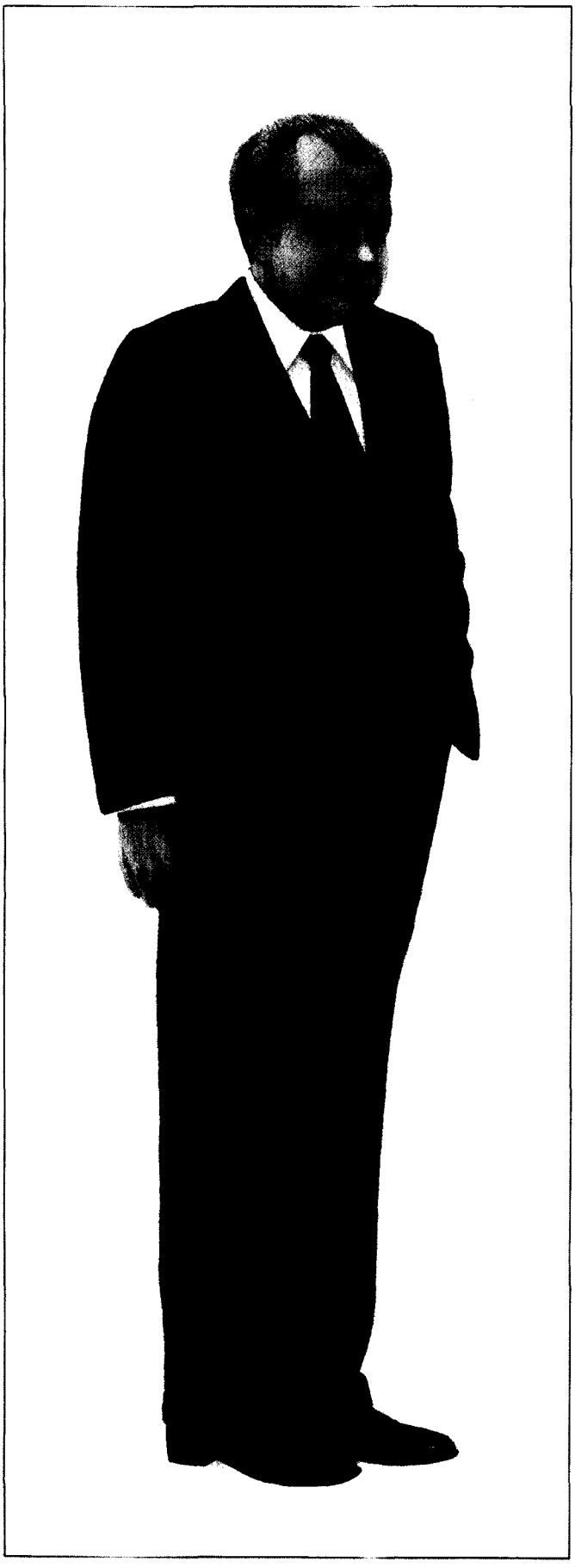
Becker returned to Washington early on September 7, and learned that Ford was prepared to make the pardon public immediately. There was a hitch: some White House aides continued to insist that Nixon, in accepting the pardon, be compelled to demonstrate some sense of contrition or of wrongdoing. Nixon refused. He would not give his enemies the satisfaction they wanted.

It was this issue, apparently, that prompted the former President angrily to telephone his successor sometime in the early evening of September 7, twenty-nine days after he had resigned the presidency. Nixon's message was blunt, according to those few White House aides who knew of the private call: if Ford did not grant him a full pardon, he, Nixon, was going to go public and claim that Ford had promised the pardon in exchange for the presidency, because Ford was so eager to get it. Ford was enraged by the call. "He'd made his decision already," one aide with first-hand knowledge recalls, "and here comes the guy stirring it up. He was very, very irritated; he really resented it." Another aide, who also worked in a sensitive position in the White House, says it was immediately clear that Nixon had no "leverage" on Ford; "going public wouldn't have done him [Nixon] any good."

Ford's decision to announce the pardon the next day, on Sunday morning, September 8, distressed many of his associates and aides, among them Melvin Laird. Laird recalls telling the President that his rush to pardon Nixon was a disastrous political mistake. If he had been given advance notice, Laird told Ford, he could have lobbied for bipartisan support in the Congress: "I would have had them begging him to do it." All Ford could say, Laird says, was "Mel, I had to get it out of the way. I had to get it out of the way."

THE PARDON WAS A POLITICAL NIGHTMARE FOR THE new President. His press secretary, Jerry terHorst, resigned in embarrassment and anger. So did Philip Lacovara, in a letter to Leon Jaworski made public at the time. Seventeen thousand telegrams were sent to the White House within two days, running at "about six to one," by a White House spokesman's count, against the pardon. The Senate passed a resolution, by a vote of 55 to 24, expressing its "disapproval" of any further Watergate pardons "until the judiciary process has run its full course." There were no fewer than nineteen bills and resolutions introduced in the House requiring further inquiry, with sixty-three members, Democrats and Republicans, signed on as co-sponsors. Three liberal Democratic members of the House—John Conyers, of Michigan, and Bella Abzug and Elizabeth Holtzman, of New York—filed separate resolutions of inquiry posing questions to the President. Under House rules, the resolutions had to be considered by the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Justice, chaired by Representative William L. Hungate, within seven legislative days of their filing. Ford sought to brush off the resolutions, writing Hungate on September

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



25 that he was "satisfied" that the pardon was "the right course. . . . I hope the Subcommittee will agree that we should now all try, without undue recrimination about the past, to heal the wounds that divided America." Enclosed were copies of the transcripts of Ford's most recent news conference and transcripts of two press briefings on the pardon by Buchen.

Hungate, prodded by, among others, Holtzman, who had been one of Ford's most persistent critics during his vice presidential confirmation hearings, rejected Ford's initial approach and urged him to send his counsel, Philip Buchen, to testify. Ford astonished Hungate on September 30 by agreeing to appear in person.

He did so only after a bitter fight among his staff. In a report of events prepared on October 7 for a senior government official outside the White House, and made available for this article, the aide who had seen Haig leave Ford's office on the afternoon of August 1 gave his view of the debate:

> Haig spent the day in the White House trying to convince the President that he should not go up before the congressional committee to discuss the pardon. Haig is concerned that the revelation that he, Haig, offered Mr. Ford a resignation from Mr. Nixon in exchange for a commitment that Nixon would be pardoned would cause Haig problems with regard to his return to uniform. Apparently, there are a number of points in which Haig will not look very good. Further, the whole problem of how Mr. Ford himself is willing to come across is a worrisome one to his staff. Apparently, he will have to report that it was twenty-four hours after Haig made the offer before he, Ford, called back to reject the offer and, although everyone believes that Mr. Ford is truthful, they are concerned how the picture will look.
>
> When [Ford's staff] tried to answer the written questions from the Committee, there were so many unanswered facts that would lead to additional questions that the staff and the President decided that the least worst alternative was for him to volunteer to go up and talk, which would have the advantage of giving him the opportunity to come across with the integrity that he has and also would tend to foreclose the "studied" additional questions.

Ford had much more going for him than even the aide who wrote the memorandum realized: the Hungate subcommittee did not conduct an investigation into the pardon before Ford's testimony. One senior subcommittee staff aide recalls: "Once the President indicated his willingness to come up there, there were some members who felt honored."

Ford's timing was nothing short of miraculous, the aide says—the product of some inside information, he thinks. "I remember trying to figure out who should be contacted and interviewed," he says, "and we were probably no more than a day or so from seeking meetings with Haig. Just at that point the President extended his offer." There was widespread feeling among the subcommittee members, in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cluding such liberals as Robert W. Kastenmeier, of Wisconsin, and Don Edwards, of California, the aide says, that "it would be an embarrassment to the President to try to contact Haig prior to the time Ford came up there." There was no inclination or intent to "cross-examine" the President.

The precise ground rules for Ford's appearance were worked out at a meeting between John Marsh, representing the President, William Hungate, and Peter Rodino, who was chairman of the full committee. Marsh, now secretary of the Army, recalls that he and the legislators agreed that the resolutions of inquiry called for responses from Ford to specific questions, and nothing more. "The only thing we said Ford would do was respond to the inquiry resolutions—and not an investigation," Marsh says. The White House imposed no other guidelines or demands, he adds.

They weren't needed. One Democratic member recalls having doubts about the President's testimony during the hearing but choosing not to express them: "The President wasn't coming over here to be browbeaten," he explains. Another liberal Democrat, questioned about the soft treatment given to Ford, defended the subcommittee by saying: "We had a discussion as to whether we would stand up [rise when Ford entered], and we decided not to. We were a coequal branch of the United States and treated him as a coequal."

The only member to speak up at the October 17 hearing was Elizabeth Holtzman, and she did so to the chagrin of her colleagues. "I wish to express my dismay," she told the President, "that the format of this hearing will not be able to provide to the American public the full truth and all the facts respecting your issuance of a pardon to Richard Nixon. Unfortunately, each member of this committee will have only five minutes in which to ask questions about this most serious matter. And unfortunately, despite my urging, the committee declined . . . to prepare fully for your coming by calling other witnesses, such as Alexander Haig, Mr. Buchen, Mr. Becker, and failed to insist on full production of documents by you . . . I must confess my own lack of easiness at participating in a proceeding that has raised such high expectations and unfortunately will not be able to respond to them."

Ford was permitted to make an extensive opening statement; each of the nine subcommittee members was allowed only five minutes for questioning. Ford's appearance lasted less than two hours and won him plaudits for his willingness to face his questioners in person.

Discussing the hearing recently, Holtzman was still angry. "Once you failed to do the proper groundwork, there was no way the questioning could effectively be carried out." She recalls being sharply criticized by many newspapers for her tart remarks to the President, but says that upon returning to her home district in Brooklyn, "people were hugging me on the street."

In late November, after no further staff inquiry, the Hungate subcommittee voted formally to end its investigation into the pardon. Only three members, Holtzman, Kastenmeier, and Edwards, voted in favor of further hearings. Holtzman, now district attorney of Kings County (Brooklyn), New York, says, "Ford's never answered the questions about the pardon to this day."

Ford, asked about the Nixon telephone call in the interview for this article, cited his testimony before the subcommittee, in which he stated that he had no conversations with Nixon about the pardon. "That testimony was made on my recollection right after the pardon," he said. "It was fresh on my mind." He went on: "Secondly, in order to find out any additional information, I got my telephone logs from the Ford library." Those logs showed only one conversation with Nixon, on August 20, which dealt with Ford's choice of Nelson Rockefeller as his vice presidential candidate. "If you go by my memory and if you go by the White House telephone logs," he said, "the call did not take place."

Many of Ford's former close aides, including Benton Becker, say that it was extremely easy for senior White House officials to receive personal calls on outside lines that were not monitored by the switchboard and thus not logged. "I know there are private lines," Becker says. One of Ford's associates points out that Ford was not categorical in denying that such a telephone call took place; he was only stating that he had no recollection of it, and was convinced that he would have remembered such an event.

The Hungate subcommittee, by not fully investigating the pardon, failed to fulfill its constitutional obligations. Theirs was not the only failure. Leon Jaworski found himself unable to meet the immense responsibilities of his position, and undercut his authority by maintaining close contact with the closest aide to the man he was investigating. Those former White House staff aides who know enough to have serious doubts about the process—doubts they waited nine years to discuss with an outsider—did not have the courage at the time to talk, or act. Richard Nixon, with his continued efforts to influence the White House through the good offices of Alexander Haig, demonstrated that his fall from power had taught him little. And Gerald Ford, by putting self-interest and political loyalty to a benefactor above his duty, did not give the American legal system a chance to work. The transfer of power in August of 1974 was not a triumph for democracy. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"**FOREIGN POLICY** ...the epitome of quality press."

Washington Monthly

"**FOREIGN POLICY** consistently attracts the most impressive authors on current affairs ...provocative...readable."

Hedrick Smith
The New York Times

"**FOREIGN POLICY** offers diverse but authoritative perspectives on issues of immense and immediate significance to our country."

Senator Howard Baker, Jr.

"**FOREIGN POLICY**... important reading in an uneasy world where **foreign policy is everybody's business.**"

Senator Gary Hart

FOREIGN POLICY

NUMBER 51 SUMMER 1983 $4.75

3 A Breakthrough In Afghanistan?
Selig S. Harrison

CHINA'S NEW ERA

27 Beijing's Balancing Act
Edmund Lee

47 Taipei's Identity Crisis
Charles T. Cross

64 We Can Afford Security
Jacques S. Gansler

84 The Explosive Soviet Periphery
Jiri Valenta

101 Rei(g)ning In Spain
Eusebio Mujal-León

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES

118 Israel: The New Zionism
Ofira Seliktar

139 Lebanon: The Real Problem
Daniel Pipes

160 Dateline Wall Street: Faustian Finance
Karin Lissakers

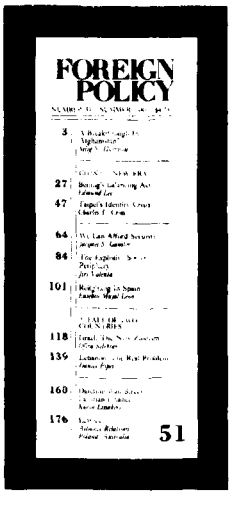
176 Letters: *Alliance Relations, Poland, Australia*

51

- The Soviets have been fighting in Afghanistan since December 1979. But a leading authority on South Asia sees progress toward a negotiated settlement.
- How is China playing the American card? A specialist from the People's Republic offers a rare, unofficial view of the great-power triangle.
- A former Pentagon official explains how we can afford the current military build-up.
- A breakdown in the international financial system has been avoided, but at what cost? A new debt crisis looms as officials condone loose banking practices.

Send to

FOREIGN POLICY
Subscription Department
Box 984
Farmingdale, NY 11737



Yes, FOREIGN POLICY *Is my business!*

Please enter a one-year subscription (4 issues) for only $14 — $5 off the regular newsstand price of $19.

GUARANTEE
I understand that full refund is guaranteed if I cancel on seeing the first issue.

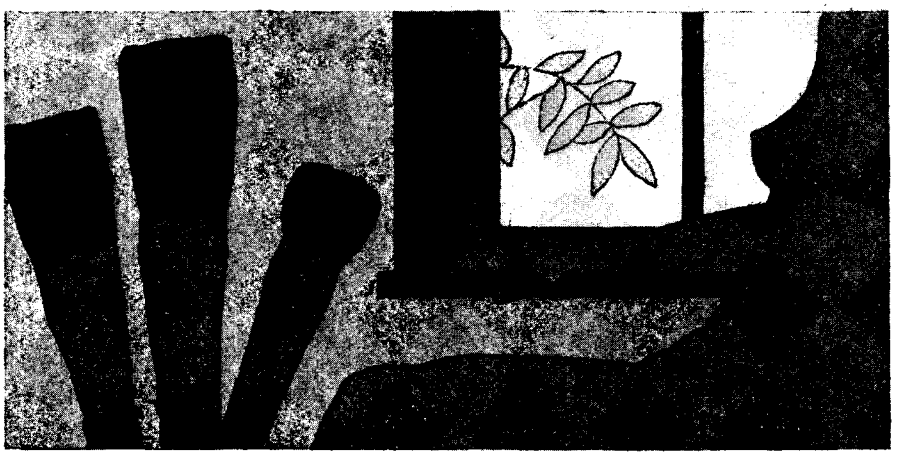
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

Outside USA add $3 surface annually. $15 air annually.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

7AM4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE MODEL

A SHORT STORY BY BERNARD MALAMUD

EARLY ONE MORNING, EPHRAIM ELIHU RANG UP the Art Students League and asked the woman who answered the phone how he could locate an experienced female model he could paint nude. He told the woman that he wanted someone of about thirty. "Could you possibly help me?"

"I don't recognize your name," said the woman on the telephone. "Have you ever dealt with us before? Some of our students will work as models, but usually only for painters we know." Mr. Elihu said he hadn't. He wanted it understood he was an amateur painter who had once studied at the League.

"Do you have a studio?"

"It's a large living room with lots of light. I'm no youngster," he said, "but after many years I've begun painting again and I'd like to do some nude studies to get back my feeling for form. I'm not a professional painter, but I'm serious about painting. If you want any references as to my character, I can supply them."

He asked her what the going rate for models was, and the woman, after a pause, said, "Six dollars the hour."

Mr. Elihu said that was satisfactory to him. He wanted to talk longer, but she did not encourage him to. She wrote down his name and address and said she thought she could have someone for him the day after tomorrow. He thanked her for her consideration.

That was on Wednesday. The model appeared on Friday morning. She had telephoned the night before, and they had settled on a time for her to come. She rang his bell shortly after nine, and Mr. Elihu went at once to the door. He was a gray-haired man of seventy who lived in a brownstone house near Ninth Avenue, and he was excited by the prospect of painting this young woman.

The model was a plain-looking woman of twenty-seven or so, and the old painter decided her best features were her eyes. She was wearing a blue raincoat, though it was a clear spring day. The old painter liked her but kept that to himself. She barely glanced at him as she walked firmly into the room.

"Good day," he said, and she answered, "Good day."

"It's like spring," said the old man. "The foliage is starting up again."

"Where do you want me to change?" asked the model.

Mr. Elihu asked her her name, and she responded, "Ms. Perry."

"You can change in the bathroom, I would say, Miss Perry, or if you like, my own room—down the hall—is empty, and you can change there also. It's warmer than the bathroom."

The model said it made no difference to her but she thought she would rather change in the bathroom.

"That is as you wish," said the elderly man.

"Is your wife around?" she then asked, glancing into the room.

"No, I happen to be a widower."

He said he had had a daughter once, but she had died in an accident.

The model said she was sorry. "I'll change and be out in a few fast minutes."

"No hurry at all," said Mr. Elihu, glad he was about to paint her.

Ms. Perry entered the bathroom, undressed there, and returned quickly. She slipped off her terry-cloth robe. Her head and shoulders were slender and well formed. She

A collection of Bernard Malamud's stories will appear in the fall.

ILLUSTRATION BY GLENNA LANG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked the old man how he would like her to pose. He was standing by an enamel-top kitchen table near a large window. On the tabletop he had squeezed out, and was mixing together, the contents of two small tubes of paint. There were three other tubes, which he did not touch. The model, taking a last drag of a cigarette, pressed it out against a coffee-can lid on the kitchen table.

"I hope you don't mind if I take a puff once in a while?"

"I don't mind, if you do it when we take a break."

"That's all I meant."

She was watching him as he slowly mixed his colors.

Mr. Elihu did not immediately look at her nude body but said he would like her to sit in the chair by the window. They were facing a back yard with an ailanthus tree whose leaves had just come out.

"How would you like me to sit, legs crossed or not crossed?"

"However you prefer that. Crossed or uncrossed doesn't make much of a difference to me. Whatever makes you feel comfortable."

The model seemed surprised at that, but she sat down in the yellow chair by the window and crossed one leg over the other. Her figure was good.

"Is this okay for you?"

Mr. Elihu nodded. "Fine," he said. "Very fine."

He dipped his brush into the paint he had mixed on the tabletop, and after glancing at the model's nude body, began to paint. He would look at her, then look quickly away, as if he were afraid of affronting her. But his expression was objective. He painted apparently casually, from time to time gazing up at the model. He did not often look at her. She seemed not to be aware of him. Once she turned to observe the ailanthus tree, and he studied her momentarily to see what she might have seen in it.

Then she began to watch the painter with interest. She watched his eyes and she watched his hands. He wondered if he was doing something wrong. At the end of about an hour she rose impatiently from the yellow chair.

"Tired?" he asked.

"It isn't that," she said, "but I would like to know what in the name of Christ you think you are doing? I frankly don't think you know the first thing about painting."

She had astonished him. He quickly covered the canvas with a towel.

After a long moment, Mr. Elihu, breathing shallowly, wet his dry lips and said he was making no claims for himself as a painter. He said he had tried to make that absolutely clear to the woman he had talked to at the art school when he called.

Then he said, "I might have made a mistake in asking you to come to this house today. I think I should have tested myself a while longer, just so I wouldn't be wasting anybody's time. I guess I am not ready to do what I would like to do."

"I don't care how long you have tested yourself," said Ms. Perry. "I honestly don't think you have painted me at all. In fact, I felt you weren't interested in painting me. I think you're interested in letting your eyes go over my naked body for certain reasons of your own. I don't know what your personal needs are, but I'm damn well sure that most of them have nothing to do with painting."

"I guess I have made a mistake."

"I guess you have," said the model. She had her robe on now, the belt pulled tight.

"I'm a painter," she said, "and I model because I am broke, but I know a fake when I see one."

"I wouldn't feel so bad," said Mr. Elihu, "if I hadn't gone out of my way to explain the situation to that lady at the Art Students League."

"I'm sorry this happened," Mr. Elihu said hoarsely. "I should have thought it through more than I did. I'm seventy years of age. I have always loved women and felt a sad loss that I have no particular women friends at this time of my life. That's one of the reasons I wanted to paint again, though I make no claims that I was ever greatly talented. Also, I guess I didn't realize how much about painting I have forgotten. Not only about that, but also about the female body. I didn't realize I would be so moved by yours, and, on reflection, about the way my life has gone. I hoped painting again would refresh my feeling for life. I regret that I have inconvenienced and disturbed you."

"I'll be paid for my inconvenience," Ms. Perry said, "but what you can't pay me for is the insult of coming here and submitting myself to your eyes crawling on my body."

"I didn't mean it as an insult."

"That's what it feels like to me."

She then asked Mr. Elihu to disrobe.

"I?" he said, surprised. "What for?"

"I want to sketch you. Take your pants and shirt off."

He said he had barely got rid of his winter underwear, but she did not smile.

Mr. Elihu disrobed, ashamed of how he must look to her.

With quick strokes she sketched his form. He was not a bad-looking man, but felt bad. When she had the sketch, she dipped his brush into a blob of black pigment she had squeezed out of a tube and smeared his features, leaving a black mess.

He watched her hating him, but said nothing.

Ms. Perry tossed the brush into a wastebasket and returned to the bathroom for her clothing.

The old man wrote out a check for her for the sum they had agreed on. He was ashamed to sign his name, but he signed it and handed it to her. Ms. Perry slipped the check into her large purse and left.

He thought that in her way she was not a bad-looking woman, though she lacked grace. The old man then asked himself, "Is there nothing more to my life than it is now? Is this all that is left to me?"

The answer seemed to be yes, and he wept at how old he had so quickly become.

Afterward he removed the towel over his canvas and tried to fill in her face, but he had already forgotten it. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scientists have begun to learn what causes a tumor to grow, but how to stop that growth remains a mystery

THE SECRETS OF CANCER CELLS

BY ROBERT A. WEINBERG

OVER THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, THE NEW TECHniques of biotechnology have touched one of the most recalcitrant problems in human health: cancer. Using these techniques, scientists have learned far more about the disease's origins and nature than could have been stated with any confidence even a few years ago. Those who follow the news about these advances may assume that cancer cures are imminent. Unfortunately, although present knowledge may point research in the direction of potential cures, major advances, with some exceptions, are still years away. A review of what *has* been learned, and where the discoveries might lead, should make clear how far the research still has to go.

In trying to trace the origins of cancer, one must first outline the disease's effects on large populations. Let us begin by asking a topical question: Is the industrialized world threatened by an ever-rising tide of cancer? The fact that the number of deaths as a result of cancer rose from 107.1 per 100,000 Americans in 1933 to 179.6 in 1979 would suggest that this is the case.

Some of the increase can be explained by one simple fact: cancer is in large part an affliction of the old. Although many exceptions to this rule exist—childhood leukemia, for example—the great majority of people who die from the disease are those who have lived beyond their middle years: those who if they did not die of cancer would soon be lost to other ailments, such as circulatory disorders. Wiping out cancer would increase the average lifespan in the U.S. by only two years beyond the present seventy-four. Once one realizes that cancer is largely a gerontological phenomenon, it becomes clear why doctors diagnose more new cases each year. Cancer is increasing in frequency because more people are living long enough to contract the disease. Fifty or a hundred years ago, few reached the late age at which cancer becomes common. Cancer was not a threat to people lying on their deathbeds at the age of twenty-five, put there by tuberculosis, pneumonia, or childbed fever.

Because longevity is increasing steadily, adding up the number of cancer deaths year by year and comparing the totals is a meaningless exercise. The only interpretable statistic is one that compensates for the population's lengthening average lifespan. Age-adjusted statistics allow one to ask: What chance does the average sixty-year-old man or woman have of dying of cancer now? By comparison, what was the risk for sixty-year-olds fifty years ago?

Even when one makes this adjustment, the numbers are depressing. The cancer death rate still appears to have increased substantially, from 143 per 100,000 people in 1930 to 170 in 1979. Yet another level of statistical sophistication exists, however. One can analyze the population not only according to age but also according to habits, distinguishing those who use tobacco from those who abstain. Once this is done, almost the entire increase in the cancer rate is accounted for by smokers. The number of deaths from respiratory-tract cancer (contracted chiefly by smokers) rose from four per 100,000 in 1930 to forty-four in 1979—an increase of 1,000 percent; the death rate from other cancers actually declined somewhat over the same period. If smoking were eliminated tomorrow, deaths from cancer would decline by 30 percent over the next generation. With minor exceptions, the incidence of cancer among nonsmokers is about equal to the rates observed for this group thirty, forty, and fifty years ago. This constancy is reassuring: it proves that non-smokers are not in the grip of an epidemic of cancer.

The rapidly increasing cancer rate among smokers suggests something else—something that few people only a generation ago realized: cancer, unlike sagging skin and a collapsing spine, is not an *inevitable* consequence of growing old. The disease is not programmed into the aging process. Instead, most forms are caused by exposure to substances brought into the body via food or tobacco. Cancer comes from insults to the body that in the best of worlds could be avoided.

Although smoking can explain the causes of most respiratory-tract cancers, it cannot be invoked to explain the causes of dozens of other cancers, such as breast and colon tumors. Since the incidence of these other cancers has remained largely stable over the past fifty years, their causes—whatever they may be—cannot have changed much. If those of us in research could only determine the

Robert A. Weinberg is a professor in the Department of Biology and the Center for Cancer Research at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also in MIT's affiliate, the Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY YUDEL KYLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way that we
ers, then per-
lusive.
y cancers by
world; cancer
different geo-

graphical locations. Stomach cancer strikes six times more frequently in Japan than in the United States. In West Africa, colon cancer is about ten times less common than in the U.S. We can conclude at least tentatively that environment creates drastic differences in risk.

Some might question this hypothesis by suggesting an alternative explanation: that Japanese or West Africans have special, genetically determined susceptibilities. The facts do not support this suspicion, however. Americans of Japanese descent enjoy low stomach-cancer rates. And American blacks, who are genetically close to West Africans, suffer colon cancer at rates greater than those for the rest of the U.S. population. Such evidence rules out genetic susceptibilities as an explanation of these greatly different rates, and makes environmental exposure the only reasonable interpretation.

This logic can be taken a step further. If colon cancer is ten times more frequent in the U.S. than in West Africa,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then at least 90 percent of colon tumors here would be avoided if the American environment could be made identical to the West African environment. By extension, one might ask: How would cancer rates change here if the American environment could be altered to achieve both the low colon-cancer risk of West Africa and, say, the low cervical-cancer risk of Israel? When the lowest rates of various cancers worldwide are listed together, it becomes clear that if the American environment were ideal, more than 85 percent of *all* cancers could be avoided.

What do the environments of West Africa and Japan offer that make cancer rates there so different from those in the U.S.? Diet emerges as the chief environmental factor in many of the cancers that are not caused by smoking. Epidemiologists have identified a number of dietary elements whose role in inducing cancer is gaining increasing acceptance. The one most widely cited is fat. Country-by-country comparisons show strong correlations between fat intake and the incidence of colon and breast cancer; those whose diets are high in fat succumb with greatly increased frequency to these diseases. A diet rich in red meat also seems to correlate well with cancer of the colon. In Japan, where dietary habits have become Westernized since World War II, the rates of colon and breast cancer are climbing to Western levels. At the same time, the long-standing Japanese preference for pickled, smoked, and fermented foods seems to be related to the country's traditionally high rate of stomach cancer.

These correlations do not constitute rigorous scientific proof of a cause-and-effect relationship between diet and disease. Nonetheless, they are so persuasive that last year a panel on diet and cancer convened by the National Academy of Sciences recommended a drastic shift in American dietary habits. The panel suggested a prudent, but hardly Spartan, diet, much lower in fats and oils, and higher in green vegetables, fruits, and grains, which appear to protect against certain types of cancer.

Environmental pollutants are conspicuously absent in the lists of factors that coincide with frequently occurring cancers. Many tumors common in industrial countries prove to be just as common in non-industrial countries, such as New Zealand, Iceland, and Finland. However, no one can rule out the possibility that, at some point in the future, the rates of certain cancers will rise dramatically, once populations have been exposed to industrial carcinogens for a sufficient period. Bombs could well be ticking away under our feet. Some, for that matter, have already gone off here and there, creating epidemics in small, discrete populations: for example, among workers who, having been exposed to various chemicals, are succumbing to bladder cancer, and among asbestos workers, who show high rates of an unusual tumor called mesothelioma, which appears in the chest or abdomen. Although such tumors are real and frightening prospects for those few at risk, they have not made much of a difference yet in the gross number of cancer deaths.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF CARCINOGENS MAY HELP people to minimize their chances of contracting cancer, but it does not begin to solve the underlying puzzle: How do carcinogens cause cancer? Biologists know much more about this now than they did even a year ago. The advances rest on a body of work begun in a period that most biology students consider prehistoric. Early in this century, X-rays were found to be carcinogenic. Then, in the late 1920s, X-rays were discovered to cause changes in the hereditary patterns of fruit flies. From these two seemingly unconnected facts came an important hypothesis, which was widely held but based, until recently, only on circumstantial evidence: Agents that cause cancer are agents that damage (mutate) the genetic material. Carcinogens induce cancer because they are "mutagens"—that is, they are capable of mutating genes. This hypothesis suggested that the target of carcinogens is deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA—the complex molecule in the cells of all living organisms whose segments, or genes, serve as the carriers of information for biological functions.

An important piece of evidence supporting this idea emerged twenty years ago, when researchers traced the path of carcinogens introduced into rodents. The carcinogens entered the cells of various tissues, and proceeded to bind tightly to the DNA. Significantly, strong carcinogens—chemicals that most often provoked tumors—bound more avidly to DNA than did weak carcinogens.

A further clue to the action of carcinogens came from an unexpected quarter outside the mainstream of cancer research—from studies of the hereditary patterns of bacteria. There are strong analogies between human and bacterial cells, because all cells are built on the same basic plan. They run on the same machinery, and depend on the same substance—DNA—to direct the machinery. Thus, the DNA of bacteria can serve as an excellent model for human DNA. Moreover, bacteria are a pleasure to work with. They reproduce themselves as often as every twenty minutes. In a simple and cheap overnight experiment, a researcher can study the DNA and heredity of a trait distributed through a population of hundreds of millions of bacteria. In contrast, cells taken from a human body are difficult to manipulate: they grow slowly, are expensive to feed, and succumb to the slightest alteration in their environment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Several experimenters reasoned that the DNA of bacteria should behave like human DNA when confronted with carcinogens. Of course, bacteria do not contract cancer. How, then, could the effects of carcinogens be monitored? A simple solution evolved: study instead the ability of carcinogens to alter bacterial genes controlling metabolism—genes that tell a bacterium how to break down certain nutritive compounds. This strategy, initiated by several groups, was developed most extensively by Bruce Ames, a professor of biochemistry at the University of California at Berkeley.

Ames gathered a large, motley group of chemicals: petrochemical products, hair dyes, natural biochemicals, and so forth. He exposed bacteria, and thus their genes, to these chemicals, and waited—though not for long, of course, since bacteria respond quickly to stimuli. Ames confirmed what others before him had found—that certain compounds readily alter bacterial genes. These powerful mutagens cause genetic damage when present in only trace amounts. Ames found weak mutagens, as well; the DNA-damaging properties of these compounds became apparent only when they were present in high concentrations. Most exciting, Ames found that the compounds wreaking genetic havoc in bacteria were the same ones that had been found to cause cancer in the experiments with rodents. Conversely, the compounds that reacted only weakly with Ames's bacterial genes had behaved as weak carcinogens in animals. Such data came close to proving the hypothesis that mutagens are almost invariably carcinogens. This relationship has since emerged as a fundamental tenet of cancer research.

As a result of the work with rodents and bacteria, the perception of carcinogens has changed. Scientists no longer think of carcinogens as chemicals that exist specifically to cause cancer. Instead, carcinogens are understood to be compounds that happen to be particularly adept at damaging DNA, thereby creating mutations in genes. Human cells exposed to carcinogens accumulate damaged genes. Cancer emerges as only one of several random consequences of the gene damage. Carcinogens do not seek out favored genetic targets for special attention. Instead, after entering tissue, the invading molecules strike at many constituents of the cells. On rare occasions, a carcinogen molecule may encounter a critical target—a segment of DNA—and a deadly train of events is set in motion.

All this points to a simple pathway of carcinogenesis. Substances enter the body largely via the lungs or gut. These substances interact with the DNA present in the cells of certain tissues. By altering the structure of DNA, they create new genetic configurations that trigger the growth of tumor cells.

There are dangers in accepting a scheme as simple as this. Complicating facts intrude upon its clarity. Take, for example, the substances implicated as carcinogens. When they enter the body, most are relatively inert, and lack any ability to damage DNA. But once inside a cell, these potential carcinogens are altered—activated by the cell's metabolic processes. At this point they readily attack, and combine with, vulnerable molecules in the cell. (Ironically, this metabolic activation of carcinogens depends on enzymes that exist to detoxify dangerous compounds. Enzymes that have evolved to shelter the body from chemical attack can inadvertently create novel and dangerous compounds.) Some researchers think that people's varying susceptibility to cancer may be explained in part by individual differences in metabolism. Certain people may activate carcinogens more readily than others. They may carry around especially powerful activating enzymes in their livers and lungs, and may, as a consequence, run special risks when confronted with potential carcinogens.

This problem of metabolic activation is only one of several complications in the attempts to discover the steps that lead to cancer. The greatest obstacle has to do with the DNA itself. Thirty years ago, James Watson and Sir Francis Crick unveiled DNA's double-helix form. Today, freshman students of biology learn the elegant simplicity of this structure. The problem with DNA arises not from its structure but from the staggering amount of information that a DNA molecule carries.

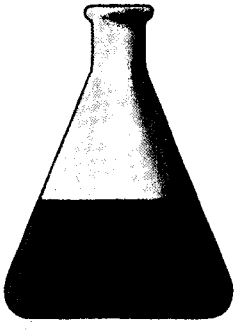
Each of the two intertwined strands of the DNA double helix forms a long polymer—an extended, end-to-end aggregate of chemical bases. There are four different kinds of bases, and their sequence in the strand composes information in the same way that the ordering of written characters composes words. The DNA double helix in a single bacterial cell carries the blueprint for building the bacterium. The strands of DNA in a single human cell, which are one thousand times longer, carry the information for forming the entire human body; they consist of 6 billion bases, strung out end to end. In fact, the DNA in a human cell holds much more information than is required for a complete blueprint. Human beings carry around information that has accumulated over 3 billion years of evolution, much of it apparently unused—the artifacts of genetic events millions of years in the past. Information layered upon information. A mixture of the truly important and the utterly useless. An endless complexity. The magnitude of the puzzle now becomes apparent.

If activated carcinogens mutate DNA by altering the sequence of bases, then which of these many sequences must be changed in order for cancer to begin? One answer would be that a change in sequence occurring anywhere in the DNA will lead to cancer. But such an answer ignores simple realities. Many DNA sequences are meaningless relics; changing these sequences would have no effect. Other sequences of DNA bases carry information on important functions of the organism. Certain such sequence units encode information for eye color or hair curliness; others specify biochemical reactions in the cell. The special functions of these sequences do not seem to be connected with the phenomenon of cancer. After all, cancer is an aberration of growth—not of eye color or hair texture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And there may lie a clue. Of all the myriad sequences in human DNA, those few that control normal, healthy growth could be the critically important targets. Perhaps they become redirected by mutation into programming abnormal growth, which is often tantamount to cancer.

This is a simple model, and perhaps even a correct one. But how to confirm it? The real problem, momentarily forgotten, returns to frustrate us: these hypothetical growth-controlling sequences, seemingly important for understanding cancer, can make up only a minute fraction of all the DNA sequences in the cancer cell. The rest of the sequences in the cell—the vast majority—reveal nothing about the cancer process. Somewhere in the 6 billion bases of the cancer cell, something has gone drastically awry. A critical control sequence has been meddled with, but how to find it?



THE GORDIAN KNOT WAS CUT IN THE PAST YEAR, AND not by any modern-day Alexander. Instead, biotechnology arrived on the scene. The techniques of "gene cloning" are ideally suited for solving the problem at hand, because they enable researchers to fish out a small genetic segment from the vast pool of unrelated sequences. ("Cloning" refers to the purification of a gene so that it emerges uncontaminated by the thousands of other genes present in DNA.) After a gene has been isolated and cloned, it can be amplified to hundreds of millions of copies in properly prepared bacteria. Having many copies of a single gene simplifies analysis enormously.

Different genes are cloned every day: among others, those that specify insulin, the blood protein hemoglobin, connective-tissue protein, and interferon have been identified. Eventually, someone will likely clone the gene that specifies eye color or hair curliness. A recipe book for cloning genes was published just last year. Few genes, once pursued by the gene cloners, can elude capture.

Cancer cells have also yielded an important part of their mystery to these powerful techniques. The cloners have extracted from cancer cells those few genes that force cells to grow abnormally. Researchers call these growth-controlling sequences in cancer cells "oncogenes." Cloning has made it possible for researchers to retrieve oncogenes from carcinomas of the bladder, lungs, and colon, as well as from leukemias. The most thoroughly studied oncogene in human cells comes from a human bladder carcinoma. Six thousand bases, strung end to end, make up this oncogene. (Its complexity may seem intimidating, but one should bear in mind that the DNA of the tumor cell as a whole has 6 *billion* bases.) By studying the cloned oncogene, scientists have learned the answer to an intriguing question: How does a tumor cell acquire an oncogene? Molecular analysis of a cloned oncogene points to a simple solution. The malignant gene arises as a slightly altered version of a normal cellular gene. This normal gene, whose precise function remains obscure, is the critical target in the cell's DNA; when it is transformed into an oncogene, it assumes the role of a master control and soon dominates cellular behavior. It forces the cell to shift gears. The cell loses touch with its normal priorities, which tolerate growth only when appropriate, and is forced into endless growth. By growing and dividing, the cell spawns the billions of descendants that form a tumor mass.

In recent months, the steps by which a normal gene becomes mutated into an oncogene have been explained. The change is extraordinarily subtle. Experiments have compared an oncogene of a bladder carcinoma with its normal antecedent. Since all genes are arrays of base sequences, comparison of the two genes demanded precise mapping of the sequences constituting the two genes.

These days, experimenters can puzzle out the base sequence of a cloned gene in several months' time. The four bases—A, C, G, and T (the letters represent the four different chemical bases)—are arranged in a special and meaningful order from the beginning to the end of each gene. By deciphering the sequence, one discovers the gene's structure. Such a sequence might read like this: AGGCCTAAGCCCTAGAGCCC, continuing on for a total of 6,000 bases in the case of both the oncogene and its normal counterpart. Experimental tricks made it possible for researchers to focus attention on limited areas of the two genes—on limited portions of each sequence. When the critical sequences of the oncogene and the normal gene were read out, the results were astounding. The differences between the two almost disappeared. A single base distinguished the oncogene from its normal precursor: one base out of 6,000. Change one critical base out of the 6,000 bases of the normal gene, and you get an oncogene. Change one critical base out of the 6 billion in the cell's DNA, and you push the cell down the long slide toward cancer.

This difference is so subtle, so minute, that it defies credibility. How can such a tiny change in a gene have such shattering consequences for a cell, and subsequently for an organism? There are precedents, the most well known of which is sickle-cell anemia, a hereditary disease afflicting blacks. Those who suffer from this disease carry defective copies of the genes that serve as templates for blood hemoglobin. The defect here, as in bladder cancer, can be traced back to a single base. In the case of sickle-cell anemia, the altered gene causes defective hemoglobin to be produced, and devastating circulatory problems ensue.

One circle in this description can be closed now by tying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

together carcinogens and oncogenes. Let us begin with circumstances and behavior that bring into the human body a variety of chemicals, both natural and man-made. Metabolic alteration of these compounds leads to their activation in various organs. In turn, the activated compounds begin their attack on the DNA, striking at sequences randomly. One molecule of a carcinogen has only a small chance of hitting a critical sequence. But patient repetition succeeds where a single rash attempt fails. After years of flooding a smoker's bladder, after millions of forays, the carcinogens will succeed: an active carcinogen molecule will hit a vulnerable chink in a critical gene. This hit creates a mutation, and causes the altered gene to assume the role of an oncogene. The newly created oncogene now issues directives, forcing a compliant cell to grow and divide when and where this cell should, by all rights, remain inactive.

One can blame carcinogens for many disasters leading to oncogenes but not for all of them. On occasion, the human body may create oncogenes in its cells without external provocation. Cells can inadvertently mutate their own DNA. A striking example of this came to light only a few months ago. Researchers have known for some years that certain bone-marrow cells rearrange a special set of genes in preparation for mounting a normal immune response. They have just learned that on rare occasions, the process goes awry, and brings about a bizarre rearrangement of genes. This in turn creates an oncogene. Cancers like childhood leukemias, which have few apparent environmental sources, may result from these internal mistakes—mistakes that can occur in anyone, even a person living virtuously in an ideal environment. It is indeed a wonder that such mistakes do not happen more often.

THE CANCER CELL IS NO LONGER AN IMPENETRABLE black box. Exactly what goes wrong when the cell undergoes its malignant transformation is becoming apparent. More important, scientists know where to look for solutions to the remaining puzzles. Crucial puzzles still exist. Here are two of the big ones. It will take another decade to work these out.

First. Why does it take so long for cancer to occur? It does take a very long time. Lung cancer offers a most instructive lesson. In the next several years, a watershed in medical history will be reached: more American women will die from lung cancer than from breast cancer. The female lung-cancer epidemic can be traced back to its roots—to a point thirty years ago when it became acceptable, even fashionable, for women to smoke. A generation later, the innovators of social convention are dying left and right.

Why does it take so long—thirty years of continued abuse—for tumors to appear? Some delay may come from the difficulty that a carcinogen has in meeting with and mutating the proper gene. But further answers are needed. Even after an oncogene becomes activated, other changes must occur in the cell before it can become a competent tumor cell. Scientists suspect that at least one and perhaps several other altered genes must cooperate with the oncogene to achieve the end result. Perhaps a relatively rare event like a mutation must occur to turn on each of these other genes. Cancer seems to depend on a succession of rare events taking place over many years. A cancer found today is likely to have been caused by a series of these events that began in the body ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. Activating an oncogene seems to be one of these events. The nature of the other events is yet to be discovered.

Some of the steps leading to cancer seem to depend on chemicals, known as "promoters," that do not mutate DNA. They are known to aid the carcinogenic process by somehow pushing a cell further down the road toward cancer, cooperating with mutagens even though they do no damage to DNA by themselves. Asbestos may function as a promoter. While it is unable to damage DNA directly, it seems greatly to increase the risk of mesothelioma, usually by cooperating with cigarette smoke.

Not that cigarette smoke needs much help. It is thick with mutagens and even thicker with promoters. Both kinds of molecules are to be avoided. And therein lies a quandary for the guardians of public health. One can test for mutagens rather easily. Thanks to Ames and his bacteria, cheap and simple methods for detecting mutagenic compounds in the air, in tobacco smoke, and in charcoaled meat are available. But the promoters are more insidious. There is no simple way to test for them, because they do not mutate DNA. All one can do is apply them to test animals—a long, expensive, and frequently unrewarding exercise. How can promoters in the environment be controlled if it is so hard even to identify them? How important are they in the long, drawn-out process of human carcinogenesis?

Second. How does an oncogene force a normal cell to behave abnormally? The tumor cell carries 50,000 or more genes, and yet one of them, the oncogene, dominates behavior. How can one gene assume such influence in subverting cellular behavior? Most answers to this question are still wildly speculative.

The clues that exist are vague and not terribly useful. One speculates that because the oncogene induces runaway growth, the normal version of the gene must reg-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ulate normal growth. A lot is known already about the way in which a normal cell is put together and about how many normal genes work. One day soon, how the normal, growth-regulating genes work, and by implication, how their tainted versions disrupt the delicate normal balance between quiescence and growth, will also become clear.

This is an exciting prospect, and not just for cell biologists. Understanding the way oncogenes work could provide a basis for developing a rational treatment of cancer. Once scientists understand the master control switches, they may be able to trip them back and limit the growth of cancer cells.

At the moment, cancer is treated in three basic ways: surgery, radiotherapy, and chemotherapy. These approaches in concert cure a substantial number of previously untreatable cases. For example, more than half of the patients afflicted with the most common kind of childhood leukemia are cured when the disease is diagnosed early. But many adult tumors, lung cancer among them, are largely unresponsive; treatment at best postpones the inevitable. New ways to kill cancer cells must be found. The existing chemotherapeutic drugs are rather ineffective at counteracting most types of solid tumors. These drugs are more lethal to cancer cells than to normal cells, but they aren't selective enough.

The design of selective drugs has been elusive, because until recently, the essential differences between normal cells and cancer cells have not been understood. A truly selective drug would take advantage of such a difference, and kill only the flawed cells. Because the presence of an oncogene has been identified as an essential flaw in a cancer cell, ways of antagonizing the workings of an oncogene can begin to be studied. It is now possible to think of ways to design drugs that could kill cancer cells selectively, or return them to normal.

SELECTIVE DRUGS ARE NOT AROUND THE CORNER. Their development will likely take a decade or more. And that brings us to another important point: the recent leaps forward reveal a lot about the causes of cancer, but they have not yet revealed any specific cures. This fact bears implications for public policy.

For the next decade, and likely beyond, the big reductions in cancer deaths will come from preventing cancer, not from treating it. A smoker indulges in self-delusion if he thinks that medicine will rescue him from lung cancer ten years from now. The only effective way to reduce the number of deaths from lung cancer will be to reduce the number of smokers. Similarly, a substantial decline in the number of deaths from colon and breast cancer will likely come from changes in diet, perhaps involving a shift in the American diet away from fat.

History offers precedents for this prediction. The enormous drop in the number of deaths from infectious diseases had little to do with antibiotic treatment. Instead, it was learned early in the nineteenth century that filth is unhealthful. Public sanitation led to great increases in lifespan a century before antibiotics appeared on the scene. Similarly, the fourfold decline in deaths from stomach cancer in the U.S. over the past fifty years can in no way be credited to improvements in treatment. Stomach cancer is as lethal now as it was in earlier times, but fewer people contract it, most likely because fewer people are exposed to its causes. Perhaps improvements in food storage, such as refrigerators and the much-maligned food preservatives, are responsible. Here again, avoidance has succeeded where treatment has failed.

The recent, very real advances in biology reveal much not only about cancer but also about how to organize scientific research. Or, perhaps, how not to. The origins of some of these recent advances are edifying. How was the Ames test for carcinogens developed? How did scientists come to isolate and dissect oncogenes? Some may find the answer startling. These advances depended on areas of work totally unrelated to cancer: results from laboratories involved in studying the sexuality and genetics of bacteria.

There are many such examples, but the point is already well made. Cancer research has continually reaped the harvest of other areas of experimentation—molecular and cellular biology, biophysics, microbial genetics, and so on. For years, agencies such as the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society have been supporting work in areas ostensibly outside their purview, because of a belief—almost a religious conviction—that basic, non-goal-oriented research would pay off in the end. These and other granting agencies have given license to many biologists to do what interests them, so long as they do it well. Some of the researchers have done very well, and much of the investment has been paid back, in ways that nobody dreamed of.

One might conclude that the scientific understanding of cancer has progressed so far that non-goal-oriented studies can be safely abandoned. The history of cancer research proves that such a policy would be a serious mistake. Imagine a scenario very different from that of the past two decades. Imagine that twenty years ago, the funding agencies decided that the best way to understand cancer was to support only those projects whose goals were to answer specific questions about human cancer. The impact of such a policy on science today should be clear. Scientists would not have the Ames test or know about oncogenes. They would not have developed gene cloning and used the technique to produce cheap insulin and interferon. They would not have come so close to a full understanding of cancer, and, perhaps, further off, its cures. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC TELEVISION FORCED TO CUT BACK

BY LYNN CARAGANIS

A.M.

7:00 News

7:30 Sesame Street
Bert and Ernie go to a party over at Ronald McDonald's

8:30 American Scrapbook
A visit to Mount Washington, home of well-known President, George

9:00 The Electric Company
Girls learn what boys really like them to wear; interviews with pre-teen celebrities

10:00 Anyone for Tennyson?
Aged woman claims she communicates with the dead poet—through salads!

10:30 Tony Brown's Journal
Pearl Bailey talks about her hobby, bar-b-cue

11:00 News

11:30 I Love Lucy

P.M.

12:00 Life on Earth
A fashion show where the models are trained seals; steroids that can improve your personality; a nostalgic look at the Hula Hoop rage. Dick Clark, host

1:00 Frontline
Jessica Savitch probes fatal 1980 Newark Chug-a-Lug Contest

2:00 American Playhouse
J. R. buys a fur coat, but it's not for his wife!

3:00 I Love Lucy

3:30 Great Performances
Wagner's Ring: Die Walküre. Siegmund (Dick Clark) falls in love with Sieglinde (Stephanie Powers), the wife of his worst enemy. Surprise ending

5:00 Jacques Cousteau
The Frenchman's annual beachwear survey

6:00 Sesame Street
Bert's parents are killed in revenge-type plot

7:00 Here's Lucy

7:30 Movie
Die Laughing (1965). Two aged roommates meet up with a Playboy Bunny in Mexico and get into hot water. George Burns, Barbara Eden

9:30 American Scrapbook
A visit to Mount Washington, home of well-known President, George

10:00 Masterpiece Theatre
Richard Simmons in High School: Young Richard joins the French Club and learns about—himself. Robert Klein stars

11:00 Civilisation
"Tiny Little Markings": A look at recreational readers: why they do it, and what it means for their health, jobs

12:00 Crazy Bloopers
A humorous look at past PBS programs. Dick Clark, host

1:00 PBS Magazine Latenight
Visits with some of the celebrities who bring you public television; filmy new jogging wear; fund-raising volunteers discuss their relationships with their mates; sex over 50; Money Send-in

2:00 Rex Humbard

2:30 I Love Lucy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM LULEVITCH

Lynn Caraganis, a writer who lives in New Jersey, is at work on a novel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAGING PANTHER, GRINNING SAINT

BY ROBERT TOWERS

THE MANHATTAN MOVIE theater where I saw *Gandhi*, on a Sunday at noon, reminded me of an Air-India jumbo jet en route to Bombay. As with the jet, the seats and aisles were crowded with whole families of Indians in a holiday mood. Many of those in the theater worked six days a week in the small economic niches that New York's swelling population from India and Pakistan have found for themselves. The men waved and shouted high-pitched greetings to one another, while the women, some of them withered grandmothers, tried to control the scampering children and hush the babies. I anticipated a noisy and distracted four hours, but when the lights dimmed and the last children raced back to their families, a silence descended that seemed to absorb even an occasional wail.

They had come, these transplanted people, to see—in some cases for the second or third time—what was no less than their national epic. Did it matter that the movie's director was a knighted Englishman and its star was drawn from the often-despised community of Anglo-Indians who had lived for generations in a country where they never felt at home? Were they aware of the criticisms leveled against the film by intellectual Indians who were less than enamored of the Gandhian myth and its political legacy? I doubt it.

I had come for the usual reasons, plus one: having encountered both Gandhi and Nehru in the flesh, I wanted to see whether the context was one into which I could fit my memory of the two meetings. The answer is no. Ben Kingsley's impersonation struck me as brilliant. But my own memories remained apart, intact, untouched by all this technicolor bustle—though one of the meetings had been anything but quiet, and both had taken place in a historical setting of great turbulence.

Robert Towers teaches at Queens College. His new novel, The Summoning, *will be published in the fall.*

THREE DAYS BEFORE Christmas, 1945, when I was twenty-two, I found myself the startled witness to a fulmination of Jawaharlal Nehru's famous temper; then, on the very next day, I accompanied Mohandas K. Gandhi on an evening walk saturated with a honeyed peacefulness that one might find in some painter's vision of pastoral bliss.

I was at that time the youngest of four vice-consuls attached to the American Consulate General in Calcutta. A recent graduate of Princeton, I had arrived the previous May, having almost drifted into the Foreign Service Auxiliary as a way of prolonging a pleasant sense of wide-open options regarding the future. The two-year appointment committed me to nothing; on the other hand, I hoped it would gratify a craving for travel that had remained unsatisfied by a brief military career that took me no farther afield than Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in my native South. When I landed in Calcutta, the war with Japan was still in its pre-Bomb phase, and the city, as a major jumping-off place for Allied operations in China and Southeast Asia, was teeming with British and American soldiers. Stringent military controls were in effect. Gandhi and Nehru had been arrested in August of 1942 in the Quit India campaign against the British. Gandhi had been released from jail exactly a year before my arrival, and the more directly subversive Nehru was still in jail. (When I left India, in March of 1947, Nehru was interim prime minister, negotiating with the last viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, who had come with a mandate to work out the independence of India.)

At the Consulate General, I worked very long, serious hours in the passport and visa section, where I often had to contend with the ugly consequences of the racist U.S. immigration laws then in effect. After the day's work, my evenings were passed in an indiscriminate frenzy of partying. I shared bachelor accommodations with a shifting population of consular personnel and military transients in a large flat on the eighth floor of a building called Middleton Mansions. My most nearly permanent flat-mate was a vice-consul named Dallas Coors, an unflaggingly gregarious young man who "knew everybody" in Calcutta, and who assumed the responsibility for my social initiation. He took me to sign the visitors' book at Government House and to call (leaving engraved cards) on all the proper people—British, Indian, and American. In due course, most of the cards came back in the form of invitations: to cocktails, to a musicale at Government House, to dinner parties, to tennis parties at the Saturday Club, which did not admit Indians, and to dinner dances at the 300 Club, which did.

Those first few months coalesce into images of tumultuous jeep rides at midnight, with girls in evening dresses and brocaded saris screaming as a sudden monsoon shower whipped through the windowless vehicle; of drinking gimlets and swimming at the Government House pool with the private secretary and aides-de-camp of His Excellency the Governor of Bengal; of setting out at 8:00 A.M. with a pounding headache for Saturday-morning duty at the consulate, which was being kept open six days a week on an extended wartime schedule.

THE MONSOON RAINS of summer fell in splattering gusts, followed by intervals of humid sunshine during which the gutters steamed. My clothing smelled of mildew, and I developed a maddening rash of prickly heat that did not go away until the drier weather of fall. Meanwhile, the pace of public events quickened. Nehru was released from prison in June. The Labour Party was swept into power in Britain, badly unsettling the Colonel Blimps of Calcutta. When the Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, my Indian friends were quick to point out that Asians—not Europeans—had been its first victims.

One result of Japan's defeat was the homecoming, at the end of summer, of the Indian National Army, a force of some 20,000 men who had fought with the Japanese against the British and the Americans in Southeast Asia. They had been recruited by the Japanese from the Indian soldiers who were taken prisoner after the collapse of the British in Malaya, in 1942. From the standpoint of the British High Command in New Delhi, the officers of the INA were obviously traitors and should be treated as such. Since their leader, Subhas Chandra Bose, had been killed in a plane crash, the three most prominent remaining officers were chosen by the British for court-martial and charged with treason and various war crimes against the Allies. Instantly, the Indian nationalists, including Nehru, took up the cause of the INA, proclaiming the dead Bose (who had made broadcasts from Ger-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many during the war) as a great patriot and the officers on trial as martyrs. That fall, demonstrations erupted all over the country. They were particularly raucous in Calcutta, for not only had Bose been a Bengali but his brother, Sarat Chandra Bose, who was still alive, was a flamboyant local leader, with a noisy following. Rioting and strikes broke out in late November, creating much turmoil just prior to the scheduled meetings in Calcutta of the Working Committee of the Congress Party, India's leading political organization working for independence—meetings that would necessarily involve both Gandhi and Nehru.

While the senior consular officers, preoccupied with their commercial reports, seemed to regard the impending visit of the nationalist leaders with indifference, Dal Coors and I were restlessly eager to meet both Nehru and Gandhi. We were, I suppose, typically American in our brash assumption that these two famous men would be willing to receive two very junior representatives of the U.S.A. I wrote directly to Nehru, while Dal undertook the more complicated arrangements with Gandhi, who was planning to stay—and hold prayer services—at an ashram north of Calcutta. Nehru answered my letter promptly, saying that he would be happy to see us as soon as the Congress Party committee meetings were over. Dal's negotiations with Gandhi's secretary were more protracted, for the Mahatma was maintaining a quasi-nonpolitical posture, insisting on the primarily spiritual purpose of his presence in Bengal. For some time after Gandhi's arrival, it looked as though we would get no closer to him than did the tens of thousands who every day poured out of the city by train or bus to Sodepur Ashram, ten miles away, to attend the evening prayers. Meanwhile, the presence of the Congress Party brass had attracted brass of another order. That one-eyed old soldier Field Marshal Lord Wavell, M.C., C.M.G., C.B., K.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.B., P.C., the penultimate viceroy and governor-general of India, had flown from Delhi to Calcutta to try to set up meetings with Nehru and Gandhi. During those December weeks, Calcutta became the de facto capital of India.

OUR ACTUAL ENCOUNTERS were preceded by sightings from a distance. Dal and I drove out to Sodepur for one of Gandhi's evening prayer services, there we stood wedged among perhaps 80,000 Bengalis, straining to see the little brown man squatting like a Buddha on a raised platform far away. I recall the crackle and sudden silences of the loudspeaker system, snatches of a high voice chanting what I assume were passages from the *Bhagavad Gita* and the Vedic hymns. There was a homily, too, in which—according to an English-speaking Indian standing next to us—Gandhi extolled the virtues of peace and silence.

On the day after the prayer meeting, we read in the paper that several of the pilgrims to Sodepur had been killed by being trampled or pushed under the

wheels of the lethally overcrowded trains; such casualties occurred almost every day, and were regularly deplored by Gandhi in his communiqués.

Three days later, we found ourselves in an even denser crowd—estimated at more than 300,000 people—which was packed into Wellington Square to attend a Quit India rally addressed by Pandit Nehru. But this time we had good seats—procured by some Indian friends—just beneath the speakers' platform. From there we could study the handsome man waiting, hunched over, with something like a scowl playing across his extraordinarily expressive features, while another orator harangued the crowd in Bengali. Nehru was wearing the white cap, high-necked tan tunic, and white jodhpurs that had become his uniform and badge. When he finally rose to speak, he seemed frail, an elegant and slightly withdrawn presence facing the clamorous crowd that filled not only the square but the streets leading into it. But he was also lithe, as poised and supple as a panther. In a voice that I recall as high, rapid, and jabbing, he praised Subhas Chandra Bose and declared his passionate commitment to the INA officers on trial. The crowd responded with volley after volley of cheering, roaring out "*Jai Hind! Jai Hind!*" ("India forever") and waving placards carrying a picture of Bose. Then, when he had made his listeners drunk with love for him, ready to hug his knees, to hoist him upon their shoulders, Nehru characteristically began to chide them. They were foolish, he said, to waste their energy in small riots and scattered acts of violence. They must stop behaving like children. Instead, they should conserve their strength for the final uprising, which would come soon, he promised—and would drive the hated Englishman into the sea.

Nothing showed the weakening of the British grip upon the country better than the fact that such a militant and seditious rally had been allowed to take place. As the jostling multitudes flowed away from Wellington Square, bearing us along the side streets toward the far-off place where we had parked our jeep, I was glad to be conspicuously in the company of our Indian friends. The crowd was not menacing but wildly excited, exalted, ready for anything—including, I felt, the lighthearted lynching of someone protesting to the end that he was American, not English. It was seductive, too. My usual skepticism about the capacity of the various Indian factions to unite long enough to get rid of the British (much less achieve viable self-rule) vanished for the moment, and I saw these surging tens of thousands as an irresistible band of brothers, Hindu and Moslem, who would triumph over the archaic paternalism designed to channel and control their energies.

THE SCHEDULES OF our personal encounters with Nehru and Gandhi were rushed ones. A member of Nehru's staff telephoned to say that Mr. Nehru would be happy to receive us at 7:00 P.M. on December 22 at the home of Dr. B. C. Roy, a prominent Bengali physician with whom he was staying. Meanwhile, the Mahatma's secretary had written to Dal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coors, inviting us to join Gandhiji on December 23, following his prayer service, on the grounds of the ashram.

Because of darkness, I did not get a good look at Dr. Roy's house, which was comfortably large and situated in a middle-class but non-European section of Calcutta between Wellington Square and the university. When we arrived, promptly at seven, we were told by a bearer that Nehru Sahib had not yet returned from the rallies he had been addressing that afternoon, and that we were to take seats in the waiting room of Dr. Roy's surgery. The latter was in a small wing of the house, with a separate entrance. Having expected a private interview, we were disconcerted to find ourselves in a bleakly lit waiting room filled with perhaps twenty Indians, many of them holding envelopes or papers, all of them obviously anticipating the Pandit's return. They regarded us with suspicious and darting glances. Dal and I found seats at some distance from one another, and for the next half-hour or so, we sat in uneasy silence, occasionally exchanging shrugs or smiles, two alien presences with our American suits and skins and haircuts, far more conspicuous in this little group than we had been at the rally.

The outside door was opened and Nehru rushed in, accompanied by a small retinue. His face looked ashen, stricken with fatigue. Before he was even two feet inside, he was surrounded by the waiting Indians, who had sprung from their seats and held out glossy photos to be autographed, petitions to be signed, pamphlets and gifts to be received. They shouted for attention, clutched at him, plucked his sleeves, thrust papers under his nose. Suddenly that classically beautiful visage became twisted into the mask of a fallen Lucifer, writhing in anguish and rage. He struck the petitioners right and left, tore up the photographs and threw them into the faces of the hapless autograph-seekers, and then stormed into Dr. Roy's office, shouting, in English, "My God, will no one have pity on me? Why do you hound me with these trifles? Where is your sense of proportion? I will speak to no one!"

As the chastened petitioners picked up the litter from the floor, Dal and I huddled together for consultation. What should we do? Wait? Quietly steal away? Had he noticed us at all? Certainly he was in no mood to waste time with two inconsequential young Americans whose motives were hardly more exalted than those of the autograph-seekers. He would want his bath, his dinner . . . Our dismay was intense; yet we did not go away. And within ten minutes our irresolute persistence was rewarded.

Nehru himself opened the door to the waiting room. With the utmost politeness, he escorted us to a small sitting room that had been assigned for his use during his stay at Dr. Roy's. The change in Nehru's appearance was no less than a metamorphosis. All traces of anger and exhaustion had been erased from his face. His walk was jaunty. His eyes were luminous, with a look of humorous ex-

pectation. We were in the presence not of a tormented angel but of a man of the world whose very accent—that of a cultivated but unaffected Englishman—seemed to promise an urbane attentiveness to anything we might wish to say.

The discussion that followed was entirely political—and unexpectedly frank, though always within the bounds of an established civility. Dal and I questioned him closely about his public espousal of the Indian National Army. The United States, we said, in keeping with its anti-colonialist traditions, was naturally sympathetic to the cause of Indian independence. But we had just concluded a bitter war with Japan. The INA had, after all, joined forces with our enemies—had actively, if not very effectively, fought against the Allies in Southeast Asia. Subhas Chandra Bose had been an avowed fascist, had made propaganda broadcasts from Hitler's Germany. Wasn't Mr. Nehru afraid that public opinion in America might be turned against the nationalist strivings of India if they were linked to the cause of those who had so recently fought against us?

With perfect suavity, even amusement, Nehru assured us that, in effect, he did not give a damn about American public opinion. It was all very well to talk about the War of Independence and anti-colonialist traditions, but America itself had for a long time been an imperialist power.

Dal and I protested. The United States had no territorial ambitions. Right now, everything was still unsettled by the war, but even the occupation of Japan and much of the South Pacific couldn't be regarded as colonialist or imperialist. As for India . . .

Nehru's smile was dismissive. It was a simple fact, he asserted, that the United States was at this moment busily helping the French and the Dutch regain control over their former colonies in Indochina and the East Indies. As far as India was concerned, our mouthings about self-determination were the sheerest hypocrisy. Great Britain was America's chief ally—that was the only reality that counted. The United States would *always* support British policy in India, whatever the liberal press might proclaim. Such being the case, he had no qualms about using the INA trials to whip up popular feeling against British rule; he was prepared to use anything that came to hand, and in this case—thanks to the characteristic stupidity of the British military—he had been handed a particularly effective weapon.

Dal and I were simply outclassed. I felt that Nehru was being unfair, but we were not in a position to refute him point by point. What *was* American policy toward the revolutionary forces in Indochina and the East Indies? Hadn't we seen, even from the restricted vantage of the Consulate General, evidence of the friendliest American cooperation with the returning French and Dutch? Now that the Roosevelt–Churchill collaboration was over, it seemed to me possible that the Truman Administration might put pressure on Britain to reach a settlement in India, but that was merely a hunch or a wish on my part. There was no obvious way to refute

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nehru's analysis. He could reduce our protests to clichés, our questions to absurdities. We were in the presence of a sharp-witted, impatient, and contemptuous man whose formidable resources were narrowed to a lance-head attack upon a single object: the gouty and wheezing old lion of British rule in India. How he hated this beast, which, to an American observer, presented a picturesque and even fairly benign aspect. None of us, in December of 1945, had any way of knowing how short its life expectancy was.

Nehru did not terminate the interview. Though he rapidly demolished everything we said, his urbanity showed not the slightest strain. After an exhausting day of meetings and rallies, possibly he found it relaxing to run graceful circles around these two naifs of the Western world. Perhaps half an hour was spent in this most unequal exchange. Then, following a moment's lull, we all three smiled with a simultaneous recognition: there was nothing more to be said. Dal and I stood up, shook hands with Nehru, and thanked him. He saw us to the door and politely dismissed us into the now-empty waiting room.

DECEMBER IN CALCUTTA is cloudless, hot enough for swimming at noon, cool enough for woolen sweaters or jackets at night. Despite the succession of azure days, the season has its drawbacks. The urinous stench of the gutters and drains is intensified, for there are no rains to flush them out. Toward evening, the air becomes acrid with smoke from countless braziers, fed with charcoal and dried cow dung. The road north toward Gandhi's retreat led through crowded streets and wretched bustees of mud huts where such smoke lay in a blue-gray pall, mingling with dust and exhaust fumes, stinging one's eyes and nostrils. Only as we drew near Sodepur did the squalid outcroppings of the city give way to open paddy fields, to groves of mango trees and banyans, to clumps of banana and plantain palms so lushly green, so fruitful, that one could scarcely imagine that a child might starve in their shade.

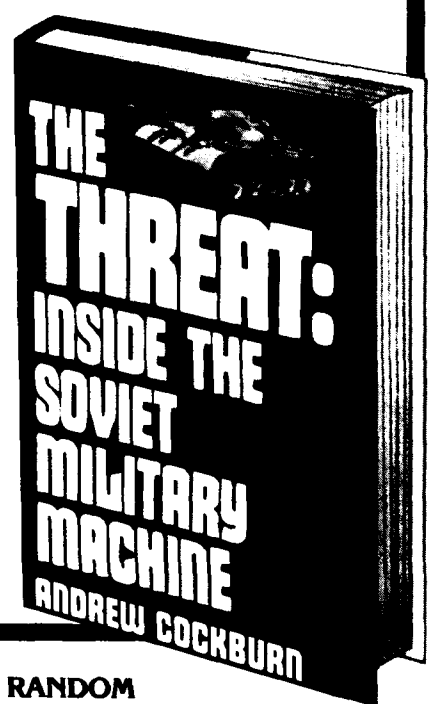
We had been instructed to present ourselves at a certain bungalow in the compound at Sodepur to make final arrangements for our rendezvous with the Mahatma. There we were welcomed, and a young man was sent to show us where to wait when the prayer service

What the Pentagon doesn't know (or won't tell us) about Soviet military "supremacy"

"**A huge contribution** to our understanding of our potential adversary, and our own security needs...exhaustive in its research, absorbing and entertaining." —JAMES FALLOWS, author of *National Defense*

"**It has to be read.**" —DAVID HOLLOWAY, *N.Y. Review of Books*

"**A useful corrective to the fantasy army so familiar in Washington**...a wealth of convincing detail about every aspect of Soviet military life." —THOMAS POWERS, *The Atlantic*



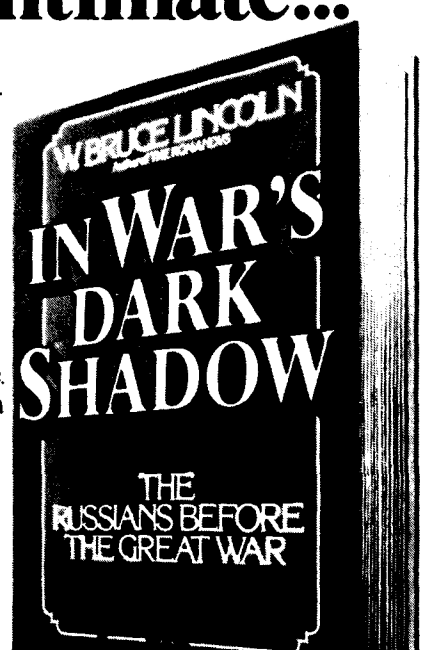
A Literary Guild Alternate.
$16.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

"History made vivid, accessible, intimate...

unfolding the last days of Romanov autocracy in all its pathos and drama. Firmly establishes Lincoln as one of our foremost Russian historians." —*Publishers Weekly*

"Lincoln has woven an intricate but coherent web of background, situation and detail deploying an immense range of material, blending contemporary report and historical research." —*Chicago Sun-Times*

"Vivid, dramatic and authoritative. ...Sets forth the empire's decline in a series of brilliant set-pieces." —*Chicago Tribune Book World*



MAIN SELECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
With photographs, at all bookstores

THE DIAL PRESS/DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broke up. Details of the service itself mingle in my memory with those from three weeks before. I recall an even larger crowd and much thicker dust, for the open space in front of the platform had by this time been scuffed by at least a million feet. When, after the service, we hurried to the place of assignation, we found that we were not to have Gandhiji to ourselves. Two Englishmen—one of them a major in a khaki bush jacket—and an Indian businessman in a Western suit were also waiting. We introduced ourselves to one another rather stiffly, mutually annoyed at having to share the Mahatma's presence.

The wait lasted perhaps ten minutes. Then, along one of the paths that led to the place where we stood in a thicket of trees and shrubs came the toothless old man, smiling and nodding, his hands resting on the shoulders of two shy-looking Indian girls whose age was hard to estimate. He was taller than I had expected, but very bent. Because of the chill in the air, he wore a white homespun shawl in addition to the famous loincloth; yet the main impression he conveyed was one of nakedness: a naked scalp, naked limbs, and a naked trunk. His skin was a rich caramel-brown, wonderfully soft- and supple-looking to be the hide of a man in his mid-seventies. He was followed by two Indians in dhotis who seemed to be informal aides-de-camp. One of them told us that we were to take turns walking abreast of Gandhiji along the narrow path; each person was to walk with him for about five minutes and then drop back, allowing another to fill his place. Gandhi's notion of conversation, it seemed, was a running monologue that could be sustained with total indifference to the shifting identity of his listeners.

I could form no idea of how extensive the grounds of Sodepur Ashram were. They conformed to the Hindu (as opposed to the Moghul) conception of a garden: a shapeless jumble of trees and sweet-smelling shrubs, grasses, and bamboo thickets through which dirt paths were irregularly threaded. It was impossible to tell how often we doubled back or took the same path. Our walk lasted for more than an hour. The light falling upon the leaves shifted from gold to bronze as sunset drew near. The air was full of dust motes but fragrant and spicy from the aromatic shrubs, free from the stinging smog that hung over the city. No one talked except the golden old man, and his voice, punctuated by chuckles, hardly carried beyond the person at his side. The two shy, black-eyed maidens—Gandhiji's "crutches"—said nothing. The peacefulness that had settled over the scene was almost palpable, as if dropping softly from the radiant air.

When my turn came, Gandhi gave me one of his charming grins, his eyes merry behind his spectacles, but he seemed to pay scant attention to my somewhat tongue-tied explanation of who I was. (I had succumbed, unexpectedly, to a kind of stage fright in his presence.) Immediately he launched into—or resumed—a monologue in English about the efforts being made to promote cottage industries such as spinning and bee-keeping. The encouragement of spinning had received much publicity, he said, but bee-keeping was important, too. It was an ancient skill, one that could be learned by the poorest and most ignorant villagers. It not only would provide them with a source of natural sweetness far more healthful and less costly than refined sugar but also would enable them to make a little money during the intervals between crops. Furthermore, there was a spiritual, a religious side to bee-keeping . . .

I felt a tap on my shoulder. The English major was just behind me. I dropped back, to remain forever ignorant of Gandhi's ideas on the religious aspects of bee-keeping.

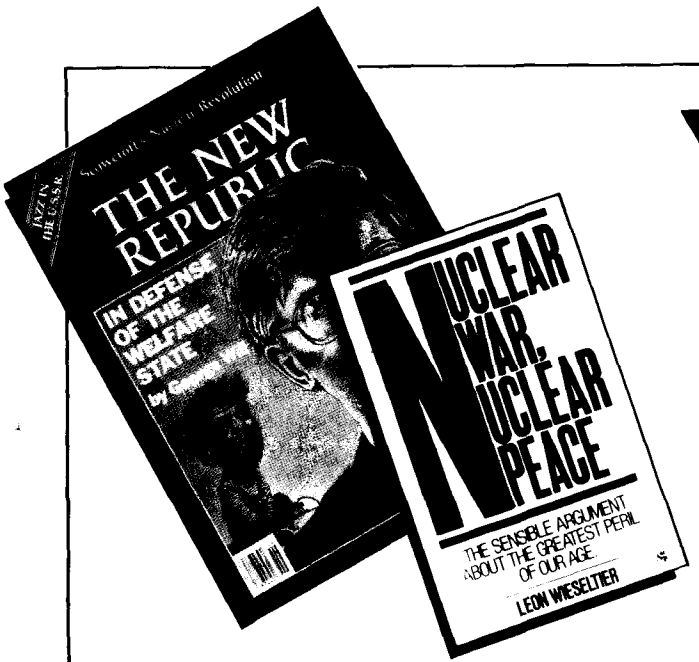
From time to time our little party was waylaid. Emerging from a thicket or arriving at an intersection of paths, we would see a woman in a sari kneeling or prostrated in the dust, usually clutching an offering of flowers or yellow bananas or green-and-pink mangoes. In each case, Gandhi would stop, lift his hands from his "crutches," and press his palms and fingers together in front of him in the ancient Hindu greeting, which is also a blessing. Bowing to the woman, he would accept her offering and hand it to one of his aides. If the woman was groveling or weeping like Mary Magdalene at his feet, he would gently bend over, touch her head, and then take her hand, mumbling something to her. As the woman stood up, he would again bow and press his palms together. All the women, whether weeping or not, went away with ecstatic smiles slowly irradiating their faces.

Watching all this, deeply moved, I would hardly have been surprised if the old man had enabled the lame to walk, the blind to see. Protestant-bred, religiously skeptical, I was in the presence of such "soul-power," such charisma, as I had never imagined. I felt as if I knew what it was like to walk with St. Francis of Assisi—or with Jesus. My absorption in the experience was total and uncritical, unalloyed by any wayward thoughts about hysterical phenomena or the varieties of religious pathology. I had at that time read very little about Gandhi except in the newspapers. Orwell had not yet written his famous essay that begins, "Saints should always be judged guilty until they are proved innocent. . . ." Nor, of course, did I then have Erik Erikson or Ved Mehta to enlighten me about the peculiar subsoil into which the Mahatma's extraordinary magnetism thrust its roots: I knew nothing of his preoccupation with his bowels, nor of the vow of chastity he had taken at the age of thirty-six, nor of his need as an old man to test the strength of that vow by taking to bed with him these two girls on whose shoulders he leaned. Politically, too, I was naive. It was not until somewhat later that I learned, through conversations with people who had first-hand knowledge of Gandhi as a negotiator, that the charming old saint could also be a wily old rascal; that he could be maddening in his dealings, impossible to pin down, capable of blandly contradicting himself from one sentence to the next and then pretending, in his demure way, that no contradiction existed. In retrospect, I am glad to have been an innocent in this one, stunning encounter with the only man I have ever met who (albeit grinning, toothless, and jug-eared) struck me as holy in the old, awesome, and magical sense of that word.

I had another turn at Gandhi's side before the walk was over. This time he was talking about his daily regimen: how he always slept out of doors; how he took no nourishment but goat's milk and curds and fruit juice. "I expect to live another twenty-five years," he said, laughing with self-delight.

There is little twilight in the tropics. It was dark by the time we drove away from the ashram. And almost cold. A white mist lay in strips across the paddy fields, a mist soon to be thickened with smoke as we approached the city. Ahead lay a round of parties of the sort that Americans, huddling together, make for themselves at Christmas in a foreign land. □

PROPERTY OF THE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Yours FREE

with your paid subscription to THE NEW REPUBLIC . . .

Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace . . . a landmark in the great nuclear debate that Leslie Gelb of The New York Times called "brilliant" and that James Fallows of the Atlantic described as an "eloquent, careful call to reason."

Earlier this year, **THE NEW REPUBLIC** devoted nearly an entire issue to a single article . . . Leon Wieseltier's landmark essay, "Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace."

The praise for Wieseltier's clear, common sense call to reason has been lavish and universal.

Henry Kissinger wrote us to say, "one of the most thoughtful essays I have read on a difficult subject."

Harvard's Daniel Bell said, "Leon Weiseltier has analyzed the central strategic issue of the day . . . with a clarity and lucidity unmatched by any other writing on the subject."

And Max Lerner of The Los Angeles Times described it as a "brilliant analysis."

Now this truly landmark essay has been updated, revised and expanded into book form. And it's yours FREE with your paid subscription to **THE NEW REPUBLIC**. . .

. . . the weekly magazine of politics and the arts that Time called "The liveliest and best weekly journal of opinion" in America.

Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace is FREE.
THE NEW REPUBLIC is only 56¢ an issue!

Return the coupon below today and you can get **THE NEW REPUBLIC** for only 56¢ an issue. That's 63% off the $1.50 cover price and 40% off the regular subscription rate of 94¢ an issue.

What's more, as soon as we receive payment for your subscription, we'll rush you your FREE copy of Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace.

Just look what you've been missing in THE NEW REPUBLIC lately . . .

The Andropov File . . . Hard Times for the Hard Right . . . Lebanon Eyewitness . . . Reagan's Deficit of Sense . . . The Politics of Women's Bodies . . . The Art of Being Rude . . . John Lennon vs. the F.B.I. . . . The Senate's Secret Slush Fund. PLUS, Mondale's Choice Glenn's Potential, Cranston's Credentials . . . and Irving Howe on 'Oliver Twist', Dick Cavett on Sid Caesar and Stanley Kauffmann on Monty Python.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
FREE GIFT OFFER

☐ YES, send me THE NEW REPUBLIC at the introductory rate of only $27 a year (48 issues). That's only 56¢ an issue – 40% off the regular subscription rate, 63% off the $1.50 cover price. Send me my FREE copy of Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace as soon as you receive payment for my subscription.

Name_____

Address_____ Apt. No.

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Payment enclosed, send me my FREE copy of Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace at once.

☐ Bill me later. Send me my FREE copy of Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace as soon as you receive my subscription payment.

Money-Back Guarantee: If you are unhappy with **The New Republic** at any time, you may cancel for a full refund on all unmailed copies. Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery of the first issue. All foreign orders must be prepaid. Additional postage: add $22 per year to foreign orders and $10 per year to Canadian orders, payable in U.S. currency.

731081

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

MARRIAGE AND MORALS

BY JAMES ATLAS

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN; UGLY SCENES
by C. D. B. Bryan. Doubleday, $16.95.

IN *FRIENDLY FIRE*, C. D. B. Bryan brought home the Vietnam War, chronicling the anguish of an Iowa couple whose son was killed in the war and their efforts to find out how he died. Seven years later, Bryan has written a novel about another war, less lethal but more protracted: "the war between men and women." Told in a casual, ruminative first-person voice, *Beautiful Women; Ugly Scenes* is an eyewitness report from an affluent old town near Princeton, the kind of suburb that real-estate agents call picturesque. The more expensive houses date back to the eighteenth or nineteenth century, a swimming pool in the back yard is nothing unusual, and the only car dealer in town sells Peugeots. Life would be idyllic if only the couples living in these painstakingly renovated houses could get along. "But Alice and I had not even really liked each other for some time," confesses Bryan's narrator—"*nor had we met any other couples who did!*"

The hero of this utterly absorbing novel, a documentary-film maker dedicated to "the courtship and seduction of beautiful women," is in the midst of what he shamelessly calls a "midlife crisis." His second marriage is foundering; he's beset by insomnia, depression, nameless anxieties; so many people close to him have recently died that he wonders if he might be an "Angel of Death." At his twentieth college reunion, he finds his classmates in equally bad shape, their faces etched with anxiety, their spouses dissatisfied and sullen. Why do these people stay married? "'Children, routine, money, weakness, cynicism . . .'" he conjectures. Bryan's couples make Updike's seem like the ones on *The Newlywed Game*.

Of course, sexual hostilities break out in every generation, but the men and women in this novel have joined battle at a particularly hazardous moment. The wives are in their early thirties, their husbands maybe a decade older, their families settled into the same suburban life earlier documented by Cheever and Updike. The men work, the women stay home; there are a few desultory affairs, tolerated on both sides; and no one is ever happy. But the seventies have arrived, and people are busy examining their roles.

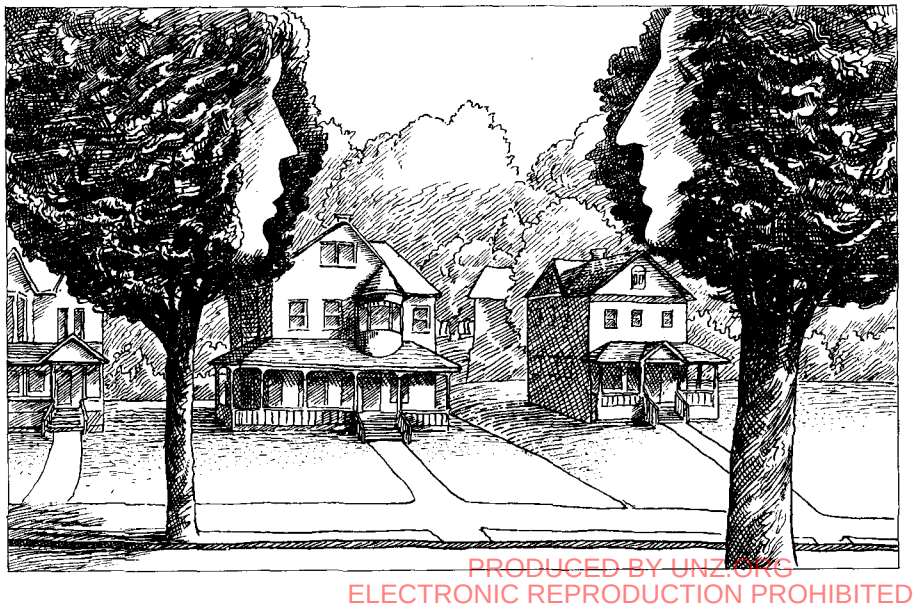
Bryan's narrator is a diligent pupil in the school of life, eager to learn and change, to become more sensitive to women's "needs." He broods incessantly over why relationships go wrong, admits that he wants a wife like his mother, confers with other unhappily married men about "why our wives are so angry with us so much of the time." He *tries* to understand women ("I listened to them, read their books"), interrogates them, analyzes their anger, but he's still more interested in hustling them off to bed than in appreciating them—until he falls in love with Odette, a French housewife who lives down the street.

The whole plot is divulged right at the beginning, in a masterly scene written as a screenplay. "That dinner," as Bryan refers to the terrible night when Odette's husband ends up in bed with the narrator's wife, furnishes conclusive proof that both marriages are doomed; and from then on the cuckolded pair are thrown together more and more, casualties of the affair between their spouses.

There is nothing impulsive about the jilted lovers' courtship. Wounded and wary, they circle each other tentatively at first, resisting the obvious dénouement. Odette, the only woman character Bryan really develops, is at once fierce and vulnerable, possessed of an attractive worldliness. When the narrator, still engaged in field research, asks how women know whether a man is a "good lover," she answers:

> It's in the man's eye. . . . And his mouth. His hands. The way the man moves. The little gestures. The *nuance*. The way he helps the woman into her coat, looks at her, touches her. Looking at him, we know he must be good. Women are turned on by men who treat women with respect. When men are being tender, they think they are being less of a man. Women think the opposite. We think he is *more* of a man.

This sounds like something out of a *Cosmo* advice column, but the very bluntness of Bryan's style, his willingness to put such clichés in his characters' mouths, gives the novel a kind of sociological interest. It's as if he can't be bothered with literature; things are so bad that he has to blurt out his story however he can. His voice is colloquial and direct, as if he were speaking into a tape recorder: "As I've said. . . . " "I know how corny this sounds. . . . " "I don't think I'm really ready to talk about this. . . . " Yet this way of confiding in the reader, thinking out loud, returning obsessively to crucial scenes like a patient on the couch, is a calculated literary tactic; I have rarely read a novel that



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so thoroughly suppressed all traces of its fictional design. Whether or not it's autobiographical (and the dedication to "Monique" seems like a giveaway), the digressive meditations and groping efforts to describe what happened seem as spontaneous as a telephone conversation. Even Saul Bellow and Philip Roth, those masters of the first-person voice, never conceal the literary nature of their enterprise; their styles are so fluent that they call attention to themselves. Bryan drones on with a stammering candor that insists, This happened to someone, and in just this way. The art is in the artlessness.

Bryan's film maker is so flat-footed, so humorless, so preoccupied with his problems, that he's like a friend in trouble: you start out feeling that you have to listen to him, only to end up fascinated by his woeful story. His psychobabble about "anger" and "needs" and "relationships" is offered up without a trace of irony. Mourning his mother, he praises her "capacity to accept human frailty without being either gullible or overly solicitous." Recalling the loss of his virginity, he marvels at how "making love had proved totally joyful, an event filled with laughter and awe, tenderness and relief. . . . " Brooding on his chaotic love life, he declares: "I needed to be with a woman who . . . helped me feel good about myself." The language is so obvious that it disarms criticism.

The novel's pace is daringly slow. Couples bicker, children whine, real-estate agents phone up, repairmen drop by to discuss the furnace. Houses are described with an attention to detail worthy of *Better Homes and Gardens*: the pre-Revolutionary stone farmhouse with exposed beams and wide-board floors, sconces with low-wattage bulbs in the dining room, and twin stainless-steel sinks in the modernized kitchen; the long-stemmed crystal wineglasses on the antique tavern table; the pastoral oil paintings of "cows grazing, a pasture bordered by woods, a surprisingly detailed portrait of an angry pig." Bryan's protagonist derives such pleasure from these matters, is such a maven on mortgage rates and rotting shingles, chair-rail moldings and dovetail joints, that I found myself wanting to know more: How are you going to hold down two $75,000 mortgages on your income? Is it really feasible to put a washing machine on the second floor? Enthusiasm is an attractive quality.

It's curious that Bryan's narrator has no name. Even in the passages written as a screenplay, his lines are spoken by "Myself"—a ploy that makes the speaker more detached and objective than most fictional characters, less burdened by traits that force the reader to approve or disapprove of him. For all his candor, Bryan's film maker really says very little about himself, his parents, his childhood; he's like a character in a movie, introduced at some critical moment in his life and followed through a discrete sequence of events. His anonymity makes him typical, unobtrusive. Not all men are like this one—sexually acquisitive, threatened by women, needy, and incapable of intimacy—but enough are to give Bryan's portrait of his conscientious if unprogressive hero a documentary value.

Bryan has exercised the novelist's prerogative of revenge to the full, giving the film maker the best lines, depicting his wife as a frigid shrew, and skating lightly over his sexual misdemeanors. This character just can't seem to get it into his head that leaving his family to go off and teach in Colorado for a whole semester, or having an affair with his wife's cousin, might have unpleasant consequences. But his testimony about the rewards and perils of sex is remarkably clear-eyed, explicit but never titillating. He makes it known that he's attractive to women without boasting about it, and his appreciation of women's bodies is more aesthetic than voyeuristic. Sitting downstairs with his wife's cousin on a night when his wife has rejected him, he dwells on her body with a charged erotic eye:

> I was aware of a myriad-fold pattern of whites, of shadows, of flesh, the scent of bath oils, warm skin, the long, slender muscles of her thighs, the creamy swelling of the sides of her breasts, her utter femininity, the drape of the gown over every womanly curve and hollow. . . . Her body, so close to my hands, had a sheen, a mother-of-pearl luster, a hint not so much of rosiness, warmth, and life as of silver, chalk, and frost.

In Saks with Odette, he nearly seduces her in a changing room, but there's nothing aggressive about the scene; it's like a drawing-room comedy. Determined in

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

August report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

GOLDSTROM AND DAVIS

A distinguished collection of stories by a writer whose first fiction appeared in *The Atlantic* twenty-five years ago, and whose fourth novel, *County Woman*, was published by the Atlantic Monthly Press in 1982. The stories range widely in theme, though several are set in Faulkner country, the rural, race-haunted South. But **JOAN WILLIAMS** also writes (in the title story) about the melancholy surge to self-discovery of a suburban alcoholic housewife, about the isolation of a retarded mute, about a white girl who tries to befriend a suspicious black boy in their newly integrated high school.

Some early reports:

". . . a graceful, impeccably crafted style. . . ."
—Publishers Weekly

"These straightforward, low-key stories . . . have firm integrity and gentle power. . . ."
—Kirkus Reviews

"**JOAN WILLIAMS**'s stories are beautiful interiors of the mind and heart. Going into the world of one of her characters is like going into an old movie theatre, with interesting glowing lights on the walls and an absolutely enthralling show going on. I love these stories."
—Bobbie Ann Mason

PARIAH AND OTHER STORIES
by Joan Williams

LITTLE, BROWN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his pursuit of women, he is invariably well-mannered in bed, a romantic whose desire is so pure, idealistic, and uncompetitive that he can't understand why women might resent him.

This chivalrous self-image is a little unbelievable. Can Bryan's protagonist have finally succeeded in eradicating all traces of Herzog's vindictive rage or Rojack's blunt hunger for conquest? But his solicitude toward Odette, his tolerance when she goes off to France for a few months or sleeps with someone else in revenge for an imagined lapse on his part, is made plausible by his desperation. "I do not want to lose this woman," he declares at the outset; and by the last page, when he hears Odette's son singing the theme song from *The Brady Bunch* in his "sweet, incredibly beautiful boy-soprano," and he feels his heart "swell with love for them all," it's clear that he *has* learned something from his marital ordeals—that the old talents of seduction and betrayal are both self-destructive and insignificant in comparison with the rewards of fidelity. His adolescent daughter's response to the song is a succinct "Oh, *ick!*" But why shouldn't life turn out like a sit-com once in a while? □

THE TERRIBLE CENTURY

BY STEPHEN SPENDER

MODERN TIMES: The World from the Twenties to the Eighties
by Paul Johnson.
Harper & Row, $27.95.

PAUL JOHNSON, A colorful figure in English life, is author of a book called, perhaps over-ambitiously, *The History of Christianity*. From 1964 to 1970, he was editor of the socialist weekly *The New Statesman*. Today he writes regularly for the conservative weekly *The Spectator*. He is a follower of Margaret Thatcher, and a Catholic convert (or should I have put these conversions in reverse order?). Seeing him on television, I sometimes get the impression of an immensely energetic, flamboyant fellow, bursting from the seams of his tweed jacket and hurling invective at any leftist who happens to be in sight.

Modern Times reveals that there is much more to Mr. Johnson than his splenetic outbursts or even his conservatism. This is a work of intellect and imagination, in which the author shows a strong grasp of complex material and a remarkable ability to fit into a unity the interacting forces of political and social movements all over the world during what is effectively the whole post-1914 period. True, there are occasional outbursts against English aesthetes, such as Lytton Strachey, whom he labels "Bloomsberries"; against Left Bank left-wing intellectuals, such as Jean-Paul Sartre; against ecologists (wasters of the economy, in Johnson's view) and other mischief-makers who are his *bêtes noires*. But what stands out is his dark, almost apocalyptic, Churchillian vision of what he regards as perhaps the most terrible century (if measured by its inhumanity and acts of violence) in the history of mankind. Impressed by the immense sum of murders, tortures, prison camps, acts of genocide, forcible transportation of whole populations to Arctic wastes or to Asiatic deserts, Johnson rises above his prejudices and shows the kind of imagination that can see beyond the calamitous results of political actions to the roots of evil in human beings. He also sees the courageous virtue of the few who sometimes save the better from the worse.

Though a man of the right, Johnson does not hesitate to condemn the evils produced by nationalism and reactionary politics. He has little sympathy for the French right-wing nationalist political philosopher Charles Maurras, so much admired by T. S. Eliot, whom one would expect to be just his cup of tea. He is, indeed, an old-fashioned liberal in his respect for democratic institutions and his distrust of social engineering by the state, which he sees as leading to tyranny—which communism and fascism have in common.

Some remarks written by Winston Churchill when he was at the War Office after World War I, which Paul Johnson quotes, might well serve as epigraph for his book:

> All the horrors of all the ages were brought together, and not only armies but whole populations were thrust into the midst of them. The mighty educated States conceived—not without reason—that their very existence was at stake. Neither people nor rulers drew the line at any deed which they thought could help them to win. Germany, having let Hell loose, kept well in the van of terror. . . . Europe and large parts of Asia and Africa became one vast battlefield on which after years of struggle not armies but nations broke and ran. When all was over, Torture and Cannibalism were the only two expedients that the civilized, scientific, Christian States had been able to deny themselves: and they were of doubtful utility.

Torture was indeed to be introduced—notably, under Hitler, by the Germans, the people Johnson cites as "the best-educated" in the world. (I would question this widely received idea about German education.) Churchill's remarks serve to introduce a period of modern history when millions of Russians became victims of their Communist government, and more millions of Jews, Slavs, and racial minorities victims of the Nazis, in gas chambers and concentration camps. And as a kind of postlude to the era of European wars came mass murder and hideous dictatorships, following on the breakdown of the European empires in Asia—Vietnam, Cambodia, etc.—and in parts of Africa.

One may strongly disagree with many of Paul Johnson's opinions. But in a book that conveys a world view of modern history, simplifications have to be made. The writer has to hold up before the reader a vision consisting of interrelated cartoons. The method is that adopted by H. G. Wells in *The Outline of History*. After reading Johnson's book, the reader may well find that the unifying vision falls to pieces. The point is, though, that in picking up and examining the fragments, he is made to think about the world described in this factual account of men and events.

PAUL JOHNSON'S OPENING chapter, "A Relativist World," is an example of his simplified way of looking at things, which, in its very vehemence, is provocative. He relates the breakdown of European civilization to what he considers to be the decline of the belief that the individual is responsible for his actions to a tribunal of his own conscience, which recognizes moral absolutes governing his behavior:

Stephen Spender's most recent book is China Diaries *(Abrams), with drawings and photographs by David Hockney.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Marx, Freud, Einstein all conveyed the same message in the 1920s: the world was not what it seemed . . . Marxist and Freudian analysis combined to undermine, in their different ways, the highly developed sense of personal responsibility, and of duty towards a settled and objectively true moral code, which was at the centre of nineteenth-century European civilization. The impression people derived from Einstein, of a universe in which all measures of value were relative, served to confirm this vision—which both dismayed and exhilarated—of modern anarchy.

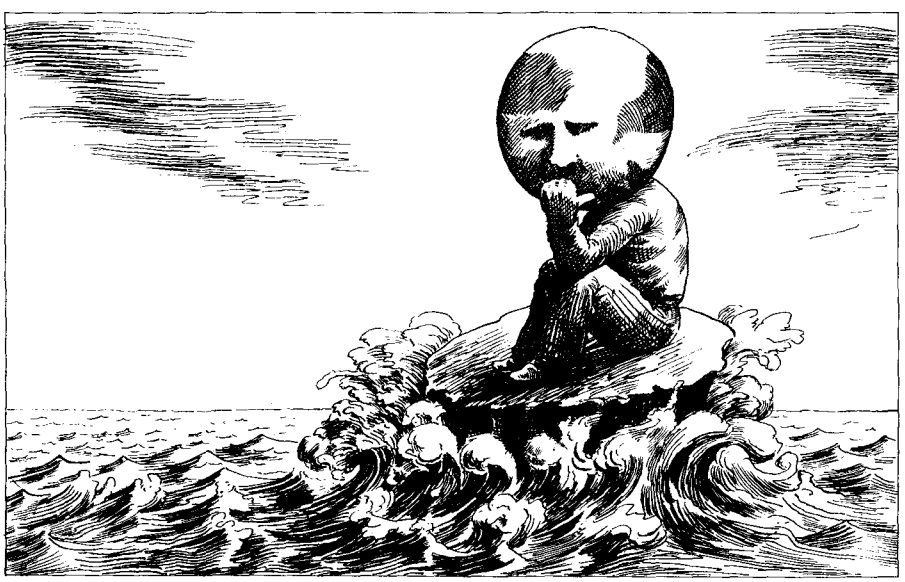
There was certainly a collapse of the Victorian certitudes after World War I (Were they really so certain? What about Darwin?) But the connection of this collapse with the theories of Einstein and Freud—even those of Karl Marx—is not very clear, and, if it existed, was largely due to misunderstanding those thinkers. Mr. Johnson himself points out that the Communist state under a dictatorship directed exclusively by a Lenin contradicts Marx's theory of historical determinism, and distorts the idea of the realization of the people's will through the dictatorship of the proletariat. He also points out that Einstein was far from relativist in his views about God and morality. He might well have added that Freud in *Civilization and Its Discontents* showed that by civilization he meant sublimation of the unconscious instinctual forces, not anarchic release of them.

It is true, of course, that psychoanalysis, in drawing attention to the role of inhibition in the often hypocritical behavior of individuals who unconsciously repress their wishes, undermined public admiration for the great Victorians, some of whom were ridiculed by Lytton Strachey in his *Eminent Victorians*. And E. M. Forster in his novel *A Passage to India* certainly made the British authorities in India seem pompous and hypocritical dummies.

Perhaps, contrary to Johnson's argument, there was a kind of transference of the individual's sense of guilt about his own personal life to feelings of guilt about the wrongs inflicted on industrial workers by capitalists and on "natives" by imperialist proconsuls. The idea of "the White Man's Burden" and of a civilizing mission disappeared.

There grew, in India and elsewhere, a feeling among the English rulers that the natives had justice on their side in rebelling against capitalism and imperialism. Hitler, when he came to power, was greatly helped by the feeling of many English and French that he was justified in liberating Germany from the Treaty of Versailles, imposed by the victors of World War I. Johnson argues that John Maynard Keynes's attack on that treaty in his book *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (written with malice and wit injected there partly in order to please Lytton Strachey), and his support of German grievances, helped to make possible World War II—which it was intended to prevent.

A factor working in history of which Johnson makes much is "the law of unintended consequences"—a phrase borrowed from Karl Popper. European guilt played a part later on, after World War II, in the liquidation of the European colonial systems, the dissolution of the empires. Still later, in the war against Vietnam, many Americans came to feel that in fighting the Vietcong their country was assuming the mantle of imperialism no longer worn by Europeans. This was a role that they could not accept.



JOHNSON BELIEVES THAT a great many historic events of this period were the consequence of the temperamental makeup of dominating personalities and not just the results of some impersonal process determined by "history." The actions of Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, Churchill, Mao, De Gaulle, and Roosevelt can very often be explained only in terms of their personal obsessions. Johnson sums up the achievement of Lenin as the imposition of his personal characteristics upon history:

> He had systematically constructed, in all its essentials, the most carefully engineered apparatus of state tyranny the world had yet seen. In the old world, personal aristocracies, except perhaps for brief periods, had been limited, or at least qualified, by other forces in society: a church, an aristocracy, an urban bourgeoisie. . . . And there was, too, the notion of an external, restraining force, in the idea of a Deity, or Natural Law, or some absolute system of morality. Lenin's new despotic utopia had no such counterweights or inhibitions. Church, aristocracy, bourgeoisie, had all been swept away. Everything that was left was owned or controlled by the state. All rights whatsoever were vested in the state.

Once Hitler had gained complete control of Germany (in the summer of 1934, after the murder of his henchman Ernst Roehm), the history of Europe for the next ten years became the projection upon its map of his paranoia. If he had not been obsessed with the Final Solution and diverted—for the purpose of sending Jews to the gas chambers—transport greatly needed on the eastern front, the war would have lasted much longer. If Roosevelt had not trusted his friend Stalin and distrusted the old scoundrel Churchill, the map of Europe would look different today. The Cultural Revolution in China was Mao's personal whim.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Certain developments do have the air of historical inevitability. One of these is surely that World War I would end in revolution in Europe. The fact that this took place in Russia and not in Germany proves not that Marx was wrong but that he had mistaken the time and place. (Hitler, on the other hand, has the look of a nightmare that need not have happened.)

The dissolution of the European empires, decolonization, and the emergence of many new states replacing the old colonies also have the look of inevitability. De Gaulle bowed to historical determinism when he gave up Algeria. Yet it took a De Gaulle to do this.

One of the best things in this book is Johnson's discussion of colonialism, which he does not see as entirely good or entirely evil. The tragedy is that while decolonization is one of the inevitables, it sometimes leads to the emergence of a regime far worse than the old colonial one—and does so even under circumstances most favorable to the newly emerged state (Johnson is at his liveliest in his discussion of Ghana). The ghosts of Hitler, Mussolini, and Lenin walk again in tyrannies of liberated parts of Africa and Asia.

In his last chapter, "Palimpsests of Freedom," Johnson concludes on a note of subdued optimism. He takes comfort in the thought that the non-events of history can be as important as the events. He sees as a great non-event "the failure of religious belief to disappear," and he points to the revival of Catholicism in Eastern Europe. This is, of course, a striking phenomenon, but I fear that it is one the totalitarians can contain.

Perhaps some grounds for hope might be found in the boredom of life under the dictatorships—a boredom felt by the people themselves, whose protest takes the form of corruption and sex and drunkenness. In *1984*, Orwell found some kind of wan consolation in the utter indifference of "the proles" to the authoritarian states where they lived. The young in all communist countries regard life there as boring. For them, not to be bored is to have what the young in the democratic countries have—not their politics but their blue jeans and their transistor radios. This may be more important than the revival of religion. Boredom is perhaps fallow earth in which, at some far end of time, new life will spring. □

SHORT REVIEWS

THE THROWING MADONNA *by William H. Calvin. McGraw-Hill, $13.95 and $7.95.* Professor Calvin begins his collection of essays by asking why the majority of human beings are right-handed, and after settling that question to his own satisfaction, goes on to examine developments and conditions in his entire field, which is neurophysiology. The things that have been learned by poking into people's heads and nervous systems are already amazing but, according to the author, only a small start on real understanding of the brain. Research funds, meanwhile, are inadequate and steadily shrinking. Professor Calvin writes gracefully and without condescension, and usually makes his specialized subject matter clear to the non-specialist reader. When he overestimates that reader's comprehension, one may as well take it as a compliment and forge ahead, because on resort to an ordinary dictionary for term A, one is usually advised to See B, which retorts with See A.

BASEBALL'S GREAT EXPERIMENT *by Jules Tygiel. Oxford, $16.95.* The acceptance of blacks as players in major-league baseball was belated and accompanied by a disgusting amount of obstruction and complaint. Once begun, however, the process of integration was quite rapid and ultimately successful, largely through the backstage canniness of Branch Rickey, then president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the character of Jackie Robinson, who, as the first black player to take the field, endured limelight, inconvenience, abuse, and threats—and still played superb ball. Mr. Tygiel has an interesting story to tell, and does it with awesome thoroughness. No fly ball or cracked bat goes unreported.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PUPIL *by Iris Murdoch. Viking, $17.75.* Ms. Murdoch's lengthy novel concerns George, black sheep and minor public nuisance, his relatives and connections, and his neurotic grudge against an elderly and famous philosopher. The book contains much mention of churches and religions, and much description of the imaginary English town (a hot-springs spa) where the characters pursue their garrulous and ill-tempered way. The whole thing is, unfortunately, a lamentable bore.

VISIONS OF CITY & COUNTRY *by Bonnie L. Grad and Timothy A. Riggs. The Worcester Art Museum and the American Federation of Arts, $14.95.* During the nineteenth century, French artists and photographers recorded rural and urban landscapes from steadily shifting points of view. These shifts resulted from changes in transport, city planning, and social theory. The authors' exploration of the influence of practical conditions on the vision of artists gives their text interest beyond its original purpose, which was to serve as the catalogue accompanying an exhibition of prints and photographs. The book is suitably well-illustrated.

THE BLACK DEATH *by Robert S. Gottfried. Free Press, $16.95.* Since there have been many previous books about the Black Death, the available records of that epidemic are long since mined out, and Professor Gottfried cannot be expected to offer anything new on the arrival and deadly progress of the disease. His book therefore starts slowly, but becomes intriguing when he arrives at the social and economic effects of the plague, particularly its impact on the medical profession. Fourteenth-century doctors relied on antique authority—Hippocrates or Galen—quite unsupported by clinical observation. One medical school did indeed study human anatomy through dissection—of pigs. Neither pigs nor Galen were of any help in dealing with the Black Death, and the total inability of doctors to cope with the problem led to a salutary reorganization of medical studies. Professor Gottfried describes the process in brisk and stimulating style.

SLOUCHING TOWARDS KALAMAZOO *by Peter De Vries. Little, Brown, $13.95.* Mr. De Vries's plot is an ironic reversal of the standard theme of youthful innocence corrupted by adult wickedness. Anthony, a bright adolescent languishing in eighth grade through a distaste for history and mathematics, is led astray by his teacher, an impulsive and regrettably careless woman. Tony's resultant position as combination abused juvenile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and illegitimate parent should be disastrous. Mr. De Vries, who writes brilliantly, makes it steadily and outrageously amusing—a first-rate socio-sexual comedy.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF DEATH *edited by D. J. Enright. Oxford, $19.95.* Mr. Enright inadvertently demonstrates that death is halfway like the weather. Everybody talks, or in this case, writes, about it. There may be no positive need for an anthology of reflections, speculations, and lamentations on death, but for readers with funereal tastes, here it is.

THE INDISPENSABLE CAT *by Jean-Claude Suarès. Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $29.95.* Mr. Suarès's text on the history and status of the cat is enlivened by a variety of quotations. Many of these are fragmentary—Smart's tribute to Jeoffry has been cruelly bobtailed—but Kipling's great tale of "The Cat That Walked by Himself" is intact, and that same Cat swaggers on the endpapers of this lavishly and delightfully illustrated volume. Artists of most times and all types, from precise realists to fanciful cartoonists, have found cats irresistible, and Mr. Suarès, who clearly loves anything with a cat in it, has assembled a fine feline show.

THE FORGER'S ART *edited by Denis Dutton. California, $22.50.* After Hope B. Werness has provided a summary of the career of Han van Meegeren, the man whose fake Vermeers temporarily fooled a number of authorities on painting, assorted scholars in the "Philosophy of Art" attack the question of the aesthetic value (if any) of a successful forgery. Since these authors are philosophers, they raise a flourishing brier patch of semantic and logical thorns, which will undoubtedly please readers who enjoy this type of argument. The debaters do not, however, solve the basic problem of which they are all plaintively aware. A successful forgery is necessarily one that remains permanently undetected (van Meegeren does not qualify); therefore there can be no actual example of aesthetic value in a forgery for the philosophers to study. They must simply assume, as they do, that such forgeries exist. There is a faint echo of Cloud Cuckooland about the whole discussion, but its ingenuity is undeniable.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the July Puzzler, **"QUADRANTS"**

1 S	E	2 T	3 O	4 N	5 M	6 I	7 L	8 L	I	9 O	10 N
11 E	S	I	N	I	M	R	I	E	S	M	A
N	12 R	U	E	P	13 G	R	A	P	H	E	D
14 E	U	Q	R	A	M	E	M	15 O	G	R	E
16 N	O	E	P	E	17 O	V	A	R	I	E	S
18 O	C	R	19 A	H	C	A	20 L	P	21 A	C	22 M
S	T	E	C	23 G	R	N	O	S	D	N	A
24 S	H	A	R	I	N	G	U	25 T	E	I	D
26 T	O	G	O	27 E	28 M	T	S	29 E	N	A	E
30 R	U	M	B	L	E	D	I	S	O	L	I
U	S	31 G	A	B	A	S	E	N	I	D	R
32 M	E	N	T	A	L	S	33 R	E	D	D	A

Across. 1. NO-TES (rev.) 5. MILL(I)-ON 11. M(IN)ISERIES 13. GRAPHED (homophone) 14. MARQUEE (homophone) 15. OGRE (rev.) 16. PE(O)N 17. O-VARIES 18. CHARCOAL (first two letters from *chic*, *area*, *come*, and *also*) 23. G(R)ANDSON (anag. + *r*) 24. SH-A-RING 25. DIE-T 26. TO-GO 28. MEANEST (anag.) 30. RUMBLED 31. GABARDINES (anag.) 32. MEN-TALS (*salt* anag.) 33. ADDER (double def.) *Down.* 1. ONENESS (anag.) 2. RE-QUITE 3. RENO (anag.) 4. HE-APING 6. A-V-ERRING 7. MAIL (double def.) 8. PROP(EL)S 9. CEREMONIAL (anag.) 10. SEDAN (anag.) 12. COUR(THOU)SE 17. CORNMEA-L (anag. + *l*; pun) 19. A-C(ROB)AT 20. LOUSIER (anag.) 21. ADENOID (anag.) 22. MAD-E(I)RA 24. STRUM (hidden) 27. ELBA (rev.) 29. ESNE (anag.)

THE Atlantic Bookstore

You can order the following books advertised in this and past issues of THE ATLANTIC by filling out this form and enclosing your check or entering your credit card number in the space below. Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

☐	SLUGS, David Greenberg	$ 4.95
☐	BLUE HIGHWAYS, William Least Heat Moon	$17.50
☐	IN WAR'S DARK SHADOW, W. Bruce Lincoln	$17.95
☐	MY RUSSIA, Peter Ustinov	$19.95
☐	PARIAH AND OTHER STORIES, Joan Williams	$13.95
☐	Total Books	$____
	Mass. Residents add 5% tax	____
	Postage & Handling	2.00
	Total Amount Enclosed	$____

☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ MC

Credit Card # ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Exp. Date ☐☐☐☐

SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

883

Send to: THE ATLANTIC BOOKSTORE, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, MA 02116

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

THE ATLANTIC is represented exclusively by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising. The classified rates are $2.50 per word for one (1) issue. If you place your ad for three (3) or more issues, the cost is $2.25 per word, per issue. Minimum ad 20 words. The display rate is $225.00 per column inch (minimum ad one inch). For three (3) or more issues, the rate is $205.00 per inch, per issue. To earn the three-time rate, your ad must be placed and prepaid for three (3) or more issues at the same time. The closing date is the 10th of the month, second month preceding cover date. Example: The September issue closes July 10th. All classified advertising must be prepaid with order. Guaranteed paid circulation is in excess of 440,000. Send all classified advertising copy and payments to: *The Atlantic*, P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33517. Telephone: Toll-free (800) 237-9851; in Florida, (813) 443-7666.

ART

SOUTHWEST LIMITED EDITION PRINTS by local artists. Signed and numbered. Free brochure from: Unique Collector Prints, 200 West Main, Farmington, NM 87401.

PLAINS INDIAN ART AND ARTIFACTS. Free catalog shows painted shields, mounted-trophy buffalo skulls, war arrows, tomahawks, lances, peace pipes, chokers, breast plates, war clubs, horse dance sticks, star quilts and more. Exclusive source. Hand-made with traditional tools and authentic materials. Many have interesting stories to tell from Cheyenne, Sioux and Blackfoot heritage. Collector's items, unique gifts and stunning decorations. Write or call: Prairie Edge, P.O. Box 8303, Department AT, Rapid City, SD 57701. (605) 341-3620.

CHINESE MASTERPIECES. Imported fine art lithographs from famous Chinese originals. New catalog of 80 paintings, all in full color for $3.00. Reg Meek Company, Department 72, 401-2280 Bellevue, West Vancouver, Canada V7V 1C6.

BOOKS

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk AM, Boiceville, NY 12412.

HUNTING FOR A BOOK? We will find it. Free search service. Georgia B. Haxton, P.O. Box 503, Perry, OK 73077.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog. Hamilton's, 98-65 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Department YKH, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

PRIVACY, TAX, DIVORCE, CREDIT PROBLEMS? Our books have solutions. Send for free catalog. Eden Press, 11623 Slater, Box 8410-AT, Fountain Valley, CA 92708.

BOOKS. NEW, USED. Hundreds of titles. Bargain prices. Postcard brings free lists. Paul's Books, 6063 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90028.

WE MAKE YOUR OWN BOOK POSSIBLE. Subsidy publisher seeks manuscripts. All topics. Write for two free books. Exposition Press, Department AM, 325 Rabro Drive, Smithtown, NY 11787.

NEW BOOK BY ELECTRONICS ENGINEER. *How to Experience the Meaningless and Timeless Moment.* $8.95. Ernest Defoggi, Route 1, Box 514-A, Newport, NC 28570.

MATTER, LIFE, EVOLUTION, by John Elliott, D.A. Philosophical book about how life works in the man degree of consciousness. New positive perspective on rebirth of the bioelectromagnetic plasmic, always living body, (spirit). Postpaid, $5.10. Gibson Hiller Company, Publishers, P.O. Box A22, Dayton, OH 45406.

SANTA BARBARA BOOK REVIEW. Free book with subscription. $8.00 per year. Bibliotherapy, Inc., 833 Via Granada, Santa Barbara, CA 93103.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO OPERATE your own mail order business at home. Free details. Waugh Enterprises, Department 133, 104 West Hillsdale, San Mateo, CA 94403.

COLOR ANALYSIS. Beauty For All Seasons, nation's fastest growing color analysis, artistic make-up, wardrobe-planning organization, seeks quality consultants. Training nationwide. Contact: Iola Blake, (208) 523-7422. 2821 East Lincoln, Idaho Falls, ID 83401.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORT-EXPORT opportunity, profitable, world-wide, mail order business from home without capital. We ship plan for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Department H1087, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

COMMUNITY SERVICE. You can profit while helping others from your home. Free details. Mom's, 474 Adair, Long Beach, CA 90805.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

BONSAI PLANTS. Indoor, outdoor, exotic. Pots, tools, books. Catalog (AT): $1.00. Bonsai Farm, 13827 Highway 87 South, Adkins, TX 78101.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

BE YOUR OWN CONTRACTOR. Build or remodel your own home, cut construction costs 25% and more. Others do the work, you supervise. Send $10.00 to: Cove Journal, 12008 South Tonopah, Phoenix, AZ 85044. Guarantee: post date your check 30 days. If after receiving the manual you're not satisfied, just return the manual within 30 days and your uncashed check will be returned.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Jobs, big pay, transportation. New handbook (including employer directory): $2.00. Australian International, Box 19107-YV, Washington, DC 20036.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES! Transportation, complete information, plus directory of 200 companies employing thousands worldwide: $3.00. Opportunities, Box 19749-YV, Indianapolis, IN 46219.

NATIONALLY KNOWN SILVERSMITH needs part-time representatives, selling to stores. No investment. No collections. Pat Frey, Box 33, Franklin, MA 02038.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPLOYMENT NEWSLETTER. Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming. Exclusive computerized openings. All occupations. Greatest weekly selection. Free information. Intermountain-2C, 6724W Dublinloop, Colorado Springs, CO 80918.

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT JOB-SEARCH KITS. General, teaching, working holidays. $1.00 each. Mr. Information, POB 86320-A, North Vancouver, BC, Canada V7L 4K6.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

SAVE THOUSANDS in mortgage, rent, living expenses. Free details. Futura Marketing, 323 Franklin Building South, #804/F131/B, Chicago 60606-7094.

GIFTS

DIAL-A-COOKIE. Ship a gigantic, personalized, gift cookie nationwide. Brochure. 7A Melaney Drive, Monsey, NY 10952. (914) 354-0748.

GOURMET INTERESTS

FIVE EASY, MAKE AHEAD, GOURMET MEALS. Complete menus for the intimate gathering or large party. Send $3.95 to: Ragtimes, Ltd., P.O. Box 24584, Seattle, WA 98124.

GENERATIONS OF CREATIONS. Authentic Yugoslavian recipes, plus best of new in spiral-bound cookbook: $9.00. 1225 North Marquette, La Salle, IL 61301.

HEALTH

ENJOY HEALTHY VACATION at lakeside health resort. Daily health and exercise classes, supervised fasting available, weight loss, stress reduction. Brochure: Northern Pines, Box 279-AT, Route 85, Raymond, ME 04071. (207) 655-7624.

HYPNOSIS CASSETTE TAPES. Free catalog. Dozens of titles: stop smoking, self-confidence, diet control. Both subliminal and hypnotic formats. Applied Subliminals, Department C, Box 135, Cresskill, NJ 07626.

HOME FURNISHINGS

SOLID BRASS BEDS. Wholesale. Heirloom quality. Save hundreds. Complete beds start under $275. Major credit cards, CODs, lay aways. $25 down, $25 month. 100% safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Free color catalog. Cannondale's, Department AT, Cannondale Buildings, Route 113 South, Drawer 1107, Berlin, MD 21811. Showroom: Fenwick Island, Delaware.

LITERARY INTERESTS

HOW TO WRITE, WHERE TO SELL. *The Writer* magazine offers practical articles by best-selling authors and leading editors, special monthly market lists, with detailed editorial requirements. $15.00 a year; five-month trial subscription: $6.00. The Writer, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, MA 02116.

BOOK PUBLISHING. Manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, non-fiction and poetry. Free *Authors' Guide to Publication.* Write: Dorrance & Company, Department M, 828 Lancaster Avenue, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010.

AUTHORS: Advertise your manuscript to 2,000 publishers/agents in "Writer's Showcase." Details: $2.00. Professional ghostwriters also available. Literary Service Bureau, P.O. Box 60185, Washington, DC 20039.

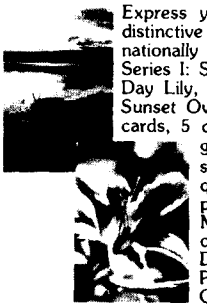
MERCHANDISE

"ORWELL FOR PRESIDENT." The logical choice in '84. Silk-screened computer graphics in ominous red and black. Other colors available. T-shirts: $7.98. Buttons, mugs, calendars, posters, bumper stickers. Price list: 25¢. Dealer inquiries welcomed. Orwell, P.O. Box 750, Lancaster, PA 17603.

EXQUISITELY SIMPLE NOTECARDS. 10 scenes of the French countryside, by Rene' Riey. Beautifully boxed. $8.00 postpaid. Ajax Editions, 1142 Manhattan Avenue, CP108, CA 90266.

QUALITY IMPORTS FOR BABY. Cuddly and stylish. Reduced prices during August. Catalogue: $1.00. Three Bears, 10L Wells, Westerly, RI 02891.

NATURE NOTE CARDS



Express your love of Nature with distinctive full-color note cards by a nationally published photographer. Series I: Swallows on Marsh Grass, Day Lily, Forest Reflection, Swans, Sunset Over Marsh. Package of 10 cards, 5 different subjects (without greeting) on high gloss stock, 4½" x 6¼". Includes quality envelopes. $8.00 postpaid ($10.00 Canadian). Make cheque or money order payable to:
Douglas R. Shane
P.O. Box 413
Chester Springs, PA 19425

DELICATELY PAINTED SCENES on Chinese silk fans. Bamboo handle. $3.00, two for $5.00, prepaid. David Joffe, 799 Broadway, #325F, New York City, NY 10003.

EMBROIDERY KITS. Catalog: 35¢. Over 250 designs on 100% linen. Mostly cross-stitch. Jane Snead Samplers, Box 4909T, Philadelphia, PA 19119.

MISCELLANEOUS

PENFRIENDS: ENGLAND—USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89AM, Brooklyn, NY 11235.

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 580-AM, Highway 67, Florissant, MO 63031.

FRIENDS FOR HOBBIES, TRAVEL, SPORTS, correspondence — people nationwide who share your interests. Write: Electronic Exchange, Box 68-A1, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

FAR EAST PENFRIENDS seek intelligent, literate correspondents for friendship, language practice, cultural exchange. Asian Exchange, Box 1021AT, Honokaa, HI 96727.

"SINGLE BOOKLOVERS" gets cultured single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted nationwide. Established 1970. Write: Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081; or call: (215) 566-2132.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, NEW PRODUCTS WANTED. Industry presentation, national exposition. Call free: (800) 528-6050. In Arizona: (800) 352-0458, X831.

HAPPINESS. Anyone can have it if they know the secrets. Send $5.00. Keys to Happiness, Box 894, Boerne, TX 78006.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

ANY OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK LOCATED. No obligation. Spinelli, 32 Elmwood, Pittsburgh, PA 15205.

CAN'T FIND THE BOOK YOU WANT? Bet we can. Ursula's Book Search, #3B, 439 South Taylor, Oak Park, IL 60302.

PRODUCED BY OCR.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out-Of-Print Books

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053 (714) 492-2976.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK FINDER. Send wants or send stamps for catalog. 4051 AT Walnut, Eureka, CA 95501.

Publications

THE PEOPLE: America's oldest socialist newspaper. Biweekly news, commentary for working people. Since 1891. Four months: $1.00; one year: $4.00. The People (TA), 914 Industrial Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

WORLDWIDE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS, 65 countries including Britain, Australia, Africa, Asia. Sampler: 4/$2.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-A7, Dana Point, CA 92629.

LEARN TO MEDITATE. Simple yet effective techniques. Free booklet and catalog. Write: Aum Publications, Box 32433A, Jamaica, NY 11432.

Real Estate

CANADIAN COUNTRY PROPERTIES. Our 68th year. Terms available. Money back guarantee. Catalog air mailed: $1.00. Dignam Corporation, Ltd., Suite 472, 85 Bloor Street, East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4W 1B5.

BLOCK ISLAND, RHODE ISLAND OCEANFRONT. Five-acre plot, superb location, 150 foot beach frontage, also pond frontage. $250,000. (703) 841-0070.

SPECTACULAR SOLAR HOME with incredible panoramic views. Ten-plus acres and privacy. Brochure. Tom Whittaker, Realtor, 1A Franklin, Brandon, VT 05733.

FIND PEACE AND SOLITUDE in the primeval beauty of the Quantico National Forest of northern Minnesota. Winterized, two-bedroom home with fireplace, separate boathouse, sauna on lakeshore property. Write: Star, Route 2, Box 8368, Ely, MN 55731.

Recipes

FOUR SECRET PLANTATION RECIPES turn leftover ham into gourmet delights quickly. Send $4.00 with SASE to: Field-Kitchen, 1740 Saint Albans, San Marino, CA 91108.

GREAT GOURMET SANDWICH RECIPES. Perfect for picnics, parties, light suppers and brown-bagging. Send $2.00, SASE to: Libbie's Kitchen, Department S1A883, Box 14521, Chicago, IL 60614.

FOUR FABULOUS FRENCH CAKES. Simple, salt free, delicious. $5.00, postpaid. Ajax Editions, 1142 Manhattan Avenue, CP108, CA 90266.

LAWYER'S DELIGHT. Fantastic combination of chicken and chipped beef. Also, avocado pie. $2.00, SASE. Wingo, 7227 Vistas Lane, McLean, VA 22101.

EVEN LANDLUBBERS TURNED OFF BY TUNA, love Tuna-Tahitian, a south seas turn on. Thrills saladphile and main-dish disciple alike. $2.00 to: Karchum, P.O. Box 11161, Cincinnati, OH 45211.

MEXICAN DELIGHT. Four delicious and authentic Mexican recipes. $2.00. SASE to: P.O. Box 3333-252, Encinitas, CA 92024.

HALFTIME MUNCHIES. Quick and easy recipes (ten). $2.00, SASE. Options, 2701 Woodring Drive, Clearwater, FL 33519.

AUTHENTIC ARABIAN DINNER RECIPE. Stuffed grape leaves over lamb. Served with yogurt salad. $2.00. Darwazeh, Box 468, Novato, CA 94948.

PACKAGE DEAL. Mouth-watering chicken and desert recipes. Information on how to make money from your kitchen. SASE and $3.00. C. Volpe, 6911 Enid, A-3, El Paso, TX 79912.

Records & Tapes

RECORDS, TAPES! Discounts to 73%. All labels. No purchase obligations. Newsletter. Discount dividend certificates. 100% guarantees. Free details. Discount Music Club, 650 Main Street, P.O. Box 2000, Department 37-0883, New Rochelle, NY 10801.

Services

RESEARCH BY MEDICAL LIBRARIAN. $40.00/hour plus on-line searching charges. Free brochure. Info-Connect, P.O. Box 18827-A, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118. (216) 371-3484.

HISTORICAL, GENERAL, LEGAL RESEARCH by professional editor. Accurate and clearly written, excellent rates. Jaymarc Research, Box 221, Plainview, NY 11803.

Services

TRYING TO LOCATE SOMEONE? We search thousands of cities and towns. Send SASE to: I.L.C., Box 286, Macedon, NY 14502.

Travel

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER at $50.00 daily! First-class accommodations. TravLtips Association, Box 188A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (212) 939-2400.

SOUTHWEST SAFARIS. Natural history expeditions explore New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona. Bushflying, jeeping, rafting, Geology, archaeology, botany. Brochure: POB 945(A), Santa Fe, NM 87501.

REALISTICALLY learn French. French cooking and wines in comfortable French home in rural Burgundy. Small numbers. Adults only. For information: "Yetabo," Pailly 89140 Pont sur Yonne, France.

ENJOY SUMMER IN THE MOUNTAINS at The Londonderry Inn. Lodging, fine cuisine and spirits in an 1826 homestead. Brochure available. Box 301A, South Londonderry, VT 05155. (802) 824-5226.

IF ILL OR HOSPITALIZED ABROAD and can't speak the language, the Pictorial Interpreter of Medicine will let you describe your symptoms, needs without saying a word. Originated by a physician. Ingenious, full-color drawings aid in serious medical diagnosis. $5.00. Beta-Graphics, Box 661, Wilmette, IL 60091.

WYOMING RANCH IN HIGH, REMOTE VALLEY. Horseback riding, pack trips, fly fishing. Winter horseback safaris in Kenya. Bitterroot Ranch, Dubois, WY 82513. (307) 455-2778.

Travel

LEARN SPANISH IN COSTA RICA. Intensive, four-week program based on the Peace Corps method. All levels. Live with a Costa Rican host family and study daily in a quiet mountain location. Information, photographs. Conversa, 416 Neale Court, Silver Spring, MD 20901.

Vacation Rentals

HIDEAWAYS GUIDE—NEW! Profiles unique escapes: vacation home rentals, exchanges, sales; country inns; yacht charters; throughout United States, Caribbean, elsewhere. Photographs plus comprehensive descriptions. Save, deal direct. Free brochure. Contact: Hideaways, P.O. Box 1459A, Concord, MA 01742. (617) 369-0252.

BEACH COTTAGE: ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS. Tranquil setting, beautiful panoramic ocean views. One bedroom, ideal for couple, can accommodate four. $350.00 to $450.00 weekly. Bailey Conaway, 14888 Triadelphia Road, Glenelg, MD 21737. (301) 442-2676 between 7-8:30 p.m., weekdays, anytime weekends.

PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA. Serenity, enchantment, hypnotic view. Three-bedroom, tropical seaside haven. Housecleaner, cook. Details: A.M., Box 463, Ridgefield, CT 06877.

VIRGIN GORDA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS. Spacious new stone house, panoramic views, two-bedroom/bath wings, tastefully furnished, two beaches. Photos. (703) 841-0070.

WEST COAST FLORIDA ISLAND HOME plus 24' cruiser. Private beach with catamaran, bikes, etc. Seasonal rates. Brochure. Box 842, Venice, FL 34284. (813) 493-6896.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Atlantic's new guaranteed paid circulation, effective with this issue, is now 440,000. Your classified ad will be reaching a greater audience than ever before. Take advantage of this 10% bonus circulation in the fall issues. Place your ad today.

Non-Display	**1-time**	**3-times or more**
Cost per word	$2.50	$2.25
Minimum ad 20 words		
Classified Display		
Per column inch	$225.00	$205.00
Minimum ad one column inch		

Classified Order Form

All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to *The Atlantic* and must be received no later than the 10th of the second month prior to issue. (August 10th for the October issue.)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

TEL. NO and AREA CODE

SIGNATURE

Please DO NOT send classified ads, payments or related correspondence to *The Atlantic's* publishing office in Boston. This causes needless delay. Mail all materials and payments to:

The Atlantic
Classified Department
P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 33517
Toll-free 800-237-9851 □ In Florida 813-443-7666

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

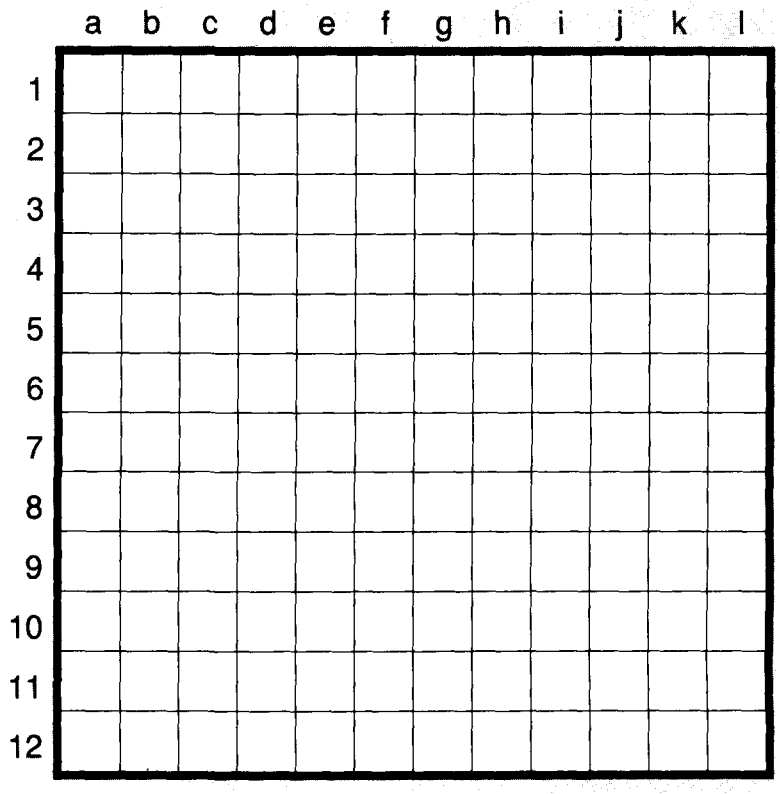
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

ASTEROIDS

You are the navigator of Starship *Atlantic*, approaching a region of space known to be swarming with asteroids. You must chart the region, so the captain can steer safely through the debris. Your Asteroid Detection Device has sent out Across probes (1–12) and Down probes (a–l). It is your job to decipher them and display them on your screen (diagram). Each probe may be single or double—i.e., when deciphered, will yield either one word or two words. Wherever an Across probe is unable to intersect a Down probe, there must be an asteroid. This should be represented on your screen as a black square. A probe may be interrupted by any number of asteroids and in any place (not just between words). Happy mapping! Answers include seven proper words, one of them from astronomy (in probe g).

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 101.



ACROSS

1. Space rocks around front of rocket for some distance in space
Cuts 360° inside discs

2. Project passage of asteroid earthward
Fine instrument follows curve

3. "Red Giants"—a different term for some stars?

4. A bum coil disabled spacecraft

5. Mountainous hail may wound one

6. Make a plot of trajectory's initial speed
Labels comet's tail "a mixture of gas"

7. Going back and forth twice, Ed passed over land
Pass Mercury on the way back, yielding measures of radiation

8. Along with stranger, roamed galaxy

9. Took another picture of those flying past middle of asteroids
Find fault with member of Pisces

10. Mariner One goes after joining line
Moon of Jupiter in a strange old region

11. Around a legendary archer, places moons

12. Seekers on travels for fuels

DOWN

a. Black hole around sides of head ship (*hyph.*)

b. Dodging asteroids takes born skill

c. Sphere's actual mass
Aloud, read, "Observe a terrestrial feature" (*2 words*)

d. *Sagittarius:* a story
Bring oxygen to backward extraterrestrial region

e. Alien remodels less often

f. Alternately send out crew to draw
Spaceship's computer cipher shows ring around the sun

g. Head of comet sped around moon's front and produced a ring
Uncommon scenery includes Martian mountain

h. Beta storms following one subside
Slab put 90° bend in bow

i. Line aboard; beam up inside; return to earth
Make up with commanding officer at home

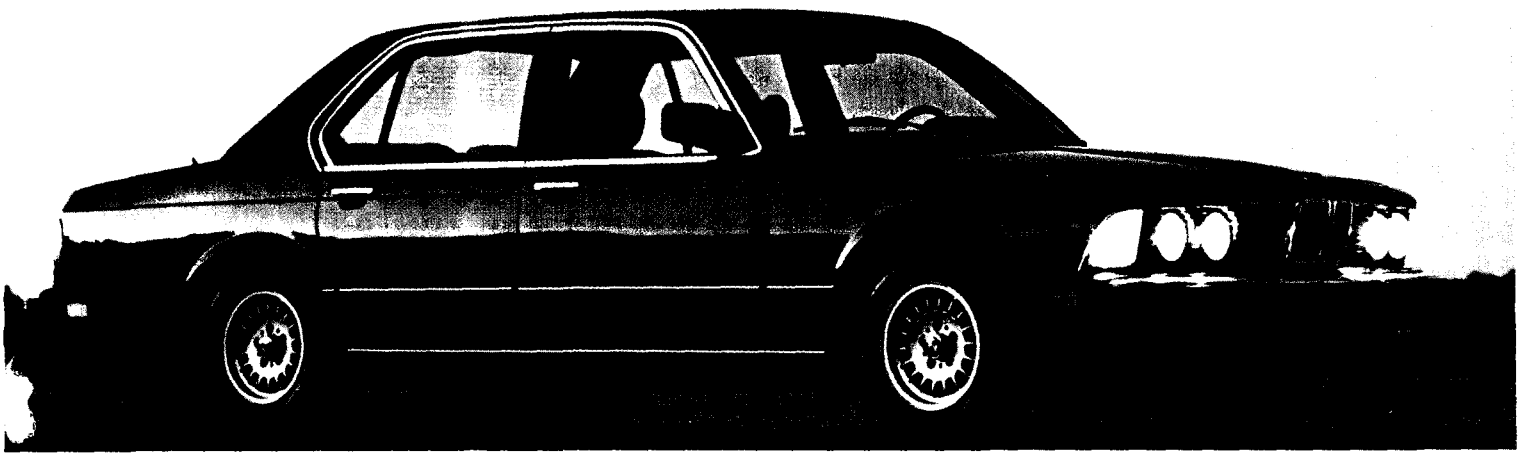
j. Indian guru trailing back of UFO
Start a game with volcano coming up

k. Neat group of stars is red, yellow, and blue

l. Goes over photo—first of Saturn from the other side
Ship conveying phosphorus and argon from mineral sources

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE BMW 733i. IT DOESN'T SCREAM WEALTH. IT JUST QUIETLY REWARDS INSIGHT.

It's no secret that there are some expensive sedans that are purchased for their sheer expensiveness.

Sedans that serve as a sort of public declaration of prosperity and status.

Such cars are the antithesis of the BMW 733i—the luxury sedan engineered in the belief that performance, not self-congratulation, is the ultimate measure of a car's true worth.

A PANACEA FOR PURISTS.

The 733i is a car whose subtleties of engineering and technology place it beyond the needs of all but a handful of purists. (Which is perhaps just as well, given its limited supply.)

For those serious drivers, however, it is as close to a necessity as a $35,000* sedan can come.

Its fuel-injected engine delivers the sort of heady response that suggests an oversized power-plant beneath the hood.

Not so. The 733i's 6-cylinder engine arrives at high performance through refinement, not brute force.

A system of microprocessors gathers data on fuel mixtures, engine speed and other factors. It then orders ignition to occur at the optimum moment—accomplishing through elegance of design what might otherwise require additional cylinders and extra girth.

Its suspension handles the landscape with precision instead of bluntness—removing almost surgically the wallowing, skittishness and related uncertainties from bumps and curves.

(One reason: a new rear suspension that incorporates one of the most significant breakthroughs in independent rear suspension design in a generation.)

The 733i is also designed for those who prefer the subtleties of road topography to the anesthetizing ride of limousine-like sedans. Its highly tactile steering places you in touch with that alternately pleasant and harsh reality called the road—filtering out just enough of its harshness, while never removing the reality.

The result is a machine that is as much system as car, one so perfectly balanced and rigorously self-policing that it even calculates when routine service is needed.

ENGINEERED FOR DRIVING, NOT JUST SITTING.

Inside, the 733i is engineered for activities of considerably more subtlety than sitting.

Its interior literally helps you drive, rather than merely accompanying you on the trip.

Its supple leather seats are designed to follow the curvature of the spine, placing the driver in postures that are anatomically correct and help reduce driver fatigue.

An Active Check/Control provides readings on 7 different measures of the car's operational readiness.

An on-board computer provides all manner of trip information, such as the distance remaining to your destination.

In fact, no detail in a BMW 733i ever suffers from inattention because it's judged 'minor.' And its warranty reflects this obsessiveness. The 733i is backed by BMW's 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty and a 6-year limited warranty against rust perforation.†

All of which led Car and Driver to conclude that the 733i's "parts and pieces...work so well together they must have been melded in another world."

It may be seen, however, in much more convenient locations. We invite you to visit your nearby BMW dealer, who will be happy to arrange a test drive.

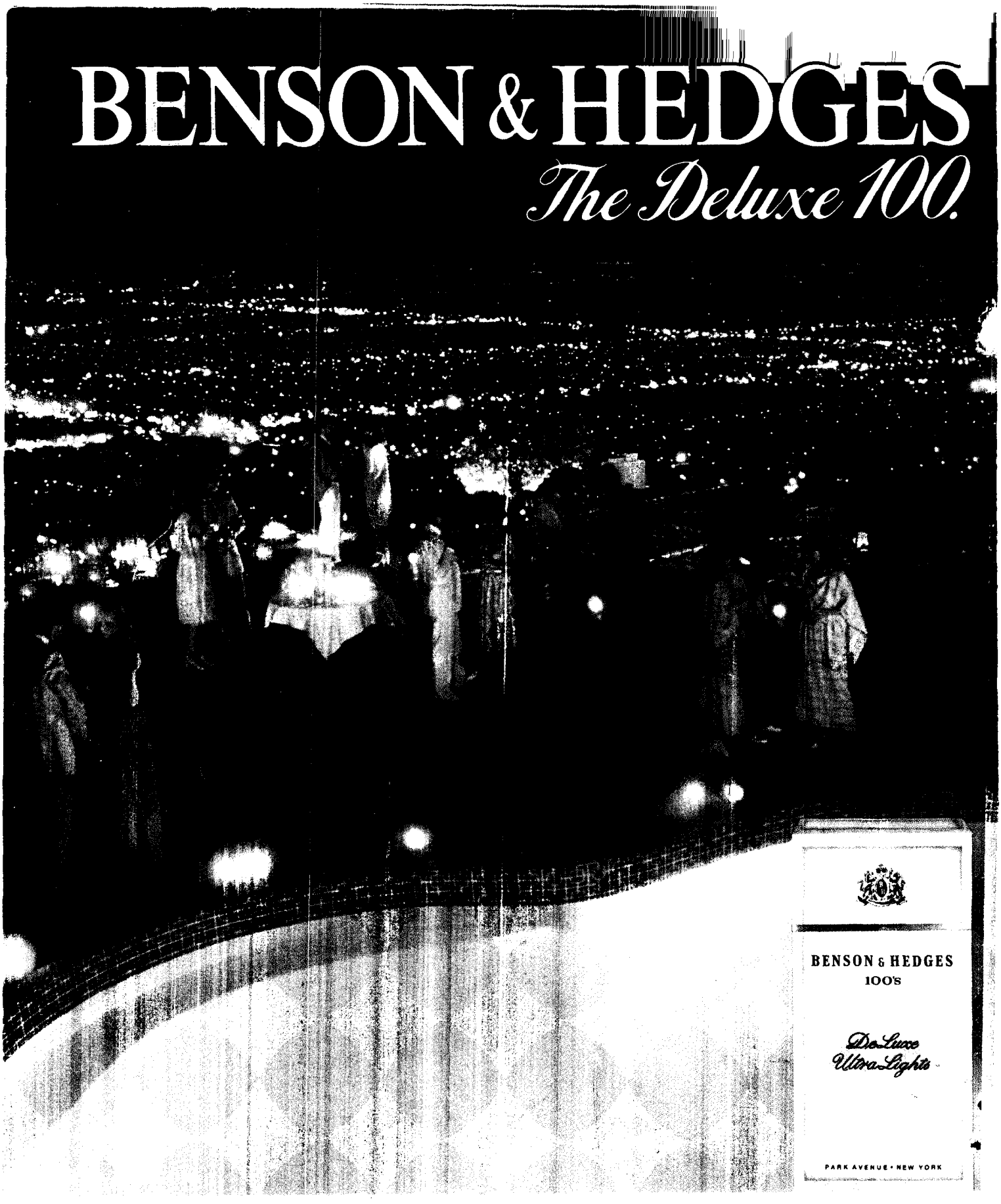
THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price: $34,300. Actual price depends on dealer. Price excludes state and local taxes, dealer prep, destination and handling charges. †Warranty applies to automobiles purchased from authorized U.S. BMW dealers only. See your BMW dealer for details. © 1982 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered. European Tourist Delivery can be arranged through your authorized U.S. BMW dealer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BENSON & HEDGES

The Deluxe 100.



6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Deluxe Ultra Lights

Only 6 mg, yet rich enough to be called deluxe.
Regular and Menthol.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED